

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP
LOVE AND HOPE

ROSWELL DERBY, JR.





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Poems of Friendship Love and Hope

BY

ROSWELL DERBY, JR.



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PREFACE

The Author of this book was born about three miles southwest of Delta, Fulton County, Ohio, on February 4th, 1854. He grew up on a farm and was educated in a country school, Wauseon High and Elkhart, Indiana. He began teaching at 18. In the spring of 1877 was admitted to practice law at Goshen, Indiana. He was married on October first, 1880, to Ella Frances Grumman, at Berlinville, Erie County, Ohio. He has a family of three sons and two daughters. He is now engaged in the law and real estate, together with his son, Kenneth, at Lorain, Ohio, where all communications will reach him; and now, I take up the beginning of the end. In 1876, I was to publish a volume of poems; all I lacked was the means, and I have been fighting in the industrial world ever since. Have I won? Well, yes! and now I am going to the press. After taking up and dropping a name at each decade, I will call it "Poems of Friendship, Love and Hope" for what else of this earth interests me? Let me be a monarch of Love and thou mayest rule all else. My object is to build up and better Humanity. I go before the Public of my own free will and accord, whether for praise or condemnation, you will find me still writing. I come at eventide but salute you by saying, Good morning, here I am. Now I really hope you will be pleased for where do I get my cost if I fail to get praise? All else I was forced to get before I went to press. From my earliest memory, I liked things sweet and would I be an Author if I did not like praise? I always wanted my butter spread thickly and whether condemnation or praise, do not be afraid to spread it on and I will greet both

with a smile. Mr. Critic, wade in, I love a fracas; if you will fight, we will postpone dinner and put on the gloves; but for all who praise, God be with you.

THE AUTHOR.

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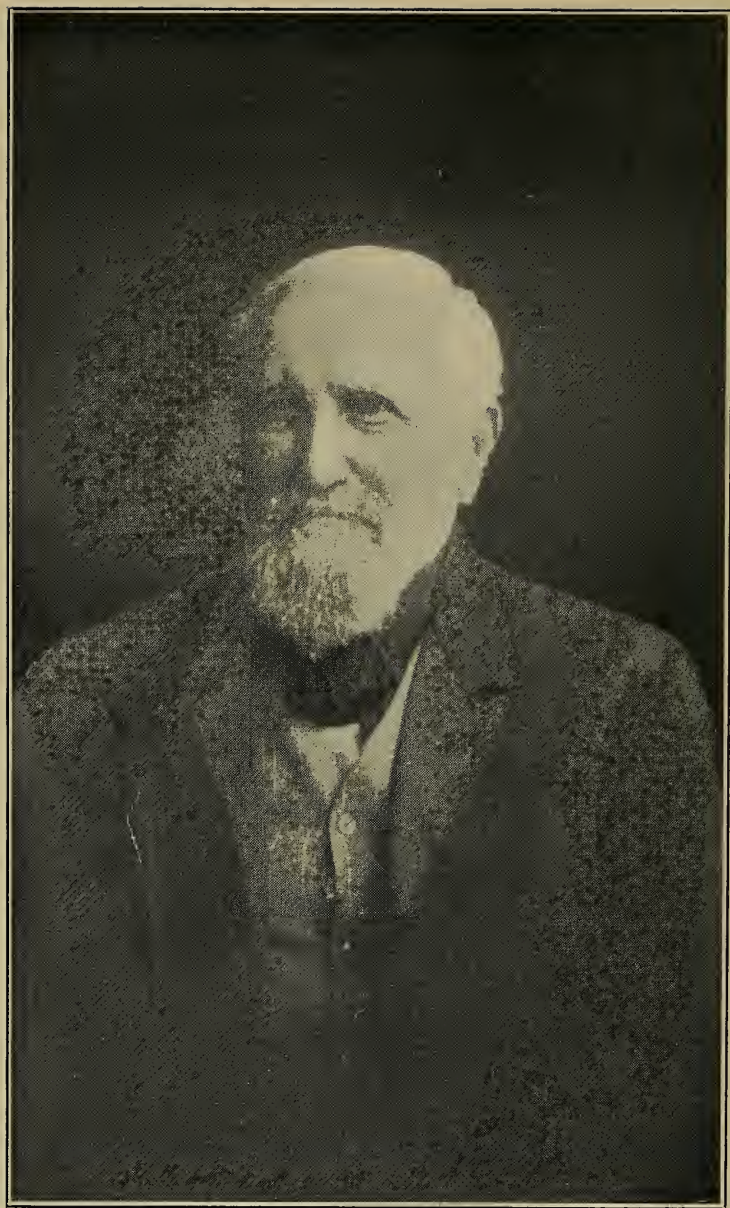
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ROSWELL DERBY, SR.

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Roswell Derby, Sr., was born August 16th, 1823, on a farm about two miles south of Cherry Valley, New York. His father was of New England stock; his mother English and Scotch. At the time of the massacre of Cherry Valley, there was a Scotch settlement near; all the inhabitants except a baby boy, hid in one of the cellars were killed. He was found afterward and adopted by a Mr. Dutcher, and since his rightful name was not known, his posterity goes by the name of Dutcher. He married an English woman by the name of Buck. Their daughter married David Derby, father of Roswell Derby, Sr. Both lie buried in Cherry Valley, New York, about two miles south of the village. David Derby's father lies buried at Old Granville, New York, whence they came from Massachusetts. The mother of Roswell Derby died when he was eleven years old and his father when he was twelve. His relatives were poor so he was cast forth upon his own resources, a boy in a big world. His genius was of the first; he saw but to know. He managed to acquire a good education for his day and spent some time as a teacher. He studied first, medicine, then the law, but became disgusted with both professions. He was too robust to stand confinement and must follow where he could use more physical force. He delighted to hunt and loved to follow the advance line of western civilization. He took up blacksmithing, then shifted to farming. He was married June 27th, 1849, at East Townsend, Ohio, to Mary Ann Whitcomb and spent the rest of his days' for the good of home and posterity. His education fitted him to be an encyclopedia for the community in which he lived. If in trouble, he was their counsel; if sick, their doctor. He ever

will be remembered for the good he has done. He was an athlete, a strong speaker and an original writer, with only a few pieces, written in his youth, preserved. What cared he for wealth and fame while his wife and children could remain? And they all lived to follow him to his grave on October 30th, 1915. His wife followed three months later and as they had lived, so side by side they sleep in the cemetery at Wakeman, Ohio. I see his coffin now, covered with white flowers. I chose the pure white flowers as typical of the purity grandfather's life always showed; and the flowers of color as expressive of the Cheerfulness he always brought to those with whom he came in contact. To love one's friends, to bathe in Life's sunshine, to preserve a right mental attitude, the receptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude, and to do one's work: these make the ideal life. This was the life he lived; for him we have nothing to fear. He loved life and basked in the sunshine of his home. He knew the value of a home by the loss he once endured. He was always a champion for right, regardless of what opposed. He sacrificed much in the interest of right but was always happy in the sacrifice. His motto was, "let this life be one grand plan for Eternity"; thought, what does it matter what you suffer or what you sacrifice, if done for God and Humanity? All he did for the literary world was done before his marriage and this for the most part has been lost. The only ones he saved were those that lay close to his heart.

"And what, in tribute, can I say?
His works and life will far outshine;
He trod the just and holy way
That leads unto the life, Divine."

Tribute of his first grandchild, Ruth Hart Hively.

THE SOUL

Life may awake the sleeping thought, from state
To state, if spirits are immortal. Sure,
My soul has somewhere lived before and this
Awakening, that we call birth, is not
A beginning but a coming forth from
Slumbers, intermediate, between this
And a future state. A happy slumber,
Sweet, profound, before another form's found
Wherein the spirit might renew and live
An uninterrupted working of counsel,
Hid from mortal view and soul 'risen new,
Except in moments that are richly blessed
With intuition 'bove the rest. He who
The burning chariot into heav'ns bore,
In the World's early days that passed before;
He now treads this earth anew, once more, sounds
God's message on the desert shore with more
Perfection, delights to sound it evermore.
Time has stretched far beyond what memory
Can note. We have days of madness wherein
Clear recollections disappear and it
May be this life is a feverish
Day of our soul's life; and when it wears this
Form away, we will see the existence
That separates realty from dreams.
We will see that the soul has existed
Here from beginning to present year.
An age it resteth, then it comes again
For future ages that remain and puts
On mortality to take life's journey
Again and connects our days with the days
Of unconsciousness, as ev'ry new existence
Here our soul, more perfect, doth appear

PASSION

O foul monster Passion! how long must you stay
And haunt Nature's children, day after day?
Oh! shall the day come that we all will say
We've driven those passions, from our hearts, far
away

Oh! then we will all, with gladness, exclaim,
We've seen foul monster and him we have slain;
We've driv'n those passions from our hearts, that
were vile,
And planted pleasures of Virtue's sweet smile.

FRIEND OF MY HEART, ADIEU!

Friend of my heart, adieu!
God keep you in His care;
Believe this parting sigh,
Receive this parting pray'r
And don't forget the few
Bright hours that we have seen, adieu! adieu!

Remember vanished hours,
Let mem'ry softly dwell
On one who thinks of thee
With thoughts too deep to tell;
On one who steadfast, grew,
'Mid thickest clouds and tears, adieu! adieu!

Let gentle dreams arise
When I am far from thee,
Of all the counsel, sweet,
That thou hast shared with me;
As when our mem'ries flew
To mingle sweetest thoughts, adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of love
That ever sprang to meet
Thy slightest wish and dreamed
No earthly joy so sweet,
As when, on wings, it flew
To speak for me with thee, adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of faith
That watched, with anxious pain,
For tidings of thy love
O'er the divided main;
Think of the loving heart
And true, that writes with tears, adieu! adieu!

Though dark with many faults
This self-same heart may be,
It has one spot unstained,
It never erred to thee;
No idle words nor new,
Thou knowest they are true, adieu! adieu!

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND
HOPE

HOW LITTLE

How little knowledge I may know!
How little I may understand!
All knowledge I may have or own,
I would give to know the origin and destiny of
man.

How low the heights that I may climb!
How shallow are the depths I scan!
A pigmy in the dust and slime
Unless you compare me to the knowledge of
another man.

I cannot go beyond my bound
Although I sit on Reason's Throne;
In scanning life a myst'ry found
That hurls defiance to all the knowledge I may
have or own.

Faint intuition we may have
That gleams beyond this worldly zone,
Are all the facts that we may give
In searching through the knowledge in all the
ages we have known.

The grave is silent, dark and deep,
Its secrets ever held unknown;
We stand upon its brink and weep,
Cry into the darkness for the lost ones we have
loved and known.

And shall this darkness ever rise?
May we once view the promised Land?
We'll know the end is Paradise,
Gladly do our task, see blessings in the work
He would command.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

Hark! what's this my bark is nearing?
Why now, I see as eventide?
What is this I now am hearing?
Have I arrived at the Great Divide?

All these years have I been sailing,
Knowing, at last, I'd reach this goal;
All these years with pleasure trailing
Serving my body and my soul.

Hours have passed and years have left me,
Speeding more swiftly than I knew;
Earth has bitterly bereft me
Of youth and friends I loved so true.

I know that they sailed before me,
They stepped across the Great Divide;
Their loss so oft' rushes o'er me
And makes me lonely on this side.

See the millions passing o'er it,
Fond Youth and Love, the groom and bride;
They rush as if they'd adore it,
Not waiting for the eventide.

What calls them on the other Side?
Hast any seen the other Shore?
They rush as if to mother, bride,
They heed naught but their passage o'er.

And I must follow in their train,
I too must cross the Great Divide;
Although I serve with hand and brain
And wait to cross at eventide.

And as I near, I wish to know
What lies beyond that Great Divide;
But only Faith have I to go
And reconnoiter on that Side.

And Faith, the feeblest of all guides,
Yet she oft' true to Duty, is;
In past, she's painted other sides
Than what our future really was.

We view the past and wisely doubt;
May she not err to us once more,
And what we send her to find out,
Have censored on the other Shore?

Yet, why we fear, is at the Gate,
They point to hell, the only door;
We fear to enter in that state,
Lest it may last forevermore.

And so, I near the Great Divide
And gaze across the Mystic Shore;
'Tis pleasant when at eventide,
You long to be with friends of yore.

And I will enter in that Gate
The moment when its hinges swing;
And trust in Faith to guide me straight
And on the other Shore to bring.

I know my soul entered this frame,
May she not take herself away
And find another of the same
That ne'er can perish, turn to clay?

Paul says we pass this mortal coil,
Find another not made with hands;
And leave behind all earthly toil
And dwell on plain of golden sands.

Yes! I'm nearing the Great Divide!
I almost hear my friends call o'er;
I call to them at eventide
And gaze across the Mystic Shore.

BOB WHITE

What thrill I feel when heard thy note,
That merry call, "Bob white, bob white!"
No sweeter sound, born in the throat
Of beast or bird or man.

'Twas in my earl'est youth I heard
That merry note, "Bob white, bob white;"
And chose thee from all other bird
In youth, for most delight.

I love thee still, thou merry bird,
Thy lovely call, "Bob white, bob white;"
In that lone call there's many a word
Of youth and love and light.

Thy voice, a day dream, brings to me,
Oh! sweet the call, "Bob white, bob white;"
And thoughts of youth, a sight of thee
My bird, "Bob white, bob white."

CALUMNY

Come, Calumny, stand here and gaze,
Before us is spread out the past;
Look upon the wreckage there lays
And show me your profit at last

I read by the curse on your life,
I know by your withering soul,
Your treasure is sorrow and strife,
Never can you reach your Love's goal.

Had you stood by Honor and Love
And never to Calumny turned,
The blessings of Heaven, Above
Had never thy bosom once spurned.

You struck and the villainous blow
Rebounded and darkened thy soul;
With Pain and with Hatred, you go
And mis'ry is only your goal.

You killed and you blighted my love,
No blessing you ever shall know;
Did I love her? ask Heav'n Above
And look at the record below.

My soul, with thy blighting, must bear
But Heaven, its treasures will cast;
Still I long for the blessings that were,
My Clara, my love in the past.

FATE

There is a mill called Fate
And some must stand and tread its grate,
Whilst others take the grain that's ground
And never tread a single round.

There is a Plain, called Life,
With paths of flow'rs and paths of strife;
And you can see the footmen go,
Some flow'rs and some the thorns pass through.

There is a field called Gain
For some; for some a field of pain,
And Fate has marked the path to go,
One, elysian, the other, woe.

And some must toil in pain
That the harvest may yield its gain;
Whilst others never sow or reap
And yet the harvest, they will keep.

MY VISION

I carried thee safely o'er the Dark Stream
And landed thy feet on that Beautiful Shore,
Where vision of visions was seen in my dream
And mansion, so mystic, loomed up before.

I stood in River, transfixed by my gaze,
While, silent, thy form passed out from my view,
Then, sadly, I turned to this world and its ways
Whilst thou wert trying the paths that were new.

No more will I dread that fathomless Tide
But, longing, will wait for my call to that Shore;
All anxious, I'll hasten, the dark waves to ride
Knowing thou'rt watching to welcome me o'er.

STRENGTH TO BEAR

Keen the storm around me bloweth
And I'd utter forth a pray'r;
But my God, He plainly knoweth
And on whom to grant His care.

'Tis so strange, this breeze, so blighting!
All my youth I spent in pray'r;
Now that I, in manhood, fighting,
Feel desertion of His care.

Is it kindness, that benighted,
I am burdened down with care?
If it be, I am delighted,
Only give the strength to bear.

I THINK OF HER

I think of her today!
Her young life burned on its morning stand;
A message, to me, those pale lips planned
But all was swept away.

And she is dead to me!
She folded her arms in mute despair;
Her heart was broken and bleeding, there,
O love! that was to be!

And she is freed from care—
The pain was mighty and crushing, then;
Her idol of love that might have been,
For us had vanished, there.

BITTER ROOT VALLEY

High are its mountains and pure are its fountains,
An emblem of all that is love;
Nude are its mountains through ages of countings
And its beauty must fall from Above.

Snow on its mountains, enriching its fountains,
Is sparkling wherever I rove;
Love, in this valley, the ages will dally,
Awak'ning the noble in love.

Snow on its mountains, the source of its fountains,
Is shining so clear on their crest;
And beauty is blooming wherever I'm roaming,
Proclaiming this valley the best.

If, at your leisure, you're seeking for pleasure,
Oh! come to this valley of rest;
Its beauty is blooming to welcome your coming,
Will give you the purest and best.

If seeking for pleasure, health or for treasure,
Oh! come to this valley so blessed;
Grasp from its mountains and drink from its foun-
tains,
Its treasurers, its beauty, its rest.

MY LOVE

My love, they say a just God reigneth;
If so, thy tongue shall speak thy woe,
His Rod thy heart shall paineth.

For thou wert false, so false to be,
A cruel blow, didst thou not know
That Heav'n saw and pitied me?

Thy path is swept now by the blast
Thou smiled to see fall unto me;
Now, thy tears fall on the past.

There lies a gulf, so dark and deep,
That ever lies before our eyes,
Thou and I must gaze and weep.

WHERE AM I

Where am I? from this busy life
I lift my head up to survey;
I rest my battle ax and strife,
And gaze o'er past that's rolled away.

My child-hood gone, my youth decayed,
And many little mounds of clay;
I stand and gaze, at last, dismayed,
To see that all must follow they.

Why should I fight? let me retire;
My heart, deep scarred, my night is near;
'Tis only youth can light hope's fire
To warm the blessings we may share.

I've labored long, I've labored hard,
Mid strife and in the solitude;
And what have I for my reward?
Small love but large ingratitude.

And yet I will not shirk my task
If I may feel 'tis Heaven's will;
And never greater blessings ask
Than this, that I may serve Him still.

I know this earth one stormy life,
I feel decay upon my frame;
Yet matters not if peace or strife,
I know, at last, all fall the same.

And what am I? or where I am,
I know 'tis but a passing hour;
I look to Heaven and am calm
And grasp again my fighting pow'r.

WAITING

Am I waiting? yes! I am waiting
And the time is passing slow;
And I know, somewhere, belating,
Is the train on which I go.

I shall enter, can you trace me?
When I see it stop so slow;
And 'twill take me, swiftly take me,
To a place I long to go.

There I'll find another, waiting,
With a heart that's aching so;
And to me she'll soon be stating
Of the journey she must go.

She will tell me she is waiting,
Ready at the whistle's blow;
And the journey she is taking,
Not a trace can mortal know.

That the train that she is taking,
Just one way is known to go;
And no message, ever stating,
From the Land that she may know.

I am waiting, all are waiting,
Just to hear the whistle blow,
Then our summons, we'll be stating
And the mystic journey, go.

FAITH

As God and Heaven will it,
There let my pathway be;
Not my will but my faith must lead me
Through the darkness where I cannot see.
In the darkness, I would reason
But my Faith cries out "'Tis treason,
Leave the cause wholly to me."
I am lost if lead by Reason
For life's mysteries I cannot see;
And I scorn the thought of treason,
Knowing not, I cannot reason;
All that's left is faith, to me.

A SERPENT

There lies a serpent, large, recoiled,
Where once stood Love's sweetest bower;
There stands mountain, where, long, I toiled
But ne'er could reach its summit flow'r.

All fruitless, were my efforts flung,
Calumny stood, a blackened tow'r;
She cast her shadow o'er me, young,
I, held, by Fate, within her pow'r.

A sphinx-like grip around my Love,
I knew Love's death was in her clasp;
Too late, Love strove her form to move;
So fixed, she perished in her grasp.

And now I see that venom'd snake,
Her fortress in Love's early bow'r;
The bitterness of mem'ry 'wake
Yet know I'm out from 'neath her pow'r.

TO ———

When the love of life has faded,
When friendship proves, untrue,
Think of the one who cherished you
But had to bid, adieu.

When the wreck of years, before thee,
Point you a withered past;
Then think of the blight, cast o'er me,
The blow you ruthless cast.

'Twas a love as pure as Heaven,
A blight as deep as hell;
'Twas a blow thy soul had given,
We mourn because it fell.

And 'tis so, I, sadly musing,
View the blight, view the past;
And our confidence, abusing,
Fiends, let the wreck be cast.

MY CASTLE

This is the castle my love early built
But its halls, all silent, to thee;
Here, in my youth, in my fancy, I dwelt
Expectant but never did see.

There's a Demon dwells in the land of love,
He strikes where the fairest are seen;
Never again, in this life, can we have
The bliss, the joy that might have been.

All silent the pain, all secret, the smart
While nobly to tasks we remain;
Never the feeling comes back to the heart
And never, we love so again.

TREAT ME GENTLY

Treat me gently, while I stay,
What cost it thou, I will repay;
But my pray'rs were all in vain,
She thrust and rent my heart in twain.

Treat her gently, World of ours,
Strew her path with fairest flowers;
Let not hatred fill my breast,
For my pain, give sweetest rest.

I had loved her in youth's morn;
The rose for her, for me, the thorn;
My heart bleeds an endless stream,
Hers has vanished like a dream.

FALSE

How fickle proves thy heart,
Thou first bloomed rose of spring!
How soon thy fragrance part
And leaves, instead, a sting!
Thy beauty and thy grace,
No more, in love, I'll trace.

How fair you met my eye,
Cherished so deeply too!
How strange that such should die,
Or thou should'st feel the tooth
Of the destroying moth!

How cruel Love should die,
So strong and fair and young!
A gem from ether sky
Or Heaven gently flung;
Or thou could'st fling it by,
The love of you and I.

MY SONG BIRD

Did I love her, how else could I do?
Her song was so lovely and sweet,
It went to the depths of my soul
And my form was bowed at her feet.

There's a charm in the sweetness of sound
That can bind both body and soul;
And this, to my sorrow, I found—
I never could reach the fair goal.

To love her, was to hear her sweet song,
That moment, her charm would entwine;
But she has flown and she has perished,
That beautiful song bird of mine.

Yes! I loved her; ask Heaven above;
The storm, in its fury, did cast
My beautiful bird, with her love,
In wreckage my life early past.

MY PRAYER

And oh! did you know
The faith I have in my pray'r,
You would not wonder how haughty I own
Or yield to the thought of despair.

How haughty I tread,
Fearless, the night and the storm!
For I know in Whom I trust to be led
And know nought can do me a harm.

Am I not sheltered?
I feel the warmth of His Hand;
Often, in the conflict, have I sweltered,
Yet, stood, in the fight, to command.

I cried, in distress,
Faced a great warrior, so bold;
As quick came a Hand to shield and to bless
As came to Ulysses of old.

TIME PASSES ON

Time passes on, swiftly on, swiftly on,
And soon nine years have passed their cycle 'round
Since lost the prize, 'bove all, I would have won,
Since changed the plan of life, youth early found
And Fate and Fortune wrought and strongly bound
The work and pathway I am forced to go.
Faithful, now hope I for no other sound
Except the voice that bids God's work to do
And by His kindness, may success attend me through.

Life's hours be varied; some with joy are filled
And some, with pain, my tears do freshly start;
Yet such, for good, I feel that God has willed
To cleanse from dross and purify the heart.
Not I, who from Life's storms would dwell apart
And never feel the tempest, earth hath giv'n?
Give me the thunder peal, the deaf'ning start
And let my life and hopes, by such, be riv'n—
Crossing through such, how sweet will be the peace
of Heav'n!

If it were not for such, what profit we
On earth by this probation life of ours?
It is needed to shape our destiny
And mould and develop our better pow'rs.
Then let Earth's storms ride on their fleeting hours
Or sunlight come, with joy; or grief and pain;
What matter if cropped the buds or bloom the
flow'rs
Or joy be full; or grief be all that's seen!
They'll soon be numbered with the things that once
have been.

THE GIFTS LOVE GAVE

The night and the storm Love gave unto me
And I love them as a gift from her hand;
There were better and nobler gifts to be
But she reserved them for a nobler, better Land.

Here they must enter with pain and with strife,
They must be tarnished by death and by sin;
There they are blessed with beauty and with life
So Love has held them and I must wait to begin.

There is a duty that's stronger than love,
Faith in our being, a faith in our God:

We must trust in Him who guides from Above
And must bow and must yield to the stroke of His
rod.

THE WRECKAGE

She launched by bark out on the raging sea
And laughed to see my misery;
The tempest swept the seething main
But, like a giant yet unchained,
It leaped the shore and swept the plain.
Her mansion there, in beauty, stood
But when it passed nought else was there
But her lone self and wan despair.
A mocking laugh rang through the air
And desolation met the gaze
Of all who passed that lonely place.
My boat outlived the tempest's pow'r,
The sea was calmed and still and bright;
My heart was joyous at the hour
And Destiny had marked my flight;
And hope had bloomed, in beauty, there;
New life, new hope, new love for me;
I bravely battle as before
We cannot flee our destiny.
And so I yield and strive no more,
The past I see so plainly still,
The wreckage strewn, the tears that fell—
I yield, but only to His will
Else I had fought the depths of hell.

WHY SHOULD WE MOURN?

Why should we mourn for what is lost?
It never brings it back again;
Give it a fling, in Lethe tossed
And seek another prize to win.

There never was a gem so rare
But what another may be seen
As noble and with love, as fair
As one we grieve that might have been.

'Tis but to try our nature here,
That falls the blow and flow our tears
And fit us for another sphere
That's measured not by pain or years.

MINNIE'S GRAVE

A form there lies in the east-land
And around it, strangers dwell;
And, by its side, I wish to stand,
Breathe the name I love so well.

And strangers, thoughtless, tread above
Love and beauty lie beneath;
So light a spirit, she did rove,
Now she lies there, lost in death.

And what of earth that's pure and fair,
Only transient, seeks its grave?
And many sleep, like Minnie, there,
That Life, Love and Beauty gave.

And shall I mourn or look beyond?
Is she there or has she flown?
Is there another world, where found
Treasure I had hoped my own?

Oh! how her heart was broken then
With but strangers gazing on!
And how the pang came o'er her when
Thoughts of love and friends were gone!

The sacrifice, so great to her,
May never know, fellow man;
And life and beauty, as she were,
Died and perished with her plan.

Her form was frail, her spirit strong,
Ambition took her at morn;
She, on his billows, rode along,
So frail! she, the waves, soon torn.

She perished and her grave lies there,
Youth and beauty, love and song;
I know that they are sleeping where
But stranger's feet pass along.

And I would strew some flow'rs above
Form of Minnie, sleeping there;
But dearer is my thought of love,
Scenes of youth and love that were.

But hearts of youth can never know
Purity of love and soul;
And Fate will wield a parting blow
That youth, Love may not control.

But thou, my friend, e'er sleeping on,
Thy palace, dark, without cheer,
But this, I know thy spirit won
But light, love and beauty, here.

And I will follow where thou art,
In that palace, I will lay;
And this, I know we'll never part,
Darksome wall or brighter day.

INHUMANITY

Of all the cruelty I have seen,
Is "man's inhumanity to man;"
Many a time has my spirit grieved
To see its treacherous plan.

So deep, dark and subtle in its ways
To wrong, over-reach his fellow man;
There's no other being that has flung
Blackness of yon hell to scan.

Oft' I grieve to see the dark wrought deed,
The villainy, in my fellow man;
So short the advantage and their gain,
Makes me blush, the deed, to scan.

There is a Love, God who cares for all,
A record keeps of every woe;
Why choose and serve Satan, here, below
When, so soon, to God must go?

THE GREAT CENSOR

What news, Comrade, from the Silent Land?
Is the Censor lifted from its might?
Is it language we may understand,
Or clothed in robe of darkest night?

What about our Comrades on that side?
Give us thy news from that Mystical Shore;
We too, called across at eventide
But held, the Censor as before.

We are anxious and our hearts are sad,
Give us some news across the Great Divide,
That will let our hearts once more be glad
As when we fought here side by side.

Canst thou their call correctly translate?
If so, unto us that message bear,
Send it to us and most clearly state
The pain or pleasure they may share.

If thy message 'cross has not been clear,
Let another hasten to this side;
Plead with the Censor to let us hear
In message, clear, at eventide.

Tell Him we are fighting faithful here,
That every trench our life hast gave
No enemy's hand can ever clear
But we shall hold unto our grave.

That if we could know 'twould give new cheer,
New courage to all our souls impart;
Would help bear the pain we suffer here
And lighten ev'ry Comrade's heart.

Comrade, plead as thou art known to plead,
Take one look across the Great Divide;
Tell us of the beauties that must lead
Unto our Comrades on that side.

Tell them we are joyful of the day
When won and we pass the Great Divide
And form in ranks that will not decay
And have our Comrades at our side.

Comrade, plead until that message bring;
For us, lift the censor with thy might,
That we ev'ry sadness quick may fling
And cheerfully renew the fight.

EMILY

In one Ohio's pleasant vales,
Sloping toward the battle Lake;
Recorded by romantic tales,
Was reared the girl of whom I speak.

A sunny and a cloudless youth,
Emily spent her childhood day,
Nurtured, gently, in the truth
As oft' an only daughter may.

There must be seasons in all things
And if our youth is summer, gay;
The winter storm, with keener stings,
In after years, must have its sway.

And so it proved in Em'ly's life,
The spring, the summer, autumn, past,
The trying moment then was rife,
Bleak winter closed Life's drama last.

Oh! now, thine ear and hear this tale!
Scarce fifteen summers Em'ly passed
Before 'twas known throughout the vale,
She was a jewel Fortune cast.

And then there lovers came and one
Had gained the pledge of love and life,
But ere the last act they had done,
The World stepped in to add its strife.

And then 'twas love and yet 'twas strife,
And such as boasts its greatest dead;
And such as wrecks more, in this life,
Than all War's battles ever bled.

One said, "I pledge my soul" and one,
"I'll win regardless of what means"—
Love's honest pledge was soon undone,
The last had realized his dreams.

Too oft', like this, is won the prize;
One, too noble, vile means to use,
And one use hell through angel guise
And wins, spite all Truth can induce.

The day had come and she was wed—
Entrapped by him, not gained by Love;
If known the truth, her heart had bled,
But joy and him, with her, did rove.

And happy seemed the honeymoon,
Unmixed with world, unmixed with strife;
And now it seemed Fortune had won
For her, the treasures of this life.

High built her castles now, in air,
Bright shone the future 'round her home;
Not more Love ever blessed the fair
Or e'er will bless, in life to come:

Then felt she, he had lavished now,
Upon her future and her home;
Then wondered strange and wondered how
All this, to her at last, had come.

They lived close by her childhood home
Where all was happy now and well;
Oh! that such blessings still had come,
And I no tragedy might tell.

Time came, at last, when to their hearth,
A daughter came, all pure and bright;

And love was joy and love was worth
And Duty made life's burden light.

To all, each day must have its night,
To all, each joy must have its sting;
The day most calm, the day most bright,
E'en oft' the darkest storm will bring.

Many a home were blessed but this,
The wolf that stares them at the door;
It robs home of its greatest bliss,
'Tis oh! how wretched to be poor!

For this, her husband sailed the lake,
But more, that 'twas his native sphere;
Yet o'er the parting it did make,
Was shed many a lonely tear.

Abundant wealth her father owned
And she his all, his only child;
But thought her husband falsely roamed,
And helped them not that he was wild.

Will liked his rum as crow likes meat
And, for it, he would sacrifice
Even the blessings held most sweet,
And deemed naught else of equal prize.

It seemed their course, they well did run
As any equal blessed in life;
The World knows not what secret done,
The World knows not the inward strife.

But by itself, the home is known;
You cannot judge by outward guise;
The fair outside, in beauty, blown,
Oft' hides within the weeping eyes.

Time passed and many changes wrought
In Em'ly's life and in her home;
And many an influence brought
That changed her life in years, to come.

Earth's noblest friend of all, she lost,
Her mother, lain within her grave;
The world is dark and dear the cost
That any blessing now can save.

Broad were the fields her father owned,
Large his granaries, much his gold;
Yet oft' the hour his tenants moaned
From hunger and the piercing cold.

Close by his hearth he used to sit
The hours of winter that were cold;
Placed on his fire some little bit
As though 'twas from his bag of gold.

Denied all comfort to himself,
Except to view and count his gold;
And froze and starved amid his pelf,
Thinking what else, he might have sold.

It is not strange, his only child,
Now she was wed was soon forgot;
Left to Fate's wind so bleak and wild!
She thought her life a wretched lot.

"Em'ly, thy father, now so old,
And yet it seems he'll never die?
And, as his age, he's growing cold
In his regards for you and I?"

Would Death but him his victim make,
The brightest flame our hearth would glow;

No more thy presence, I'd forsake,
No more this parting scene of woe";

"But one small act if it were just,
As easy as to mind, it come,
And he is laid low, in the dust
And we to share his wealth and home."

"Stop Will, how dare, my father, he,
Speak not of poison, speak not so;
If any such speak not it, we,
But let it be for thee to do."

It were enough, sad mystery!
And sadder still what Fate has wrought;
The old man, strangely ill, was he,
And to his dying bed was brought.

The neighbor-hood did strangely talk,
What brought the old man to his bed?
The town, in mystery, did walk,
Long pealed the bell that he was dead.

And now was changed that lonely cot
For acres, broad and mansion, fine;
And ev'ry blessing wealth has got,
And long stored gold and older wine.

All these she saw within her grasp;
For these, so long, her heart had bled;
And yet a sting, a hidden asp,
Strikes deep and all but pain has fled.

Our comforts lie between our pain
That, in our body, Nature made;
But when the asp strikes but the brain,
No moment comes but pain has lade.

The conscience that a burden bears,
Can never know a happy hour;
But on the very form, it wears,
Till but a wretch beneath the pow'r.

And e'en the home will look forsook
And demons stalk, in nightly tread,
And glide, before one, with a look
That calls for vengeance for the dead.

And Fear will then a monarch reign
Within the home where peace should dwell;
The day, the night, will be but pain,
With thoughts of demons and of hell.

A hint, like this, was often told
Of Em'ly in her mansion, fine;
"I find no pleasure in my gold,
No comfort in this home of mine."

She often said in lonely hours,
When thoughts of child-hood and the past,
A broken pledge and withered flow'rs,
Seemed one dark shadow 'round her, cast.

Earth was dark; she had made it such
By erring in her youthful days;
The wild oats, sown, oft' prove too much,
With thorns, they strew our future ways.

On them, bare-footed we must pass;
How many pains our errings bring!
Such thorns lie hidden in the grass,
And oh! how deep, how deep, they sting!

A keener sting there came at last,
And brought duplicity in love;

That made a serpent of the past,
That ever hissed where she did rove.

Seemed to entwine, with scaly form,
Her heart that once was light and joy;
And made a chill joy could not warm,
Entwined and bit her, to destroy.

She, now confined within her home,
Feels all the pain the mind can bear;
"To me, no blessing now can come,
My life and death, is dark despair":

This oft' she said to one who stood
Faithful, beside her dying bed;
Giving the noblest aid she could,
Till the last spark of life had fled.

And then the agony of death!
Death by such demons, wrought;
Is more than stopping of the breath,
The saddest lesson ever taught.

And now, when goes the passer o'er,
He's pointed to a lonely mound
Of pebbles, from Lake Erie's shore
And told she lies there in the ground.

GUERNSEY'S DREAM

I saw, in dream, the other night,
I dreamed that I was young;
And, by my side, an angel, bright,
Had welcomed me to come.

Chorus

O country home, that home, that home, so fine!
That pleasant home, my happy home,
That country home of mine!

I stood beside my Jane, so dear;
Our country home was nigh;
The orchard and the lane shone clear,
The bleating lambs were by.

Our herds-man, in the field, was seen,
Our Dolly girl was by;
And as of old, we passed between
The house and barn, so nigh.

We wandered in the orchard, near,
The falling fruit was fine,
My happiness ne'er shone so dear,
My darling Jane was mine.

We wandered o'er our fields again,
The autumn sun was bright;
We saw, at work, our harvest men,
Who labored till the night.

All beautiful, my country home!
It, all and love were there;
Oh! that we could eternal roam,
My love, my Jane, so fair.

My dream has passed; I all alone,
Am standing in despair;
I know the blessings that have flown,
I feel the weight of care.

I know, my love, where thou must sleep,
My treasure lies there still;
I see with eyes that now must weep
For love I cannot fill.

I laid thee there, silent laid thee
Adown in Camden's soil,
And no brighter form, earth made, he,
Or nobler one did spoil.

I gaze upon my barren walls,
I hear the City's tread;
For me, there is no voice that calls
Or smooths a pillowed bed.

My rooms unkept, my couch stands by,
My floor is barren, still;
I feel the time is short when I
Must bow unto His will.

My love complete, my joy was full
When Jane and I were young;
'Tis at the last, the dregs I pull
And mourn my country home.

WE PARTED

I met her, evening was fair,
All blooming, her youth seemed to me;
I gazed and I turned, in despair,
And we parted, forever to be.

As I gazed, a demon expose,
That blackened her soul, e'er to be;
It fell like a blight on a rose
And blighted Love ever, for me.

I regret that our fate so fell;
A villain had conquered o'er me;
Her portion, the blackness of hell,
And a love that never shall be.

SWEET HOME ABOVE

Sweet Home above, where angels dwell,
Where peace is e'er abiding!
Where sadness, ne'er the heart, can swell,
Or gulf, our love, dividing!
Oh! may we on that Shore, be blessed
To drink thy peaceful fountain!
Where Pain will never be our guest,
On Heaven's flow'ry Mountain.

Sweet Home above where all is love,
And Joy is ever dwelling!
Where Beauty blooms in field and grove,
And bliss, the heart, is swelling!
Oh! may we there, in peace, abide
With Love, our hearts, o'er flowing!
Where ne'er a storm or gulf divide
The least that we are knowing!

There, we will reap our heart's deep hope,
Without a blight, assailing;
Yes! there the brightest flow'rs will ope
With Peace and Love, prevailing.
O blissful Shore! we'll sigh no more,
When there, our bark is landed;
But, here, our heart is ever sore,
Our bark is ever stranded.

TO ———

If friend thou art,
For the love of humanity,
With a heart of insanity,
Don't play a conspicuous part.

If hope you'd give
To a heart that has been grieving,
You'd keep, in faith, believing,
Must teach it to love and to live.

If false you prove,
A flame, thy bosom, possessing,
Shall entwine thy form, caressing
Thy soul with flames where e'er you rove.

SCOTLAND

I sit and gaze upon the ocean,
But my mind's across the sea;
For of all the land of story,
There's an isle that's dear to me.

And I brighten at her glory,
And I weep when she does weep;
For the ashes of my fathers,
There, upon her bosom, sleep.

And I long to see her valleys,
And to stand upon her hills;
And to view the field of Flodden,
The greatest of all her ills.

And there, to gaze in pity
For the noble Scots, there, dead;
Where, to a man, they faced the foe,
And where, to a man, they bled.

Their monument is not of stone,
But of the highest glory;
For not a Scot was ever known,
But read and loved the story.

And now, so long, in after years,
In the World's broad race,

The foremost in her fighting ranks,
Takes, the noble Scot, his place.

And woe unto oppressor's hand!
For they know not how to yield;
The son, as noble as his sires,
Win, or fall, like Flodden field.

LOVE'S BATTLE

Scattered bomb and scarce a rattle,
Just before, so thick and fast;
Fierce, the conflict, brave the battle,
But Love's ship goes down at last.

Still, not yielding, hear him calling,
He who bears the scene of strife;
Though the bravest 'round him, falling,
Fearless, fighting with his life.

Hoping still, some wild exertion,
Might reverse the fallen strife;
Too proud, brave to own desertion,
With his ship, goes down his life.

Sinking now, the wild waves, whirling,
Closes o'er his wreck and life;
Thin, the smoke of conflict, curling,
Silent, clears away the strife.

A POINT OF ORDER

There was a man, both large and round,
And, in debating, he was found
At ev'ry point of sense or border,
To cry out, "I 'rise on a point of order."

There was a man, both slim and lean,
And oft' I thought a little mean;
Ev'ry time our fat man showed border,
He replied, "You shall have your point of order."

Now, when this fat man comes to die,
And ascends Throne beyond the sky,
And meets the angels on the border,
He'll cry out, "I 'rise on a point of order."

LET ME IN

Now I come undeserving,
Lord, let me in;
Long I've faltered, Satan swerving,
But I'm his no longer now.
I will seek the life, eternal,
Lord, let me in.

I will toil, persevering,
Lord, let me in;
Ev'ry cross shall be endearing,
That for Thee I'm asked to bear.
Fling I all for life, eternal,
Lord, let me in.

Though I come, undeserving,
Lord, let me in;
I no more, by Satan, swerving,
Give myself wholly to Thee.
Peace and life for me, eternal,
I enter in.

TO ———

I have set sail on the dark rolling ocean
Where Love is the light-house that stands on the
shore;
I cherish the thought, 'tis Fancy's wild notion,

And laugh to hear the dark waters roar ;
For sure and safe, my bark will be landed,
If Love will prove true that stands on the shore,
But wrecked and ruined, my bark will be stranded,
If false and I'll sink to rise up no more.

I ride on billows, around me are rocking,
While eyeing the light-house that stands on the
shore ;
And Heav'nly blessings around me are flocking
From gold that Love has lain in her store.
Joyous the thought! oh! may it, e'er swelling,
My heart, with fullness of love, running o'er,
Be the fond hope, in my heart, ever dwelling,
Thy treasure, my heart will keep, evermore.

BERNICE

Like a rob'ry, in the darkness,
She was taken from my arms ;
And I called Thee, and I called Thee,
But, my cry, You answered not :
And the rob'ry was committed
And my heart is sore of need.
Seldom is so great a treasure
Torn from out the human breast.
Great, with treasure, life has blessed me,
Great, the treasure, I have lost.
And 'tis now I'm left to weeping
For, my angel, she has flown ;
But, some day, again I'll meet her
When I journey where she's gone ;
And 'tis then I'll cease my weeping
And my heart be light again ;
And, with Heav'nly love, in keeping,
I shall never feel a pain.

I WONDERED

Oft' in my early dreams of youth,
I used to wonder if 'twould be;
Our path, apart, we'd daily rove
And not exchange a thought with me?

Ah! sure enough, that time has come;
Now, wide apart, our beings dwell;
Now each, to tasks about their home,
Apply their heart with joy to swell.

Each day, each week, each year, we toil
For hopes not by the other known;
May God, each bless; Fate not recoil
The blossoms Virtue would have blown.

May God forgive my erring ways,
Ambition of a thoughtless youth;
And Wisdom deck my man-hood days,
The paths I tread lead unto truth.

THE BLESSED LAND

They speak about a better Land,
Where harshness never fell;
Where Peace and Love and Beauty stand,
More blessed than man can tell.

Where sorrow ne'er the heart, doth move
Or sadness ever dwell;
Where all is peace and joy and love,
Without a pain to tell.

Oh! who would wish this painful earth,
Their home and lot fore'er,
And never know a Heaven's worth,
A bliss without a tear?

Ah! no! I'll pass the gate, though dark,
A silent grave it be;
For Faith has caught, beyond, a spark
That lights to Heav'n for me.

MY MUSICAL BIRD

How proudly and gayly she sang in her youth!
Her song filled with love and delight;
Her heart knew nought but nature and truth,
And I loved her, my musical Bird.

Her songs are now silent, I never will hear
The voice of that loved one again;
Friends of my youth will never draw near
At the sound of my musical Bird.

I never could reach her; the song, in her youth,
Was wafted across a deep gulf;
I listened and was charmed by her truth,
For I loved her, my musical Bird.

All silent the singer and the song that she sang,
The listeners to silence have flown;
But the scenes must still in mem'ry hang,
But she perished, my musical Bird.

CROSSING THE STREAM

Come and I'll paint you the picture I saw,
'Twas drawn by an Artist, far better than Earth;
He held before me the scene and the law,
"This is an emblem all sacred in worth."

Before me there flowed a stream running full,
Beside, my loved one stood gazing across;
I turned, I said "How beautiful to pull
Out on those ripples so sweetly to toss."

She plunged into that Stream, quickly arose
Form to the surface and gallant did swim;
Her left hand held a token to expose,
Her right a beautiful stroke did begin.

Her eyes never ceased to gaze on my form,
But headed straight for the Mystical Shore;
She waved the token she held in her arm—
“Fare-well, loved one, evermore, evermore!”

Lovely her form, so beautiful! she makes
Straight for that shore, for the Mystical Gleam;
I stood and I gazed and oh! my heart breaks!
Darling, 'twas you I saw crossing that Stream.

THE CASTLE LOVE BUILT FOR MY BRIDE

There's a vision of youth I see in the past,
That once was my ambition and pride;
A vision that ever must haunt and must last,
The castle Love built for my bride.

We never did enter that castle, so fair;
It floated away to Heav'n above;
I saw it transformed to ethereal air
And vanished the being of Love.

If I was to enter a Heaven above
And to cease from my longing and pride;
I must enter that Castle, entwined that Love,
The Castle Love built for my Bride.

MY CHILD-HOOD HOME

'Twere of thickets and the prairie,
Where, in youth, I loved to roam;
'Twas a weird and lonely country,
But it was my child-hood home.

And the thickets and the prairie,
Stretched away, so broad and clear,
Where my young feet sought the distance,
In pursuit of fox or deer.

And those distant scenes of pleasure,
How I long again, to roam!
But those scenes have long since faded,
Faded with my child-hood home.

And the thickets and the prairie,
All have changed to meadows, rare;
I, a stranger, in the country
That, in youth, I thought so fair.

All is strange and all are strangers,
Where I loved, in youth, to dwell;
Not a form is left to greet me,
Or a friend, my name, to tell.

There was one oh! how I miss her!
Young and lovely, in this place;
But I know not where to find her
Or her smile or step to trace.

Here I lost her in the wildwood,
Satan stole her from my sight;
'Twas a stormy night in winter,
That shall never know the light.

But one shriek and all was silent,
I was rushing in despair;
But my efforts, all were fruitless
Nevermore, I saw my Clare.

Still I see the love that perished,
See the serpent's sphinx-like form;

Closing 'round the form I cherished,
Froze by blood that courses warm.

I had rushed, so wild, despairing,
What I thought the only aid;
But a serpent, closely caring,
Laid me prostrate in the glade.

And the years have fled unnumbered,
And my love is in the past;
And my life is still encumbered
With the picture that must last.

And the prairie, in the autumn,
Oft' was swept by raging flame;
It was like a flaming ocean
And before it, fled the game.

I have stood in fear and trembling
As I gazed upon the sight;
Sent the back-fire out to meet it,
'Mid the smoke as thick as night.

'Twas sublime and yet 'twas beauty,
To behold the racing fire;
Not another scene has called me
With such relish of desire.

And my fancy still will call me
Over prairie, wild and drear;
And I see another vision
Than the one that's dwelling here.

And I notice, far upon it,
Many mounds of silent earth;
And I know that there, are sleeping,
Those who gave my child-hood worth.

And I see that all have faded
That, in youth, I loved to know;
And my lot O Earth! how transient!
And how swiftly we must go!

Still I gaze upon the prairie
And my youthful pathway trail;
There is one I'm ever seeking,
'Tis Ambition's early wail.

And I've followed over prairie,
Over wood-land, over plain;
And I never yet, have found her,
Just beyond, I hear again.

And I follow most unhappy,
I am chained unto this trail;
For I know but at Life's parting,
I can stop that distant wail.

So I stand and gaze the distance,
Viewing scenes of youth and love;
I can see them plain before me,
Where my youthful feet did rove.

I stand and gaze, look around me,
But my thoughts are in the past;
The scenes are weird, wild before me,
As, in youth, I saw them cast.

In our new youth, will He give us
Lands that change not, e'er to dwell?
Love and friends who never falter?
Then, no sadness, we may tell.

TO ———

Is this the last by word or pen,
That I may say to thee?
May not this World contain one friend?
No other tie is there for me.

Is this the fruit that Love would grow
From blossoms we have seen?
Is there nought else for us to know
But blighted hopes and gulf between?

The answer Love, must come from thee,
Thy wish I only know;
In this you choose our destiny
And mark the paths where we must go.

ONE MORE MESSAGE

Grant me this, I'll ask no other,
'Tis the last, this earthly boon;
Take this message kindly to her
Ere the darkness of the tomb.

Tell her that she was mistaken,
And the error that it gave,
Rests upon her still, unshaken,
And must follow to her grave.

Tell her that she was mistaken,
Was my first, my noblest love;
And the fiend that made forsaken,
From, the curse, shall ne'er remove.

Tell her that I loved no other,
That the first, she filled my heart;
And that Honor bound together
Never, nobler ones to part.

That the breezes, now so wrecking,
Are the blasts she early gave;
Else, her path, with flow'rs, bedecking,
They had bloomed unto her grave.

Tell her just before the shadow
That shall fail to pass away,
I will seek her, find her, somehow,
Just at close of setting day.

When her head, with silver cover
And her mind, to noblest height,
She'll receive me as her lover,
Just to say, at last, "good-night."

Tell her that upon her bosom,
How I long to rest my brow;
But one hour to unloosen
Weights that rest upon me now!

Tell her, if by Fame and Honor,
I have won from her but this;
It shall pardon all the error
And restore her happiness.

Tell her that I'll then forgive her
And the curse will take away;
That, in sailing o'er the River,
She'll return to Pleasure's Bay.

Tell her there the Great, Good Giver,
E'er will bless her every day;
And that there, no vile deceiver,
E'er can throw her love away.

MY PLEDGE TO THEE

Thou se'st the world's revolving flight,
Its light and darkness, day by day,
Each hour the same; through day or night,
It rolls in steady majesty.

Thou se'st the planets in their flight,
Fulfill their each appointed hour;
Unchanged by day, polished by night,
They roll the majesty of pow'r.

So shall my love for thee be known,
As steady in its yearly flight;
Each blossom, that for thee, is blown,
Shall never know the sting of blight.

My form may wear and feebly grow,
But ever young, my love for thee;
Not more, in Heav'n I'll wish to know,
Than binds thy heart, dear one, to me.

WE MET

Not long since, my love, in my dreamland I met;
But her youth and her beauty were gone;
Black Calumny stood beside her all silent and mute,
But her smile was given to scorn;
Yet, plain on her brow, was the curse that I gave
And her pain was exceedingly warm.
Curse, curse her, ye gods! for the blow that she
dealt!
Most cruel, most lasting was mine;
May her pathway be strewn with the wreckage it
wrought
And her memory fade from all time.

AT ZOAR, N. Y.

There's a valley in the foot-hills
Of the Apalachian chain,
Where a brooklet still meanders,
Where, a loved one, long has lain.

And the years, by scores, are numbered,
Since the tears, of sorrow, fell;
And her friends have, long since, wandered
In some distant land to dwell.

And her grave lies bare and sunken,
By no marking, can you tell;
Only by a hollow, shrunken,
View the place where now she dwell.

Yet, while love and beauty blooming;
She was gently laid to rest;
Closed, while youthful scenes were coming,
To the life she loved the best.

There so silently she's sleeping,
As the seasons come and go;
And, no more, loved ones are weeping,
For the years have healed their woe.

And 'tis there that now she's sleeping
All forgotten and alone;
Neither joy or pain is creeping
In the silence of her home.

On the north side of the valley,
With her head unto the west,
Where the sunshine loves to dally,
She will ever sweetly rest.

It was there they gently laid her,
In the years too long to tell;
And no monument, they made her,
In a secret home, she dwell.

Yet how sad and strangely lonely,
When I stood above her mould!
And was told the story, only,
Of the one the grave now hold.

I view the scene, I stand alone,
And feel grief come back to me;
Yet, those who wept when thou wert gone,
Sleeping silent now, as thee.

'Tis the same old, old story,
That the ages long have told;
Few are shown in Fame's true glory,
Fast, in silence, now they hold.

The beasts crop the herbage, above,
And ploughshare furrows her grave;
No eye will view with pity or love,
Grave of the youthful and brave.

Oblivion now rests on her grave—
Darkness that soon we shall share;
Not marble or granite can save,
None, of the living, will care.

TO ELLA

I saw a lily, pure and white,
A blossom of the rarest hue,
With fragrance of the dewy night
And petals, slightly shaded blue;
But, not content to share the sight,

I rudely touched the blossom, rare;
Quick as I touched, it wore a blight
And drooped its head and faded there.
And then I wept, my harshness o'er,
To think, so cruel I had been
And firm resolved to touch no more
What only lives by being seen.
So is the lily of the heart
That springs from out Love's early dream;
We, thoughtless, trifle with each part,
Till sere the blossoms each, have been;
Then death, disunion, discord rings
Where once but stood Love's roseate—
Oh! stop thy trifling ere it brings
Our heart to meet the lily's fate!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Two friends ne'er bound in stronger ties
Than Earl of Essex and the Queen;
E'er dwelled beneath immortal skies,
E'er shone from out immortal eyes,
Then formed and wove for them to glean;
Ne'er shone a luster, so bright a flame,
With golden cluster around its name,
Then, in her anguish, flamed for thee,
The Queen O Earl! would died, nor thee!

Not e'en the soul can e'er forgive
The wrong that e'er it must retain,
Yon where immortal spirits live,
Or twained, the cords, that it would have,
That bound its joy or loosed its pain;
But, to the dying, if them, 'twould cry,
"Cursed be thy sighing oh! let me die!"
O Earl! her hand, it sealed thy fate,
Thou innocent, though learned too late.

“Away all blessings, every good,
From out this stricken heart of mine;
I scorn thy medicine and food
And claim my woes and o’er them, brood—
O Hope! that thou shouldst e’er decline!
I brood my sorrow o’er such a wrong;
The poison arrow, I feel it strong.
I fall; my vital spark must yield,
The dying kept such ruin sealed.”

“O Earl! had I known thy request,
The pledge that I, with thee, had wrought,
You’d sent by impulse of thy breast—
Thy stricken heart, I’d gave it rest
And quick forgiveness to thee brought.
Thy fate now mourning, this heart of mine,
Shall heed no warning but seek decline;
I’ll fall, like thou, thy fate to share,
O God! do bless us with the fair!

So breathed the Queen, with anguish, tore;
She mourned that he had mourned her false,
When life, its gloomy darkness, wore
And brought him death but still more sore,
To drink the cup that she was false.
His heart was broken, condemned the ties
That she had spoken, shone from her eyes;
So fell, as oft’ a curse will blight,
The Queen for-e’er from mortal sight.

’TIS FELL

Earth’s blows fall heavily now on my own,
I falter at every creed,
For I must enter the great Unknown
And I know not where its pathway will lead.

My soul, in its anguish, now struggles alone,
I know of no haven of rest;
Not left the haven that Love would own,
'Twas scorned and 'twas torn and flung from my
breast.

I stand as a statue, my soul ne'er grieves,
I have not a spirit to feel;
All that I loved was garnered in sheaves,
Was killed, was lost in a battle so real.

I'll go to my grave as warrior who fell
On the line that Duty command,
And trust for the blessing that ne'er befell,
The lost of our love, and care of His Hand.

FIFTEEN YEARS

What! vacant, gone! has time so fled
As not to leave a trace of thee?
Where are thy walls, thy painting, red?
Ah! there does stand the old elm tree!

There stands the bitter hick'ry by
The road-side, as it used to be,
Where, oft' we ran, its shade to try
And look for nuts so happily.

There runs the creek that ran close by,
Where oft' we pupils used to go;
And o'er its surface, swallows fly
Swift now as then they used to do.

The old log hut, in ruins, lies,
That stood over across the way,
Where those white rabbits caught our eyes
As by the roadside, they did play.

The hill stands where we used to go
At noon to ride down with our sleds;
And, at its bottom, gently flow
The streamlets o'er their pebbly beds.

Now, desolate the spot does look!
Not one familiar trace I see,
To mark the playground, where we took
Those happy hours to you and me.

Where is that happy little band,
Whose friendship then was pure and strong,
That had not felt the twaining hand,
Or, chained by Passion, hurled along?

Well ask the wind that passeth by,
Or place the leaves, last autumn fell;
Or grasp the rainbow from the sky,
As where that little band to tell.

CHILD-HOOD HOME

Home, beautiful home of child-hood,
How sacred is thy spot to me!
Each rose is sweet, each thorn is dear,
Each sound is music, that I hear
From sunny mead or the wild-wood;
From ev'ry spot youth loved, so dear.

And now that I, to thee, have come,
I'll view thy scenes, call on my friend;
It looks so strange, is this the spot,
Or mem'ry false, have I forgot
The place that held so bright a home?
Oh! that I ne'er had seen this end!

Can cottage, to a mansion, grow?
Can woods to meadow green-sward, turn?
This is the road, this is the rill
And yet the barn stands on the hill
As when our friendship, we did know,
Before it was an empty urn.

It seems to me a short yestreen
Since here a cottage neatly stood;
And where those meadows, now so green,
The spreading forest, dark, was seen
Unfurling high its timely green
From massive trunks of firmest wood.

Time makes one stranger in his home,
If but a distance dwells between,
I oft' have thought; but now I see
How strange it makes this place to me
Where once, so happy, I did roam!
Though strange, it still does sacred seem.

Could tears recall the sacred past
And friendship that with it did go?
Could tears recall those native scenes
Of wood and marsh and wild ravines,
Where all of youth's bright days were cast?
How freely would I let them flow!

Not one familiar face I've seen,
Yet many pass me closely by;
Not one familiar field I see,
Scarce one remembered bush or tree—
Not one remembered spot of green
Where youth, in sadder hours, would lie.

Changed! changed! changed is the saddest word
Of all that human tongue e'er spoke,

Of all that human ear e'er heard,
It is stern Death's dark banner word,
It wrecks our Love, when it is heard,
And ev'ry friendship it has broke.

This is the spot, I'll venture in,
Where many happy hours I've spent;
But then, I'll meet a stranger guest,
'Twill be a stranger, at the best;
A sadder sight but would begin
And tears, my grief, but would give vent.

I'll not, I've seen too much, return
I from my child-hood happy home;
It is too sad to view this, changed,
With friends all gone or worse, estranged;
Once fi'ry hearts of youth did burn
With deepest joy when I did come.

But now, how mighty is it changed!
'Tis sadness reigns alone, to greet;
I ask for those then with me tread,
"Some distant land, the quiet grave,
They long, since then, from here have ranged,
'Tis long since them I last did meet."

Give me a distant land to die,
For such doth hold my ev'ry friend;
No more I'll wish youth's land were nigh
Or that I there at last might lie
But as the rest I'll meekly try
A calm repose where life may end.

EARTH

When our youth is gay and bright,
All is music, all is light;
But in manhood's sterner dawn,
Half the light and music flown;
Then we, in Life's battle start,
Feel the poniard at our heart
And our blood, unceasing flow,
Marks the path that we do go.

To the battle, let us start,
Raise thy poniard, send thy dart;
Let Earth meet no nobler foe
Then thy record e'er will show;
For what else of earth be giv'n,
'Tis a battle field to Heav'n;
And the battle rages still
Let our path lead where it will.

When we feel its grief and pain,
Who would wish to live again?
When we see its death and woe,
Who would wish again to go?
If there be no better world,
Let this planet quick be hurled
To the depths of endless flame,
Sweeter death than such a shame.

MY SCHOOL

Weary watching, earnest toil!
My days are spent with thee;
Weary brain returns the spoil,
Yet blessings come to me:
As in those in'cent forms, I see
That love, so pure, that dwells with thee.

Earnest hopes for thee, doth glow,
Watchful care is given;
That pure seeds, their hearts may sow,
Their flow'rs to bloom in Heav'n;
For, on this cold and fleeting earth,
Our works should be of Heav'nly birth.

Watchful day and dreamy night,
Calls care I give to thee,
Pleasure's flow'r they seem to blight,
But thought they give to me;
For as their minds, to me, are giv'n,
I strive to teach them earth and Heav'n.

CLARENCE SMITH

He's gone! he is sleeping,
Yet the cold snow
Is the cov'ring of his bed;
For him, friends are weeping,
Sorely weeping,
He's numbered with the dead.

No more, he is weeping,
Yet he is cold
Down in his little home;
There quietly sleeping,
Silent sleeping,
Weary no more, to roam.

No more, vain and fleeting,
Life glows to him,
Of this unfeeling Earth;
No more, his heart beating,
Warmly beating,
Will greet the welcome hearth.

No more, him caressing,
His friends will be,
Except in heart's deep tok'n;
But 'tis Heaven's blessing,
Richest blessing,
Her kindest word spoken.

No more, earth enduring,
His heart will be
With friends, fond friends to roam;
For Death, him procuring,
Quick procuring,
Took him to his last home.

No more, he is weary,
At rest, at home;
Weep not, sorrow not, friend,
Make not thy life dreary,
Lonely dreary,
He's met only Earth's end.

He shares Heaven's blessing
At home with God;
Don't wish him here again;
He's Heaven possessing
Sweet possessing,
E'er freed from snares and pain.

JUST A FIGHT

Rob this world of all there be,
Yet there's two left to love me,
Myself and God.

Sweep my future bare and clean,
There are nobler things unseen,
For me from God.

I abhor a man that's mean,
I will make my record clean
 With self and God.

Drawn my poniard for the right,
Ever ready in the fight
 For Right and God.

I may find a gentler sphere
When I finish life that's here
 And weep no more.

I can see its beauties gleam
From the border of life's stream,
 Can Faith do more?

Yours may be a milder path,
Always sunshine without wrath;
Mine is somewhat of the night,
Life is only just a fight.

LUCK

Luck! Luck! is there no luck
In the fortunes of men?
Is it toiling, alone, that must win?
Is it bone, muscle and pluck
With courage and vim, that then
Our fortune, with her blessings, begin?

No! no! the paths of men.
Mark the blighting today;
Each struggling and toiling away—
Blossoms for all, the fruit when?
Whole for some, for some, decay,
Luck is telling on man ev'ry day.

WHAT IS MAN

What is man, can mortal tell?
Born for Heaven or for hell?
A double being, makes his soul;
This life, a transient warring spell
That Destinies alone control.

Nature, double, joins in one,
The two extremes of earth and sun;
Animal life, developed strong,
Spirit life that is warring on
And battles all our life along.

Sweet harmony never knew
Such opposing foes, to view,
But all our life must battle on,
A secret battle, it is true,
But painful as an open one.

My soul is oft' sore oppressed,
Double nature in my breast;
Earth well asserts her rightful pow'r,
Alas! my spirit will not rest
Until she triumphs o'er the hour.

Some times I arise to part
Worldly nature from my heart;
But half my nature then must die
Half of myself would then depart
And fail to fill my destiny.

Just as He formed, let me fight,
Nature, double, both in sight;
Animal nature, fierce and strong,
Our spirit nature, loving light,
From life till death, we battle on.

COULD YOU

Could you and would you if you could,
Play that part to ruin me?
Dost thou not know the Rod that would
Deal its vengeance unto thee?

Could you so lightly fling away
Sacred gift of Heaven's Hand?
Thy peace must pay the penalty
And thou e'er the curse withstand.

Could you ah! would you never see
Wrong to hurl a spirit down?
Blacken your life and destiny
And, at the best, act a clown?

Canst thou not use a nobler guide
Than your vanity and sin?
Would paint your soul, with hell, for pride,
Bar a noble thought within?

Go to a nobler counsel giv'n;
Go where Noble Virtue stays;
This is a sacred test for Heav'n
That shall blight or bless your days.

Let not my pleading be in vain,
Thou hast Virtue's friends to guide;
I view the wreck, I feel the pain
Caused by vanity of pride.

'Tis useless ah! I useless plead!
Counsel Sin has won thy soul,
And she shall choose no other mead
Than to make thy ruin whole.

Adown the future, now I see
A blighted soul, ruined life;
All raging at her destiny,
All bowed, breaking in the strife.

MY LITTLE GIRL WITH THE AUBURN HAIR

There's a land within my mem'ry
And though other lands more fair,
Nothing comes within thy mem'ry
With a scene as sacred, there.
In the distant boom and rattle,
Nothing stood, of love, more fair;
But she was conquered in life's battle,
My little girl with the auburn hair.

At the dawn of youth's bright morning
When the roses bloom so fair,
Waged the battle without warning,
Youth and Love were conquered there.
Mid the conflict and the rattle,
Nothing stood to shield or care,
So she was conquered in Life's battle,
My little girl with the auburn hair.

'Mid the scenes that now around me,
Bind my heart to toil and care,
Comes a distant scene that bound me
To a hope, of youth, so fair;
And whenever in my dream-land,
There's an image comes, so fair
And I hold it ever sacred,
My little girl with her auburn hair.

MEET ME

Whenever you greet me
If you would enhance my bliss,
I ask not only you meet me
But that you meet me with a smile and a kiss.

My soul, ever longing,
O friend of passionate love!
The bliss thy presence is thronging
Round us, is a blessing from Heaven above.

Then meet me, then greet me,
O friend of passionate love!
My soul e'er longing to meet thee,
As long and as lasting as Heaven above.

THE LAST HOPE OF FRIENDSHIP

The last hope of friendship
Stands trembling, alone;
Its early companions
Are perished and gone;
No hope for its blessing,
No treasure can buy
A gem, half so sacred
Or cherished so high.

I will lay thee, fond gem,
In memory, past;
Thy death knell is ringing,
Thou lovely and last;
No gem half so sacred
Though longer they last,
Thus, kindly, I cherish
Fond hope, in the past.

The last time I saw her,
Her rose bloom was gone,
All faded, the treasure
That, once, was my own;
Yet youth, with her longing,
Will bring back to me
The last hope of friendship
So dim now to see.

Though dim, to the dying,
That treasure may lie,
It is cherished above
All else we may try;
Thus, sacred, I cherish
My friends of the past,
Come again to my heart
Thou lovely and last.

MABEL

Oft' how am I thinking sadly
Of thy form when torn from me!
And the pain, so wild and madly,
Rushes o'er my form, to be.

Deep the pain oh! what a sadness
When that hour comes back to me!
Blighting e'en life's sweetest sadness,
Weeping, sweet Mabel! for thee!

And if e'er the heart was broken,
And if e'er the soul did feel,
'Twas when thy death, by words, was spoken,
Blighting all my future weal.

Where may this heart, that now is broken,
Find a balm that such will heal?
Not until thy form's awoken,
Can I know unblighted weal.

How I long and wish the token
Of life's pleasure, unalloyed ;
Where my heart will not be broken,
Where my hopes be not destroyed.

WHERE JUSTICE REIGNS

There is a land where Justice reigns,
To where our weary souls may soar,
When Earth has finished with her pains,
And gross injustice, bore.

Where no more, weary feet will roam
In quest of justice, never seen ;
And where no tyrant strikes the home
With pain and curses, then.

And if you seek for justice, here,
You enter in a fiery flame ;
The price you pay is still more dear,
It bursts, 'tis just a name.

'Tis best that you just fold your arms
And let them rob and plunder all ;
There is, if you just sound alarms,
Who lets His vengeance fall.

THE AUTUMN RAIN

All day I've sat by window dark,
To hear the cold rain fall ;
No sound or stir of life, but hark !
The winds do, moaning, call ;
I cast a shy glance out and lo !
The autumn leaves see fall,
O'er burdened, by the rain, they go,
Which once gave life and health to all.

And then, I thought how many friends
Have proved a summer shower!
But when, as seasons, had their ends,
They proved their autumn pow'r;
And as the leaves, our hopes cast down,
O'er burdened by the hour;
And then we meet a cold storm's frown,
From one who once gave life and pow'r.

Though it is sad, yet such is life,
The blessings of today,
Tomorrow, add a winter strife
Then fall into decay.
Be it for good, or ill, who knows?
But this is plainly given,
If it were not for death and woes,
We ne'er would think of God or Heaven.

MY NATIVE LAND FAREWELL

'Twere thee, I loved, and hoped how deep, how well!
But strange misfortune 'round me darted,
Till, wild with madness, now I tell
My friends and home from me, be quickly parted.

My heart be twained, O God of courage, serve me
now!

The sorest cut pain ever smarted;
Keen edged steel, twain this fairer brow,
But on spare, oh! spare the broken hearted!

Oh! this, my native land 'tis now farewell!
What sadness oft' this word has darted;
Not Love or Joy with me to dwell—
I go to dwell among the broken hearted.

BILLOWS O' SEA

My ship, without rudder,
All aimlessly, drifts
On billows o' the dark sea;
Though I sink 'neath its wave
As the billows roll on,
'Tis my home and the end for me.

And what will I profit
Though I should cross o'er
And, dashed 'gainst breakers o' sea,
I shall find, at the end,
My home among the surge
And the billows dashing o'er me.

And the billows roll by,
Then, ship lies a wreck
On surf o' the dark sea;
Then I know they are gone
To their home 'neath the wave
And they'll never come back to me.

For where is the haven
So blessed, for mankind,
That enters into this sea?
That shall not strew his wreck
On the wave and the surf
And leave him, a sleeper, to be?

Some say they are anchored
And know they are safe
As dwellers on the dark sea;
But they sink 'neath its wave
And the ripple is gone
And they never come back to me.

Then how can I pilot
And know I am safe
When all are wrecked on the sea?
And what from the wreckage
May be built from the Shore
By His care, or His love for me?

Most unworthy, is all
I see in the wreck
As strewn on surf o' sea;
Then why should a Gleaner
Of so bountiful Hand,
Find jewel that's worthy, in me?

May it not be the best
We only sleep on
On bottom o' the dark sea?
For I'll rest 'neath its wave
With no care on my brain
And no wrong to be felt by me.

What to us is more sweet,
Than our rest and sleep,
While sailing on the dark sea?
And if we should rest on,
Be it loss, be it gain,
Such quiet is pleasing to me.

For, aweary, my brain
In heat of the fight
This life, this World, asks of me;
I shall peaceful sleep on
'Mid the battle and storm
In my home 'neath billows o' sea.

We are sailing a sea
With our pilot gone,

Yet, swiftly, our ship glides on ;
The breakers are many,
Deep and sure lies our fate
With death or eternity, won.

The storm is oft' raging
Where my friends pass on
And brings sad tidings, to me ;
For our bark, all so frail,
Must go down with some gale
And rest on bottom o' sea.

Some say they have fathomed
Each rood of this sea
And life and light are there found ;
But, so sad is my heart,
When Life's ship settles down
Where doubt and such myst'ry abound.

Some say that the future
Will bring ev'ry ship
On surface to dwell again ;
But six thousand years
Have the breakers dashed on
While we're looking, watching, in vain.

Oh ! but then, we must hope
And our faith build up,
'Tis all the haven we see ;
For the rest is all dark
And the breakers rise up,
Then do pilot, Kind Faith, for me.

I ask but rememb'rance
If good I have done—
A thought you cast after me ;
For, in such, I would live

If no more it may be,
As I sleep on bottom o' sea.

Though floats gaily your bark
And billows roll sweet—
The morn is rosy for thee;
Know that I too, in youth,
As joyously sailed on,
My ship, now a wreck 'neath the sea.

I'LL GO

"Oh! yes, I'll go, 'tis well!"
She said, with sparkling eye,
"Although I've heard them tell
He loves to drink old rye;
The rest will all be there
And I the dance, must share!

"Just see his manly form!
What stories folks will tell
To do another harm
When all is right and well;
I'll trust him with my all
And go to new year ball."

When new year's eve came on,
The Winter's breath, was chill;
The glowing dance had won
Her heart to Pleasure's ill;
And to his sovereign pow'r
She sacrificed the hour.

Already in the sleigh,
She goes at Pleasure's call,
And, as they glide away,
With thoughts of dance and ball,

Her brow is fair and bright,
Beamed with a happy night.

Safe on the ball-room sill,
Her merry laugh doth ring—
The serpent of the still
Around her heart will cling;
For lo! that manly brow
Is turned to redness now.

The merry draught is drank
By her, the thoughtless youth,
While him, dishonor sank
Low from the paths of truth;
As in his mad'ning eyes,
Intoxication lies.

"Come Chris, I wish to go,"
She said, in mute surprise;
She saw the serpent glow
Like hell fire from his eyes;
As soon as said, 'twas done
And, quickly, they were gone.

The piercing wind blew cold
And swept across their way
When he, his lady, told
To drive and guide the sleigh,
"For I've so dizzy tugged,
Their whiskey must been drugged."

The reins, into her hand,
She took to guide the way;
They sped across the land,
His hat blew out the sleigh;
He stopped to get his hat
But got near all but that.

He labored, tugged in vain,
To reach the object, lost;
First down, then up again,
The Serpent, madly, tossed
That form, she thought so fair,
Till nearly forzen there.

"Come, Chris, I'll freeze," she said,
"You wait there any more,
Come back into the sled
Or I'll go on before."
He stumbled in the sleigh
And there, in drunkness, lay.

O Heaven! do'st thou see
That frost upon her brow?
As diz'ing darkness be
The death like stillness now;
For oh! the frosty air
Is more than she can bear.

First, as the leaves are ta'en,
So falls the plague on her;
Her hands first feel the pain
And deeply frozen, were;
Froze on her brow, was there,
The morning icy air.

Like death her form is now,
O Heaven! lend thy pow'r,
Or death will claim her brow
For his, in one short hour;
O Heaven! guide the way
And rob Death of his prey.

An angel touched the rein
And turned it up aright
As, through the window pane,

Those eyes beheld the sight;
They rushed out to her aid
And rescue soon was made.

Reason, again, returns,
Voices are sounding nigh,
As fire, her nature, burns
And brings the deepest sigh;
She feels the greatest pain,
The frost, dishonor's stain.

Not dead yet badly froze,
That youth, of pleasure, lies;
Not time can heal his woes
Or cleanse dishonor's dyes;
But he must bear the shame
As long as life does flame.

O youths of pleasure! hear
This fate of one your throng;
Hast thou no cause to fear
That such may do thee wrong?
For if, by such, you glide
Dishonor tears your pride.

Shun, oh! shun those who hear
The Serpent of the still
And tremble not with fear
But love to do its will,
Or as a tempest, whole,
The frown of Heav'n will blight thy soul.

AS WE SEE IT

'Tis when we're young, we fear to go,
'Tis when we're young, we love life so;
When winter frosts are black and sere,
And youth has traveled many a year,

We fear not then the paths we tread,
The aisles of living or the dead.

'Tis when we're young, no burdens know,
'Tis when we're young, life shines aglow;
But when our step is feebly cast
And hope and youth lie in the past,
We feel our frailty here, below
And wish a brighter World to know.

And nobler actors play their part,
Of those who touch our feeling heart;
And friendship stand, untarnished, bright,
And love that never feels a blight;
'Tis such a World, I wish to know
And change this life that's blighted so.

"I AM A VIPER"

"I am a viper and belong to a family of vipers,"
This she told me but not until she stung me through
and through;
"Some day you will despise and hate me," this she
said
And now I find it true.

A DRUNKARD'S HOME

'Twas on one cold and frosty night,
As, homeward, reeled a wretched form;
The blazing hearth glowed warm and bright
Yet raged the tempest and the storm;
While, anxious watched, with loving eyes,
Waiting for home's endearing prize,
A mother and her children, three,
The least, of which, sat on her knee.

The mother's eyes told woe, despair,
Yet cheerful words, her tongue, it gave,
For, for her children, young and fair,
Their mirthful beauty, she would save;
Yet poor the walls, the cabin floor,
The piercing wind swept o'er and o'er
And bade them shudder 'round the hearth
Where only love should have its birth.

The walls were bare, no blessings hung,
Save by a mother's toil and care,
And some few fragments that when young,
She made while dreamed about the fair.
'Twas then the future glowed so bright
By glowing promises made light,
She seldom thought about the past
But glowing future that would last.

Now darkness 'round the future, cast,
Does make so wretched, Clara's home,
A wretched hovel, in the blast,
They watch and wait for him to come.
He, who with maddened demon's glare,
Where Love should dwell, will kindle there
A flame of wretchedness and care,
The only fruit he has to share.

A boist'rous wind, his foot-steps fall,
That makes a shudder through that home,
And screams re-echo from the wall,
And Love now meets its saddest doom;
As, flashing from his fiery eyes,
Demons of hell, broke in surprise
And raged, in anger, where they stood,
Dealt blow on blow, Love shed her blood;

And Anger left his blackened mark,
A horrid gash on Clara's brow,
And forth it blazed its fi'ry spark
Till wrapped innocent children, now;
Then hunger followed them to bed,
Their tender hearts, by feeling, bled;
Innocent children, left to moan,
They slept but in their sleep, did groan.

And raging passion, soon it ceased,
Its power, all had been unstrung;
Then Love returned, had not decreased,
Reformed, again to him, she clung;
For got the wrong, done in the past
And hoped again that love would last;
But as bubbles on streamlets move,
The reformed drunkards ever prove.

Bursting to passion, yields again,
And helps to make more wretched there,
And crops the hope that late had been,
A mother's pride and tender care.
Now darkness 'round her heart, increase
By wan despair and wan disease,
And Melancholy takes her share,
The pangs of hell are nourished, there.

FREED FROM BONDAGE

Long, my stubborn sin has led me
In the ways of earth, among;
Deep, in guilt, it clothed and fed me,
Leading on, my soul, to wrong.
Long it wrought, now comes the weeping
That its form is sure to bring,
Watching, waiting, in our keeping,
Where, with death, our soul to sting.

Now, I fling away its fetter,
Christ, the pow'r, has broke its chain
And will lead me now far better,
In the path that's life to gain.
In the way of Eden's blooming,
Is our path when led by Him;
'Tis eternal blessings coming,
Light beyond the worldly, dim.

Freed from bondage, now I love Thee,
Thee, a Stranger hereto known;
But did send thy pow'r to save me,
Lord Thou art and art my own.
In the future, guide I pray Thee,
Ev'ry thought for good to be;
By Thy pow'r, Thou now has saved me,
Breathes, again, my spirit free.

GIVE ME

Give me pure modesty,
Its untainted flower;
The fruit of passion,
Blast it from this hour.

Give me the peace of mind
Comes to a just soul;
More than riches, find
In a conscience, whole.

For wealth and pow'r must go,
But peace will ever stay;
This, the just shall know,
Own on that Great Day.

Teach me to bear the wrong
This World has placed on me;

I not act the strong,
Yield to destiny.

THE MEMORY I OWE

Though I now trace, in sad recollection,
The hopes that Young Love revealed in her
dream,
I owe thee a part of each day's recollection
And weep o'er the grave where Friendship is lain.

Hoping that they, a bright resurrection,
Will 'rise from their graves that held them in
youth;
And find, in each heart, everlasting protection,
But the future is false, the past is truth.

Truest, dearest, is life's first affection,
When torn from the heart, there is none that can
bless;
But, while struggling through life, we war for pro-
tection,
With Clara to spurn and Burns to caress.

Fore'er, these fierce opponents are rushing,
While life is the gift to body and soul;
No calm sweetened peace, to our woe, will be hush-
ing,
Till death and the grave has covered us all.

HAVE FLOWN

The pledges, of our youth, have flown
Like hope, in its lightness, away;
And the treasures, our youth would own,
Are heaped on the wreck of decay.

How silent the past is to me!
A word, not a message, is cast;
Not a thought is coming from thee
As I view the wreck, in the past.

We were hurled, so silent, apart,
And years has that silence endured;
I know not, if bleeding thy heart,
Or, by time, its wounding is cured.

I feel, the pain rests on me still;
'Tis a wrong I ne'er can forget;
And yet, I know, 'twas by His will,
This silence was eternal set.

THE SKIES WILL BRIGHTEN AGAIN

Feel not so sadly, O friend of my heart!
Though the dark falls gloomily, near;
The storm seems raging, too fierce to depart,
Not so, the skies will bright'n and clear.

There is a star in the breast of each man,
That guides through the storm and the night;
Both Honor and Right, if rightly you scan,
Can conquer the worst of the fight.

I have grown weary and faint, on the road;
Have longed to conceal in my tent;
My cry of distress has always been heard,
His care to my presence, was sent.

Yield not to your sorrow or pain, fight on;
This life is a pleasure to fight;
Only, in battle, can vict'ry be won,
And brightest are won in the night.

Come gloom, come storm, come night; settle
around,
For you are the foes I must fight;
My eye is set, I am looking beyond,
I fear not the foe or the night.

GUARD ME O'ER

Want and passion tempt me sore,
God of Heaven, guard me o'er;
Black and barren lies the plain,
Life is fettered with a chain.

My soul frets, its length to go,
Just beyond, I wish to know;
Where the pall drops down, so black,
Give me light to see the track.

If a blessing, I would have,
If a blessing, Thou wouldst give,
Let it be, just give the light
Penetrates eternal night.

I would know, if I could see,
Now 'tis but a mystery;
Now, the grave, has stopped my sight,
Give, beyond, a ray of light.

HE IS CARING FOR ME

There is a storm cloud now above me,
And I falter on my way;
But I know that He will guide me
And will change this night to day.

Though the pain must fall, in anguish,
And the storm is raging still;
And my soul now seems to languish,
I will bow unto His will.

Can I falter when He loves me?
Shall I not endure the pain?
When I know the God above me,
Will repay it all again?

And the blessing, then eternal,
And the Heaven I will gain;
My happiness, blooming, vernal,
Nevermore to feel a pain.

Let it come, O storm I love thee!
And the task I'm called to do;
For my Master, I adore thee,
Knowing my reward is true.

NO GOOD

I weep but it does me no good,
I mourn but it brings me not thee;
I gaze in a desolate wood
With longing that ever must be.

She's lost! she has wandered away
And time is the wood-land, between;
All broken and waste and decay,
Is all, by my gaze, can be seen.

Yet Love, in her beauty, once stood
As perfect and bright on that plain
As ever wandered in sylvan wood
Or painted, by youth, in her dream.

The storm and the night gathered 'round,
And there was a demon to gaze
With envy, till wreckage was found—
Love and youth were lost in those ways.

MINNIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR

There's a scene within my mem'ry,
In my youth, so young and fair;
Earl'est school-days of thy mem'ry,
Brings a scene as cherished, there;
'Twas so young and yet so lovely,
Minnie, with the golden hair.

We were parted, early parted,
I was carried to the plain;
Like a sunbeam, she has darted,
And we never met again;
But I hold her, sacred hold her,
In the mem'ry of my brain.

Now the years have long since vanished
Ev'ry trace I would regain;
And by time, all hope is banished
And we'll never meet again;
Though I hold her, ever hold her,
In the mem'ry of my brain.

She is drifting on Life's ocean,
And I trust as pure and fair
As when our child-hood had the notion,
Life was sweet, without a care.
Mem'y's gem is sacred ever,
Minnie with her golden hair.

TO ———

To see thy form brings back my youth
And by its side my beaut'ful;
To speak plain words and tell the truth,
Just like a bard all dut'ful,
You seem to 'rise from out the blank

Of this World's strange existence,
Sweet honey cups I once have drank
Way back into the distance.

But then I know it can't be so,
To drink again that measure;
Time steps between and cries "Let go,"
You lost that cherished treasure;
But yet my youth comes back to me
And gives, at least, a pleasure,
To know her features copied be,
To make another's treasure.

I RECEIVED A WIRELESS TONIGHT

I received a wireless tonight
From the tow'r in my dream-land, so fair;
It told of a wreckage, in sight
And I know that my loved one was there.

She sailed from the island of love
And left me all alone with despair;
Never have I heard where she rove
Till this message was sent through the air.

All silent and vainly the call,
And the wreckage, I know not, is where;
It told of the ruin of all
And I know that my loved one was there.

Not storm but an error did cast
A ruin, her ship, upon the sea;
It wrecked on the blight of the past,
By the fiends that robbed her from me.

Regret in her wail of despair,
Was received, in her wireless, to me;

Her beauty and love settled there
Without a trace that points it to me.

Stopped short but the silence remains,
And I gaze on the blight of the past
And a chill now rushes my veins,
And I grieve o'er the blighting Love cast.

THOU KNOWEST WELL

Dearest maid, thou knowest well
That I loved, in truth, for thee;
That no other love I'll tell,
Then whyfore, close thy ear to me?

Dearest hope, to thee, I gave
All my joy of future years;
Laid them, in thy breast, to save,
You keep them there but give me tears.

Treach'rous maid, thou truly knows,
Doesn't thy conscience daily tell
That you wronged me by thy vows
When, for my love, thou gavest hell?

I CAME

I came to you pure and noble,
With a world, of wealth, to part,
And you grasped it, tore it, flung it,
Gave, instead, a broken heart.

'Twas Youth and Love at early morn,
Placed a blessing on our head;
All ruthless, was that blessing torn,
A crown of thorns, was placed, instead.

Long years have sped and Life has wrung
Bitterness from out the past;
But Envy has no title won,
Gazing at the wreck it cast.

Thy spirit waves, "Come back to me,"
But Foly's gulf lies between
And never was bridge known to be
'Cross the darkness of that stream.

TO ———

My tears flow now
But then I know
In after years,
'Tis thine will flow.

And you shall see
Your error, then,
And mourn the loss
What might have been.

'Twas folly sown,
'Twas folly reap
With nothing in
Her heart, to keep.

And you have learned
That Error's blow
Has made a gulf
All time will know.

And I must mourn
That Fate so fell;
And thou shalt reap
The fruits of hell.

WHAT CARE I

What care I for wealth and Fame,
It only brings, when dead, a name?
Give me Youth's love and hope, so bright,
And Love, with all her blessings, right,
And you may have all worldly fame
And what it brings, when dead, a name;
Come back, O hearts of youth, so true!
For now, my journey sighs for you;
Give all I have if youth was mine
And vanished Love, my heart, entwine;
But years have flown and years have sped,
And Love and Youth, have long since fled,
And all I have, O Wealth and Fame!
So bitter now, 'tis just a name.
If I could have my youth again,
I'd live for Love and not for men.
I would not live a life of pain
That human progress, I could gain;
I would retire to tent of Love
And never from its blessings, move;
I would not rush to call or cry
That means to fight, to fall, to die;
But I would say, you armoured men,
Just fight your battles as you can.

WHO FEEL

Fools will fat while sorrow floes,
Only wise men feel their woes;
Only wise men feel the wrong
Dealt by silent Error's blows.

Grieve to see their fellow men
Load with sin they utmost can;
Grieve to see the pain, the strife,
As the World they closely scan.

Give my life to help the plan
To uplift them all I can;
Still I grieve to see the pain—
God, have mercy on the man.

Each may struggle as he may,
Pain will follow on his way;
'Tis the night of sin, we pass,
Guide us to the light of day.

I COULD NOT BELIEVE

I could not believe a heart to deceive,
Was lodged in a bosom, so fair;
But Time has revealed the devil, concealed,
And hell be mine with despair.

I could not believe I ever would grieve,
That, our love, we truly did share;
But hell must e'er lack a substance, so black,
As I see with her soul laid bare.

How could I expect, in youth, to detect
A villain so skilled to deceive?
She stood by my side and held me my bride,
The serpent was coiled up her sleeve.

I cannot believe, my eyes must deceive,
The serpent was taught to strike me;
But look at the blow I ever must know,
A viper, she ever must be.

The treasure must flee Love gave unto me,
Its blessings, we never may share;
Heaven must weep yet the record will keep,
And my curse must she ever bear.

GREED

Many there are that's sore of need,
Some few that heap and grasp with greed;
Our prophets wrote our scriptures well,
There's only room for such, in hell.

They sweep up all that's sown, in sight,
And just beyond they scatter blight;
They tread upon the weak and young,
Then ask that they be sung in song.

They heed not fellow man, in pain,
But strive, alone, for self and gain;
They sit upon their hoard, so high,
And view the starving throng pass by.

No Demon of so foul intent,
Could hell unto this earth, have sent;
He is the king of Satan's throne,
Who paves his way with skulls and bone.

THEY TELL ME

They tell me there's a God in Heav'n
Watching over human kind,
If there is, I shall not worry
For I know, my soul, He'll find.

And He'll guide me in my journey
And will steady me along;
On the brow, where Sin destroys,
'Mid the jostling of the throng.

This I know, if God is with me,
I will conquer every foe;
Only that my soul is doubting,
That I fear, my path, to go.

I have lost in some Life's battles,
And my trust, He well did know;
And I wonder if He hears me
When I feel the cruel blow.

In my youth, I knew no doubting,
Proudly faced whatever foe;
But the villains that have conquered,
Taught my soul to doubt below.

And I dwell now in the doubting,
Wonder if my God will know
All the wrongs that I have suffered
By man's villainy, below?

I could wield an arm of vengeance,
I could crush the cursèd foe;
But 'tis written "Mine is vengeance"
You must trust with me, the blow.

So I curse and wait with patience
For the vengeance of His Rod;
But one balm can heal, that's justice
And I ask it of my God.

THE LADY OF THE GLEN

When the autumn woods were turning pale
And the cold winds began to wail—
When summer leaves had fallen low
To lie with the first flakes of snow—
When not a songster's voice was nigh
Save cooing dove and owlet's cry,
From the cottage that decked the lea,
Lady Aumerle advanced to see
And to know for what, in the glen,
Sounded the challenge of two armed men.

A steed, most fleet, she did obtain
And, like a swallow, skimmed the plain
Toward the glen from whence she heard
The angry note, defiant word;
The voice, of one, she thought she knew
And him to aid, she quickly flew,
But as the night was dark and nigh
And not a star to light the sky,
The voices stopped, her way she lost,
Her steed was frightened as he tossed
Her fiercely onward through the glen
And passed alongside those armed men.
"Edward," she shouted as she passed,
Her voice re-echoed in the blast
And not a word or sound could hear
Yet him she passed most sure and near.
Plunging onward fiercely and wild,
Swept steed with this heroine child,
For though a flow'ret, fully blown,
And heart, the bravest, for her own,
Her lovely grace, so meek and mild,
Gave her name of Heroine Child.
Onward, onward, furious went
The maddened steed, his course he bent
Toward a region little known
And which the brush had overgrown
Until the steed could hardly pass,
Environed as a shroud of brass;
Weary with flight, her rein she drew
And soon the brushwood was passed through.
The sun's dim light began to glow
Reflecting from an eastern brow
And showed a valley, richly blessed
Where weary steed had stopped to rest.
Weary, she lay upon the ground
And soon, in slumber, she was found.
Though not replied, her voice was heard

By Edward, as he caught the word,
His blood seemed chilled, he could not move
As, in wonder, his thoughts did move—
For what, on such a dreary night,
Should Lady Aumerle make that flight
Toward that region all alone
Where good to trav'lers is unknown?
Where scarce the bravest heart dare rove,
So many fiends are in the grove?
'Twas but a moment though could flash,
Unguarded-twang—he felt the lash
Keen of his antagonist's dart
Aimed for the center of his heart.
The night, so dark, his aim he missed
As through the skin it merely passed,
Although, the blood, it strewed around
And lay, in crimson, on the ground.
Keenly, he felt the stinging pain
Whilst thoughts of horror filled his brain—
But as a hero, quickly tossed,
He knew no time could then be lost,
As now, his bow, already bent,
Edward, his arrow, quickly sent—
His antagonist then did flee
Although his blood bespot the lea.
The field, he saw, was now his own,
His opposition all had flown—
He groped about in dreary night
Till saw the cottage light in sight,
From whence he lay upon the lawn
Waiting until the morning dawn.
Early the dew, wiped from his breast,
Breathing to God his soul's request,
From whence he flew without delay
Following track to guide his way
Of which the maddened steed had made
While passing frantic in the glade.

Though cold and bleak his night repose,
His heart beat warm whilst thoughts of those
Passed through his mind about the glen
Being abode of treach'rous men.
Where was his Lady, what's her fate?
His speed he hastened, lest too late
His aid to offer, it would be
Or her fair form again to see.
Quick plunging onward through the wood,
Wrapped in the deepest solitude,
Although his eye was quick to tell
The dim made track, he knew so well.
When came he to a thickened wood,
Ten fiends before him, plainly stood;
Their swords were ready, spears were poised
As for his death, they plainly noised
And with a quick and fiendish bound,
They bore upon him all around;
But as his friend, his sword was nigh
And with his keen surveying eye,
He drew his sword half way around
And five dead fiends were on the ground.
The others quick to flee did start
When lo! he pierced them with his dart,
And now ten fiends around him lay,
Their blood he carried on his way
For on his green and purple gown
Their blood was spattered up and down.
Quickly, his speed, he did renew
As through the wood, he nearly flew—
When fiercely bounding, stooping low,
He heard the twang of some spent bow,
Whiz! by his ear the arrow sped
And pierced the bow just 'bove his head,
With one quick tumultuous spring,
Before him, leaped a fiendish king—
His piercing eye, his giant form,

Took our hero as by a storm,
Although, his aim, he truly made
And pierced the giant with his blade
And bore him, dying, to the dust
Leaving his jewels there to rust.
Onward, again, he quick did fly
And soon, the wood, he passed it by,
Verging on a beautiful vale,
He heard a voice, in anguish, wail
And saw a steed quiet grazing
While, with horror, he was gazing
Upon a scene that filled his mind
With thoughts of horror and the kind
That makes a hero's heart to quake
And foundations, like Alps, to shake;
For there before him in the glen,
Stood Pijah with a hundred men
With Edward's love encircled 'round
While such a clamor did resound
About their prize, so bright and new
As the king said "I love her too."
Life's nought compared to love that's true,
As such our hero's mind passed through,
He thought upon them he would fly,
And fight for Love and for her die,
But, Reason, again, called her own
And to intriguing he was thrown.
The king soon, with a few, did start
And made a cautious, quick depart
Leaving behind his men in glade
Dividing spoils which they had made.
Now Edward thought it time to start
To grasp the object of his heart.
The steed, in glen, he mounted
And soon the motion plain resounded,
As fiercely plunging through the glen,
He passed in quick pursuit of them.

The king o'er mountains, seemed to fly
And to his cave was drawing nigh
When Lady Aumerle drew her rein
And wheeled her course across the plain.
Her steed, more fleet, than all the rest
Yet close behind they hotly pressed
And blindly rushing for their prize
They flew between the earth and skies.
Not far they passed upon their way
Before they flew in sad dismay
As Edward now they quick did meet
And saw their life was to retreat
And rushing back they sad did rue
As Edward's darts, they pierced them through
All save the king who, in dismay,
Had wheeled his course in such a way
That him to slay, was all in vain
And safe he dashed upon the plain.
Now to his bosom, Edward pressed,
His loved, he long and fond, caressed,
It seemed though Heaven opened there
Her richest blessings now to share;
And more than earth glowed in his breast
While, to his bosom, she was pressed.
Tongue couldn't picture a scene more fair,
'Twas love as pure as angels share.
Now, in his heart, there seemed to burn
A thought of Pijah's quick return;
So to his love, he quickly said
"You keep apace while on I tread
And what you see or what you hear
Speak not a word and cease to fear."
They moved along with hearts so light,
Now Lady Aumerle scarcely in sight.
Behind now she conceals her form
Expectant of a mighty storm,
For, just ahead, she saw, concealed,

The fiendish foes with lance and shield.
As Edward rode upon the plain
Thinking of Pijah's rural gain,
He met a hundred of his men
Upon the broad and open glen.
Now they, their arrows quick let fly
Exulting now that he will die.
From his armor, like showers glance
The pointed arrow and the lance;
And now returning their desire,
His sword swept through them like a fire
Until Sir Edward, all alone,
Seemed unto them a thousand, grown,
And, in a moment, at his feet,
A hundred hearts had ceased to beat.
She thought, at once that all was won,
That opposition, all had flown
And quickly rushing to his side
Expectant of his smile, her pride;
But on his brow, he wore a frown—
"Why disrespect your love, your own?
"Fly lest a sting thy heart doth feel,
Thou givest woe, I sought for weal."
Scarcely these words his lips had said
Before a tyrant raised his head
And at this being aimed his dart
That had no shield around her heart.
Soon, quickly, through his arrows glide,
The crimson blood drips from her side,
But let them pierce her where they would
Undaunted, fearing death, she stood.
Sir Edward's fire, at once, did flash,
As through the fiend his arrows crash—
He thought Love, dead, his brain grew wild—
Then thought of death, then laughed, then smiled,
Rushed to his love in fearless pride
Till saw the life blood from her side—

Then fell, in weakness, all his pride,
Unconscious then his mind did glide.
Now, rattling, jarring, from afar,
Is borne upon them, conqueror,
Those fiends, who in their raging flight,
Had borne with them a deadly blight.
They grasped and bound him foot and hand
Then placed them front the fiendish band,
Then rolled away, a sweeping wave
Till Pijah reached his home, the cave.

The lights were burning,
The pilot gave
The huge door, turning,
Entrance the cave.

They passed along a deep lone aisle,
A palace reached from Nature's smile,
Where ev'ry comfort lay in store
That fiends could buy for human gore.
And there the kings of fiends did dwell,
On earth, it was a living hell.
Bound there, our hero lay to wait,
The surest blow, the blow of Fate;
While Lady Aumerle, ever mild,
They thought as harmless as a child,
And of the paleness from her wound,
They left her free to move around.

Her glances, turning,
Commanded grace;
Heroic learning
Had left its trace,

Yet darksome longing, vague unrest,
Fire of revenge burned in his breast
And said that "He shall lie there bound
Till Death, his victor, has him crowned;
To meet death now, it shall be worse,

Slow blighting proves the greatest curse;
And there by Torture's utmost pain,
He'll weep and wail yet shall remain,

His proud heart breaking,
Soon to be lost;
His Heaven taking
That life doth cost,

He there shall meet in that lone aisle
While I'm to share his lady's smile."
Now safe within strong Nature's walls,
Refreshments and repose, he calls;
And on his well refreshing bed,
He lays his large and wrinkled head;
A monster giant of the wood
That lays fair nature on the flood.
His men, to duty, all have gone,
Leaving those three to dwell alone;
Yet strongest prison cell it seems
Where sunlight never shed its beams—

Where no day breaking
The gloom of night
But sorrow taking
Its ceaseless flight,

Are now the thoughts within her breast,
A withered curse and that unblessed;
But pure hope never fell so low
But that to rise it oft' will go
Or cast a ceaseless longing by
The place it fell and sought to die.
Now by the breath that Pijah bore
She knew that sleep, him slumbered o'er;
And then the hope she thought so low,
A diamond light, began to glow

As silent, passing to his bed,
She took the sabre 'neath his head
And for Sir Edward, true and fair,
She twained the cords that bound him there.

The dim lights, glowing,
That hung around;
The huge door, showing,
The walls profound,

Were all that met his glancing sight,
They seemed too strong for human flight.
Then sought they jewels from the cave,
A silent search yet quick, they gave
And found down in one corner, stored,
The sought of all, Sir Edward's sword;
And jewels, rare, fell on their sight
Yet to Love's eye looked dim, unbright.

Now, quickly moving
Their flight to take,
The huge door shoving,
They stepped from fate

And breathed, once more, unfettered air,
The bright sun glowing on the fair.
But curses yet unmete to see,
Were hov'ring o'er as Fate will be.
Though Heav'n-like glowed the landscape 'round
As moved they swiftly o'er the ground;
Though looked they back with blazoned light
And saw the past lay all in sight,
Yet dark the future must e'er be,
One step ahead we ne'er can see;

Yet passed they onward
Without delay,

Moved up and downward
The rugged way,

As side by side, they truly kept,
The future glowed, the past had slept.
Now saw they, in the distance, glide,
Two forms behind an oak tree hide;
Now moved they cautious on their way
For danger's near, both night and day;
Now Edward, moving far ahead,
Came to the spot with danger, red;
When rushed they out with sabres, drawn,
To bear the form of Edward, down.
They proved the strongest of their race
And blow to blow, fell face to face

Olympus jarring
The fire flash stroke
As hell be marring
An angels yoke;

Then rushed hot up the veins, his blood
And stroke on stroke, the conflict stood,
Went peal on peal and sounded far,
A more than earthquake seemed to jar.
The firmest footing, each had found,
They fought for hell, he for his ground;
Their sabres rang, the fire high flashed
As more than fury in them dashed;
His sword, he drew, with vengeance roth,
And cleaved the head from off them both;

Then fell they dying,
Down to the ground,
Not one word sighing,
Was borne around

For none could weep their fallen flight,
'Twas only darkness changed to night;

Such light as not this life can know,
The blos'm fall'n, yields the fruit of woe.
Then moved they on in victor's pride,
Daylight glowing from side to side,
Now showed to them a mournful state
Deep in the wilderness of Fate;
Had thought the way lay plain in sight
Till wearied from his ceaseless flight,
He stopped the first time to reflect
What, since the morn, he did neglect.
Now saw before him dangers, wild,
Yet thoughts of love returned and smiled,
And made more blessings 'round him grown,
More blooming flow'rs his pathway, strewn,
With Lady Aumerle by his side
Than fairest Eden's lonely pride.
Then moved more proudly, thought more well,
'Tis Heav'n to share true love in hell.

Dangers defying,
He moved along;
The dark bolt vying,
Invoked the song

That came forth with a mournful sound
And echoed wildly 'round and 'round.
Now silent dwelled and wide apace,
They moved along with cheerful face,
Then saw she, in the distance, glide,
Two horsemen riding side by side;
Then thought to Edward, she would show
Their pointed spears, their sabre's glow;
Her voice, the silence, then it broke
And echoed clear from oak to oak;
To Edward's pride it gave a stroke
As lightning rends the mighty oak.
"Oh! canst thou trust with me your fate?"

Though dangers come, thy silence wait,
And though hell rolls in sulphur, blue,
My pathway 'cross I'll wade it through."

The fire then gleaming
From his blue eye,
In blood red streaming,
Those fiends defy.

Then stepped with haughty, fearless pride,
Sir Edward with those fiends to stride.
Now stop those fiends, at once, their pace
When saw the light'ning from his face.
For him to meet, they read despair
And fled from 'neath the conflict, there.
Now wending slow his tedious way,
While nightfall shades shut out the day,
Sir Edward moves along the vale
Where true love dwells a secret tale;
Where, without such, reigns supreme, there
A crown'd monarch, keen despair;

Yet true love gleaming
Around the fair,
In silver streaming,
Proves daylight, there

And makes not e'en one thought regret
As Love makes all pain soon forgot;
And dearer woven are the ties
When dipped in hell then Paradise.
So moves along, Sir Edward now
With hopeful love writ on his brow—
With pains of sorrow 'round his heart
Ere yet the prize be won it part.
Hope pinioned from yon summit, high,
Unfolds then folds and falls to die,

Is oft' as Love within this vale
Where true love dwells a secret tale;
Yet Lady Aumerle by his side,
A vine clad tow'r makes Edward's pride.
Home of vision, seat of despair,
How oft' the life we love is there!
We little know what e'en may bring
A ruined hope or dethroned king,
As bound by strength that nought can part
Yet oft' the next step twains the heart;
Yet moved undaunted, on their way
Through gloomy night or cloudless day,

With true love glowing
Around the fair,
In darkness showing
Their foot steps, there,

Sir Edward and his true love, now
With wreaths of Heav'n upon their brow.
But hark! What sound? an awful peal
Through gloomy silence then did steal.
"O Edward! in Heav'n, on earth 'tis lost;
We buy it here, life is the cost.
Oh! there we'll hope to know and share
What here was like you Heaven, fair."
Oh! cruel, how those words did fall!
Then ev'ry nerve and fiber, all,
In shame their strength and pride, released,
The vineclad tow'r sank down, decreased;
And ev'ry breath of mortal air
Along from hell, bore odors, there
And pain that Burns alone could tell
Upon Sir Edward, then it fell.
Just like the Alps if their foundation
Should sink below their proper station,
Were seen to sink down more their length

For all their former pride and strength.
So falls Sir Edward's strength, so fair
Till fiends again have bound him there.
Now pass, those fiends, along their way
Where glimmers now the new born ray
And shows their captive's face, so fair,
A glowing treasure, diamond, rare;
While by the king that led the clan,
Was claimed the conquest, dear to man.
Her glances all his nature move
Like one awoke by first true love,
And said "Unbind, unbind the fair,
I'll crown her here and free him there,
With her, I'll share a bridal home,
With you I'll leave him here to roam."
Then parted then those captives, there,
One hoped for love, one claimed despair.
Soon chance to Edward Swift did bring
A hope, he grasped it by the wing—
Then 'woke, at once, his ruined pride
And grasped the saber at his side
And vengeance dealt to those around,
Their lifeless forms fell to the ground,
For they had wrecked his future, there
And gave his heart to wan despair.
Then swiftly flew his daring mind
Those broken tendrils now to bind;
Then swiftly skims along the plain
In search of his true love again,
Sir Edward who will meet despair
Or win again his life so dear.
Before the wind he fur'ous flies
As dazzling bright before his eyes
Is Lady Aumerle by the side
Of him who swifter now does glide.
Sir Edward raised, at once, his dart,
O God! it pierced his Lady's heart—

She falls; her captors swifter glide
While trickles slow from out her side
The crimson blood. Life's mortal hour
E'er bloomed, returns to death the flow'r.
By one that cherished, one that gave,
Comes death whilst raised his hand to save,
And makes for her a silent tomb
And wrought for him a life of gloom.
Then there as quick as he could start
And from her side, he drew the dart;
The shaft with scarlet deep was dyed—
He raised to thrust it through his side;
Then thought so short the mortal strife,
He'd live to know the end of life.
"How pale those lips so short were bright!
Thy heart still pure as they are white!
Now by my hand, lain in the grave
The only gift by Heaven gave.
My love, my life, beneath this tree
A grave, a monument for thee—
By my lone hand, thy hallow bed
Be smoothed, my life, so fair yet dead."

THE EPITAPH

"Here sleeps in this silent abode
The fairest being wrought by God.
Here, Lady Aumerle, gently rest,
The dew of heav'n upon thy breast.
No more thy heart, with pain inspired,
Will glow. By Earth, so short admired,
Is all of life found here below,
'Tis well that Heav'n should claim thee now
While yet unspotted, dwelled thy whole—
How pure to Heav'n returned thy soul!"

"'Tis hard to part, to leave my all—
Should worlds on worlds in ruin, fall,

Should Heaven melt, a fervent scroll
And nought but God retain the soul,
No greater felt, my ruin be,
Than wrought for me beneath this tree.
'Tis all the heart can know or feel
When robbed of all that's known as weal.
So long I've toiled, so long oppressed,
O God! wilt Thou e'er make me blessed?"
Then 'rose Sir Edward calmly there
And moved along without the fair.
The deepest thought dwells with him now
While Melancholy claims his brow.
Now tore his pride from off his throne
Yet haughty acts his part, alone;
And slowly moves across the plain
Where life, in form, resumes a dream.
Where ev'ry current, passing by,
Is laden from his dewy eye,
And yet his heart his tasks resume
And fought till closed within the tomb.

PART II

"Oh! what brightness! oh! where am I?
Such shining hosts before me fly!
Is this the glit'ring jaws of death
That robs me of my mortal breath?
How strange, how strange! no pain I feel
And ev'ry nerve seems lit by weal—
My infirm'ties, by age, are flung
And ev'ry fiber 'woken young—
Is this a flashing hope for bliss
While loosing all my consciousness?
The last thought I recall, that fled,
I lay upon my suff'ring bed
And footsteps softly 'round me tread
And whispered gently 'He is dead.'
But oh! such brightness! where am I?"

Is this the pain we feel to die?
With rays condensed, ten thousand sun
Placed in the space now filled by one,
Would not be half so dazzling bright
As this new consciousness of light;
Then what is this and where am I?
Is this our dream when called to die?
O Edward, my love! we meet again
Thyself an angel, once a man!
I come to greet thee, make the whole,
I, the other half of thy soul.
'Tis Heav'n thy eyes beholding now,
No more thy gaze be wondering how
Without earth's orbs it seems so bright,
'Tis Love reflects the golden light."
"O Aumerle! is this our joy to share?
This beyond all dreams e'er so fair,
When last I met thee, we could know?
This joy repays all earthly woe.
O God, thy beautiful dwelling!
This Alcyone Orb, where swelling,
Is ev'ry breeze with music tone,
Where dwell the good, the blessed, alone!
Where mystery no more is known
And ev'ry soul retains its own.
I see, 'No marriage' understand,
That myst'ry of the earthly land;
As two in one, Earth twained apart
Then marriage rite there need to be
To hold those parts in unity.
In Heav'n no such a law is just
For own with own, no pow'r can thrust
Apart what God below creates
As one, in Heav'n to share their fates.
O Aumerle! this we fly to share,
As one, so pure, so perfect, fair.'

FATHER AND MOTHER

Where hast thou gone? I miss thee here!
The love I shared so many years,
Has left me now; a lonely fear,
And hope is blinded with my tears.

Could but a message come from thee
That I might know thee safely there,
My sadness would so quickly flee
And I would wait, thy love to share.

'Tis but the silence makes this pain,
I ne'er would grieve if I did know
The beauty of thy life and gain,
I, patiently, would wait to go.

I know God's law has been fulfilled,
You've paid the tribute of all sin;
Thy life has run just as He willed
And all its honors, you did win.

You lived, you loved, your race was sweet
When viewed the blighting of this earth;
And, thy reward is made complete
By One who tests and knows your worth.

And I must plod life's weary way
Without a father and a mother's care;
I may not hear them kindly say,
"Courage, and yield not to despair."

They were the magnet of my life,
Their goodness charged my very soul;
I could not yield, howe'er the strife,
When they and Right, I saw the goal.

And what, in tribute, can I say?
Their works and life will far outshine;
They trod the just and holy way
That leads unto the life, Divine.

And yet, thy love will fill me still,
E'en though thy form I cannot see;
And sweet thy blessings, ever fill
With thoughts of love and faith and thee.

And so, I bow unto His will
And lay my treasures at His feet,
And ask but Faith to serve me still
Till I can make my life complete.

IN OUR SILENT HOME

Do we gain, or lose, the treasure?
What is it by death we gain?
Even though we feel no pleasure,
Sure it is, we bear no pain.

And, so silent, flows the measure,
And, so secretly, they bear,
That they tell not of the treasure
Or the pain, they still may share.

And it is so weird, uncertain,
That my soul knows not the way,
Or can raise the mystic curtain
'Tween the night and other Day.

'Tis, at best, a hope we cherish,
'Tis, at worse, a fate we meet;
Even though all love may perish,
We will make submission, sweet.

Better than this life, so transient,
'Tis a sleep we all must share,
Only that they sleep so silent,
Makes it seem so hard to bear.

And the language, faint, uncertain,
Leaves but doubt around my soul;
I cannot raise mystic curtain,
Or its mystery control.

Soon, we take the silent passage,
Soon, we leave this world behind;
Hoping, trusting, comes the message
E'en to us, to all mankind.

And the journey, dark and silent,
Comes, alike, to rich and poor;
No creed can call us to our tent
When we close, behind, the door.

GOD OF HEAVEN IS CARING FOR ME

The storm of life is fierce raging,
Its billows are rising o'er me;
The fight, I fiercely am waging,
God of Heav'n is caring for me.

The pain, of battle, falls heavy,
I falter, my foes, there to see;
Pow'rs to the utmost, I levy,
God of Heav'n is caring for me.

I could not have conquered life's fight,
Or rode o'er those billows o' sea;
A shield and a pilot, by night,
God of Heav'n is caring for me.

I look and His mercy, now see,
O'er battles, in life, I have won;
By only His mercy to me,
Have I stood and battle still on.

I know that the prize shall be mine,
I win in the battle of life;
I wield with His power, divine,
And conquer all foes in the strife.

There's a care in His pow'r, divine,
That has always stood in my need;
His love and His mercy entwined
And hallow the life I must lead.

I fear not the foe or the fight,
I know that His presence will be
A beacon to guide through the night,
God of Heav'n in caring for me.

MAY

Now, to my ear, there comes a wail of grief
From some far distant land 'tis sped,
And brings my heart in sympathy, though brief,
With those who mourn the beautiful, the dead.

With night and mystery around it cast,
The villain feels himself secure;
May he not taunt the very act, at last,
And draw grief's climax to endure?

Would you tell me a loving brother's hand
Would pluck such treasure from his heart?
And cry the very moment where he stand,
To stop the villain, hast'ning to depart?

Such an act was never known in fiend or ghoul,
Or nought that bore the human form;
'Tis not the nature of the human soul
To act deceit so early in the storm.

A blow so heavily as this must fell
Would paralyze, at once, the brain,
Leave no invention for the tongue to tell,
No care, nought else but misery and pain.

'Tis said blind Justice, ah! yes, thou art blind!
How long, so blind, must we endure,
That when we search our treasure, lost, to find,
The very thief, himself, we oft' procure.

And what respect for them crying "Justice,"
Turns him into a fiend, below?
A greater villain than the fiend, he is
Who-e'er would strive to pour such grief on woe.

Envy, thou cursed general I have seen,
I see thy saber gleam, thy mark;
Thy blow is always where some blow has been
And always in the mystery and dark.

What greater punishment could justice give?
'Twas dealt, the hardest blow we know;
E'en though the accusation we'd believe,
Who'd stoop to deal out now some lesser blow?

SILENCE

O God! help me to bear the pain,
For one who has tasted the pleasures of life,
Must think of living again;
Would pierce the darkness of death and the grave
And know of the life that remain.

So desolate now lies the shore!
So silent, so dark, so mystic, it remains!
No word from those, gone before,
Only mystery I see in my gaze
And know I may see them no more.

Eternal silence, is it death?
And must we all enter and ever remain?
Ne'er feel the sweetness of breath,
Ne'er feel the pleasure that life may contain?
A sleep so eternal, is death.

TO ———

We were extremes and yet we met
And lived and loved together;
And Honor stands the test as yet,
More strong than aught this World can sever.

Why should we mourn for those we lost
In battle that was raging?
Or grieve to think what it has cost,
In life, to keep the battle waging.

I know His love is greater still,
More will yield, in blessing, rare,
If we but follow where He will,
Trust and leave it to His love and care.

This life is but one trying hour;
Wrung and racked, is ev'ry nerve;
The bud is cropped or else the flow'r
Is seldom left to grow, fruit to serve.

I rush where fierce the battle rage,
I love to par, deal the stroke;
I glory on life's battle stage,
Thou give me, through life, no milder yoke.

TO ———

Oh! where art thou, who, in the past,
Has mingled thought of joy with me?
That spoke of friendship that would last,
Unchanged by tears or years, to be.

Fate marked another road for thee
By fortune 'round thee, early cast;
While left a humbler route for me,
Yet sure to gain true wealth, at last.

An early blast, to me, did bring
A curse that darkened all my youth;
And then, by measure, I did sing
A melancholy wail of truth.

True friends, each others woe, would share,
For such, my pain, I told to thee;
For grappling with such dark despair,
I felt the need of such for me.

Just for the balm that such would bring,
I told my wretchedness to thee;
One word of cheer might caused to cling,
Life's dearest tendrils back to me.

But not could you one jewel lend,
Thy stony heart, with icy breath,
Heralded back a shock to rend
And whispered "Silence, sleep in death."

IF I FALL

I will leave it with a just God
And battle the foes that I meet;
If I rise, let it be to the glory of all,
If I fall, let it be at His feet.

I'll battle, unceasing, with pain,
I'll yield not to pain or to woe;
I know there is a treasure, a haven to gain,
If we cry the fate of our foe.

Send me where Uriah once stood,
Give foe that is valiant to fight;
Let me battle for Honor, for Heaven, for God,
Let me fall while battling for Right.

TO ———

The golden threads of friendship
Seem stealing and revealing,
How I start!
I thought that they had perished
With the one that I had cherished
And were not;
But today, I feel them stealing
And I look and see, revealing,
The self-same young and loving heart.

The years, I bridge across them,
Combining, and entwining,
Threads of art;
And a passage now is giv'n
To our only sacred Heaven
For the heart.
And I feel thy presence stealing,
And my soul is now revealing
The sacred treasures of your heart.

All so fair, I will grasp them,
Filling measure with treasure
Of your heart;
I will give and thou receiving,
Firm and true and all believing,

As thou art;
Yield the boon and sacred treasure
To the flowing of the measure
Of thy true and thy loving heart.

TO MY LOVE

Come and go with me to the sunset of life
And I will plead to my God to make our eternity
 inseparable and blessed,
And I know, as a reward for my faithfulness and
 toil,
He will grant my request.

THEY BOTH WILL PRAISE

With some, a jewel is a jewel,
Though in a swine's snout;
With some, a jewel isn't a jewel,
Though unguarded, out.
Some see the surface only, of the man,
And never know the blackness, lies within;
And some, the inmost depths, can scan
And read the soul and every sin;
They both will praise; one paints the devil, one the
 saint.

THE STREAM

There is a stream, this side all plain
 The oth'r, a dream, a mystical, shadowy dream;
Twice, have I stood on its shore, twice have I seen
 Its mystical mansions, its pilot that plies in be-
 tween.

When you stand on this shore, there gaze,
 A friend is crossing o'er, a loved one is crossing
 the Stream;

You shudder to look on the mystical ways—

O friend! thou art lost, you have crossed in that
mystical dream

O friend, thou shalt never return!

That Mystical River will ne'er return to this
shore

That loved one. You cry, but your call, He will
spurn,

Will leave you to weep evermore, you to weep
evermore.

On the wharf and once in the Stream,

I stood and I gazed as my loved ones crossed o'er;
I strove, I called in despair; but, my tears, He did
spurn,

Swiftly pulled for the Shore, that shadowy, mys-
tical, Shore.

I shall follow; I shall cross o'er;

Then I shall know, shall see, all plain, on that
Shore,

Will gather my friends, all who crossed there before,
Then I shall weep nevermore, then I shall weep
nevermore.

LOVE

In our youth and love, we wandered,

And I see so plain, the way;

'Twas a wild and wooded valley
And the night had closed the day.

All with love and both were happy,
Never dreamed that we should part;
But the night and storm closed o'er us
And I felt a pang at heart.

And a serpent coiled around her,
Even now, I plainly see;
I awoke in grief and terror,
All was blighted then, for me.

In the night and storm, I wandered,
All alone, it fell to me;
Lost her in the wooded valley,
There, the serpent, still, I see.

FRIENDSHIP

✓ There's a gem within my friendship
That's as precious as the soul;
All through life, has been my worship
And has bound beyond control.

'Tis the pearl of all I cherish,
Of Earth's blessings, 'tis the goal;
Better that our life should perish
Than to mar, with wealth, the soul.

What is life without its treasure?
What can pay our pain, untold?
But the blessings of its measure,
Sweeter than all else, to hold?

✓ Give me friendship, with its pleasure,
Hold from me, the wealth of gold;
If but one can be my treasure,
Let it be the gem that's told.

Better at the hour of starting
That we stood to Honor, true,
Than to own this world, departing,
It must loosen then to you.

NO SUCH MAN AS I

There's no such a man as I
In all of this creation;
I have searched the planets through
And the earth's population;
And not another being
Like me, on this earth, I find
In form or thought or feature;
But then you see, the rub comes in,
I'm such a funny creature.

I turned the square the other night
To help our publication;
By some means, my watch had stopped,
Which spoiled my calculation;
Busy arranging matters
In form and journal feature,
I saw, at once, the rub came in,
They'd missed that funny creature.

A CHANGE

Yes, Time has wrought a change! I see it now;
It stamps its mark upon thy furrowed brow;
It leaves its paleness, plainly, on thy cheek;
Thy form, thy sinews, strong, doth change to weak;
Thy cheek that more than vied the fairest rose,
How pale, marks the decline I would disclose;
It speaks of death, that dark, silent abode
Yet brightly shines with the promise of God.
Oh! fairer than an angel's form, was thine,
I weep to see its sure and swift decline.
It pierced my heart, to see thy sallow cheek,
Sadder the language than my tongue can speak.
O years! art thou not dizzy by thy flight?
Oh! come, reverse thy motion once tonight,

And bring, for us again, those blighted years
That we may nourish hope with flowing tears;
With the sad experience we have gained
Of life, by storms and tempests that have reigned,
We could guide our bark of friendship and love,
Safely across the flaming lake of Jove;
We would reverse, not weep sad tears of yore,
No blighted hope, 'twould yield a fruitful store,
For, thy heart, taught by blights and tempests, past
Would own the gem, for thee, Love early cast.
Nearer the grave, thy onward march, I see,
Oh! if my tears could check, they'd flow for thee,
A torrent, they should form, I'd sail its main
And break the with'ring chain of Time; but vain
I plead, I plead for thee. We will resign,
Give up the treasure of our life's deep mine,
But hold to our faith, our pledges, given,
To teach our hearts to join, as one, in Heav'n.

STANZA

When I could, I would not,
When I would, I could not;
Oft', like this, you see,
Has proved this world, at times, to me.
You may have hit, more true, the mark
And held your torch just at the spark,
But I must wail, all this, to see
And curse my fate and destiny.

THE POET

Of all the poor and trampled race,
Of all the wretched, without place,
Of all the sorrowful, below,
The poet's lot is sure to know.

Robed in the anguish of his soul,
He weeps from pain he can't control;
And bleeds his heart, his fate to know,
And finds each step, a deeper woe.

Just as the bright and sunny spring,
The early tendrills forth, would bring;
Then take repose, in slumber lost,
And 'wake in snow and sleeting frost;

Is oft' the tendrils of the soul
Of which the poet owns control;
Is e'er his lot while here, to find,
His pleasure lost while he is blind.

And weeping, mourning on his way,
He gropes in sorrow, thoughtful day;
Till, wearied out, he finds a grave
Where he may rest no more a slave.

LOST

I am lost!
Hope and Faith are fled,
I am living yet I am dead.

I am tossed,
Billows roll o'er me,
I gaze at wreckage on the sea.

Fairest one
Struggles in the sea,
Her shriek comes, piercing, now to me.

Hope has fled;
The wild sounds, ringing,
O'er her grave, the surge is flinging.

All is lost
That Love gave to me,
'Tis only wreckage now, I see.

PASSING THE CHURCH-YARD

A lovely scene of quiet graves,
Behold, most quick, my scanning eye,
Whilst flowers, with unwithered leaves,
Told that a friend dwelled closely by;
A friend that death makes not forget,
A tie that life so deeply set.

Flowers from out the roseate,
Where life's fond glance had oft' embraced,
Still blooming there but bloom too late,
Since his fond step cannot be traced;
As o'er his grave the flow'rets stand,
I read the work of Ella's hand.

I read the name of him who sleeps,
By lilies o'er his grave, that stand;
Though mark they not the eye that weeps,
They plainly show the worker's hand;
And show to me so deep a tie
That cannot loosen though it die.

Where is that friend who there doth sleep
Beneath those flow'rs, so lately placed?
Oh! ask true hearts that for him weep,
Where their affection hath him traced?
And quick their answer will be giv'n,
"We saw him pass and now in Heav'n."

LET ME DRIFT

Most hopes lie at anchor,
Most hearts lie at rest;
But mine is drifting out on sea;
All boundless, its seeing,
All aimless, its being,
No port, no haven, for me.

Ever false is this World;
Most cold, is the wave
On which, this frail bark, carries me;
Though storm ever falling,
Though darkness, appalling,
Let me drift out on the sea.

I am wreckless, by pain
As now I sail on,
It matters but little to me;
Be it joy, be it pain,
Be it loss, be it gain,
Drifting farther out to sea.

LET FORTUNE SMILE

Let Fortune smile or frown awhile
Or travel where I will,
My youthful heart will not depart,
I love my Clara, still.

Let Pleasure 'wake, a moment take,
My soul rush to the past;
And with a tear, I see so near,
The path where Love was cast.

And as I gaze, I see the ways
Where youth and love were lost;

Had Wisdom been one moment then,
We ne'er had mourned the cost.

But Folly sown, the seeds had blown
Adown our future way;
So rank they grew, I never knew
The path or chosen day.

But lost the light that angel, bright,
Had placed around my soul;
And now I mourn our love so torn
And know not where the goal.

'Twas Folly bent, the devil sent
To rob us of our soul;
No love, so pure, can earth endure
Or find, on earth, a goal.

THE RUINS

The harp must be strung
Or it cannot play;
The heart must be rung
Or it will not sing;
And youth and love must fade away
And flayed the harp's last string.
I grieve for what was beauty, once,
I mourn for what has been.

Remember the song
That she sang, so sweet,
Does not seem long
Since last we met;
'Tis yet a vision of the past
Yet one I can't forget,
A youth and love that failed to last,
A grave that blossoms yet.

LET ME GO

Let me go, you never loved me,
Let a gulf divide, tonight,
That shall hurl our souls asunder,
Evermore to feel the blight.

There's a traitor's hand above us
And my heart keeps bleeding still;
My best efforts ne'er can move us
In the harmony of will.

Though Love's ship I'm ever keeping,
Hold its rudder in my hand;
I can hear the gale, through, sweeping,
And the breakers dash the land.

Heart was strong, now faint with bleeding,
Staggered in its path, along;
Scarcely knowing, scarcely heeding,
What is right or what is wrong.

There has been an awful error
Since the starting at the morn;
The storm had then, for me, no terror
And no gale my banners, torn.

Love is but a sens'tive being
And its nourishment must have;
Cannot flourish just by seeing,
All Love's tokens, you must give;

Or its cry you'll hear, despairing;
Love can die though of the soul;
'Tis the gem of sacred caring,
Only such can keep it whole.

Cold indif'rence oft' is fatal
And will hurl Love from her throne;
Only in a land that's natal,
Can she live, in beauty, blown.

Nothing is too small in caring
For the gem of love, we own;
Hold it sacred or its wearing
Soon will be a thing that's flown.

'Tis the brightest, best of Heaven,
Sent to all the World that's known;
Let all other blessings, given,
Sacrifice upon her throne.

My heart bleeding, chilled and bleeding,
Struggles on its path alone;
Not one thought, a token, heeding,
Love has sent me of her own.

'Tis a barren waste before me,
And I journey there, alone;
And the love that ne'er would own me,
Many a year, my bosom, flown.

TO ———

'Tis dark, the tempest is howling,
Love's shore, never, I will see;
Like to this, you early sent me,
Love oh! long I've grieved for thee!

Long I've hoped and bravely battled,
That I might but reach thee, there;
But the tempest, ever howling,
Brings the darkness of despair.

And thy ship, now strewn before me,
Thou art lost! oh! thou art where?
And the surf is ever breaking
Wreckage of thy ship, so fair.

In the tempest and the thunder,
Love, I ever look for thee;
And the raging tempest, yonder,
Is the path you chose for me.

Did I ever, had I wronged thee,
That thy gift the tempest bore?
'Twas but Folly that had won thee,
That you flung the tempest, o'er.

'Tis the storm, in midnight darkness,
And the day, we'll see no more;
And our lives must ever wander
'Mid the wreckage on the shore.

IN THIS LIFE

In this life there's nothing sacred,
All is given to decay;
Earth's warmest love will change to hatred
And all friends must pass away.

In this life that's ever shifting,
Nothing certain but decay;
Our fondest hopes oft' lie drifting
In the wreckage long our way.

And the changes must e'er follow,
Be our lot whate'er it may;
Oft' what we most sacred hallow,
Yields but fragrance of decay.

And our strength, to time, is yielding,
Every step advance decay;
And the force that we are wielding,
Lessens at each closing day.

And our years grow short and fleeting,
Half our work must go undone;
And our pulses, faintly beating,
Point the setting of our sun.

All of this, they say, in kindness,
In this life, must fall to us;
But the pain oft' gives more blindness
Than of pleasure in the cross.

But I know somewhere, unspoken,
Praise for all that we have done;
Yielding not though heart was broken,
Bravely standing, battling on.

If the harvest yields the measure
Of the pain we feel, below,
Let it come, I love the treasure,
Brighter gems, I would not know.

THEY ARE KNAVES

They are knaves, who strive to hoard
Millions from the toiling poor;
Blacker than all hell has made,
Those who'd pile up millions more.

They are knaves who will not stand
For the good of all mankind;
Thinking not of self or home,
If, the rest, to fetters bind.

They are knaves who dare to breathe
That "For us, all others live;
We, the wisdom of this Earth,
Have a right to all she give."

They are knaves who will abuse
Pow'rs from nature or from man;
Striving not for right to use
With the utmost pow'r they can.

They are knaves whoe'er will slink
From a conscience God lets live;
And will only strive to think
Which the most to them, will give.

They are knaves who dare not stand
Like a statue, all alone:
Boldly battling for the right,
Firm, unflinching as a stone.

IF WE KNEW

If we only knew,
There's many a thing that's done
That we would never do;
And if we only knew,
There's many a thing undone
That we would do.
Man's intelligent spark
Is half like groping in the dark;
You need not cuss your fellow man,
For each discerns the best he can.

LOVE

O Love! I miss thee, though apart,
Our future lots must e'er be cast;
I look to thee, with longing heart,
My roseate of the past.

Why wert thou, with such blossoms, rare,
Left to the cold and icy blast?
Far better, had my life been there,
My roseate of the past.

No winter's breath, that chills the air,
Or strikes, to earth, the lovely flow'rs,
Art half so cruel to the fair,
As strikes roseate of ours.

Deep, freezing deep both root and stem,
It settled 'round our ros'ate bow'r;
Then perished ev'ry form of them
But Hope's immortal flow'r.

O stern and unrelenting Fate!
Oh! give me back from out its grave,
That roseate bower, so late,
A Heav'n I would died to save.

TO ———

As leaves sent forth upon the tree
Followed by flowers of lovelier cast,
So came your friendship forth to me,
Ripened to golden fruit at last.

For friendship's worth, no measure's found,
We have no measure, sent from Heaven,
To weigh the gem, with gold set 'round,
That God, alone, to man, has giv'n.

Cherish the tendrils of the heart,
Though they may grow from lowly scenes;
In Heav'n they'll prove as bright a part
As God can picture in our dreams.

Earth gives the record of the tongue,
Heaven the record of the soul;
Wilt thou not make those records one,
In time and Heav'n, our friendship, whole.

LET ME PAINT A PICTURE

Let me paint, for you, a picture,
A picture that I've held, so dear;
That will stand the test of ages,
As 'tis measured by the year.

There's a cottage in the north-land,
In Ohio's northern plain;
And the orchard and the meadow,
Laid around it, blooming then.

And a maiden, young and lovely,
Dwelt there in that cottage home;
And the lane and in the wild-wood,
I was wont those days, to roam.

Fairer than the dawn of morning,
Was my Clara, young and fair;
But 'tis gone, those days, so cherished,
And but strangers dwelling there.

But the picture, ever cherished,
Painted on my heart, so fair;
Cannot fade, can never perish,
Though the years are fleeting, there.

And I know that she is weeping,
In her eye, must flow the tear;
As she's drifting 'down the ages
That is measured with the year.

And that picture oh! so lovely,
As I journey back, the years!
'Tis the picture that I cherish
'Mid the strife and blood and tears.

WHEN YOUTH AWOKE

I thought the morning sun had 'rose,
The day to be so bright and clear;
I thought the beauties I had chose,
Were sure and sacred as held, dear.

There was a flash, a storm ascend,
More dreadful than the night I'd passed;
But wreck and ruin in its trend,
And, I swept, wailing, in the blast.

I had not dreamed; the rest was youth,
And I was lifted, unaware,
And hurled so merciless and ruth,
And loaded with a life of care.

My limbs were broke, my soul was thrust,
And I was given to Despair;
I mourned to think what I had trust
And knew it brought the wreckage, there.

Could I but have that morn, again,
They ne'er could strew that wreckage there;
'Twas that I had so thoughtless, been,
That now I view the plain, so bare.

STILL I THINK OF THEE

In spite of circumstance and time,
As the years are passing along;
My thoughts of thee, in slumber, rhyme,
In the sweetness and sadness of song.

I thought the gulf, so deeply grown,
Had closed its chasm for the night;
And there, in beauty fully blown,
Thy form was ushered into my sight.

It seemed that Earth had yet been true,
'Twas one the brightest hours of bliss;
But as of old, we bid adieu
But parted with a smile and a kiss.

TO A FALSE FRIEND

Come all ye nymphs, at once, my pen inspire
To show the falseness of a false desire;
To false pretensions, feigned so pure and chaste,
Now let the nymphs inspire, my pen be traced;
Let even verdure, on a desert, smile
To know the falseness of a false desire;
Now let the stars, at once, in darkness hide,
T' revere the sting I feel of wounded pride;
Now let the oceans lie in calm repose,
The wrong I feel, let rage instead of those;
Let gloomy clouds in sunny days arise,
Such wrongs as these are known in Paradise;
Let ev'ry finger sweep the tuneful lyre;
In gloomy silence burn the poet's fire;
Let Philomelia 'wake the doleful sound,
And Melancholy perch me 'round and 'round;
Listen ev'ry ear on earth or Heav'n,
To all who have such wrongs unto them giv'n;
And let the verdure as in autumn fall,
Or Right to fly triumphant over all.
Why didst not perish in some subtle flame,
What, to return, must bring with it but pain?
Why didst return in true or false disguise,
What e'en must mar a form in Paradise?
As some fair sunny breeze of Afric zone,

Flies to the north, then chilled, then falls to moan,
As a tendril sent forth in some warm day,
Thinking March sunshine the sunshine of May,
Is met next day by deadening blast,
So sweeps thy fickleness, false one, at last.

IN THE GLOAMING

I feel 'tis best that I loved her
Even though I loved in vain;
In the distance and the gloaming,
There's a thought that must remain.

'Twas an angel and I loved her,
And my love must still remain;
'Tis a treasure in the gloaming
That my life must still retain.

And that love has added wisdom,
Sadness brought but not in vain;
Only nerved in Life's great battle,
Fiercer still, I fight again.

TO ———

Years are flying, swiftly flying,
Yet, O Time! you seem too long,
For each hour, yet I'm trying
For a heart, in love, that's strong.

All is well and sun be shining,
But the clouds must pass along;
Then I hear her heart, repining,
I have trusted in my song.

And all such, if God's the giver,
Should but bind our hearts more strong;

But stern Fate, he plucks the quiver
And his arrows speed along.

Then, O friend! my heart is bleeding,
And its blood flows deep and long;
Then I plead, the balm most needing,
Heart, in love, that's pure and strong.

Then, O friend! if e'er I move thee,
E'er to claim your friend that's strong;
Friend, oh! tell me that you love me
And I'll write it down in song.

TO ———

Speak, O Silence! now and tell me,
Does she ever think of me?
For the years that since befell me,
Brings a longing, love, for thee.

Thou hast drifted on Life's ocean,
And I know not what your fate;
What the surge or what the motion,
Or, repentence, come too late.

Youth was fair and thou didst love me
But we trifled with its flow'r;
Came a pow'r that stood above me,
And I mourn the wreck, the hour.

But in mercy and in kindness,
Cast a thought, Love, after me;
'Twas but youth and youth in blindness,
Wrecked a love that was to be.

TO ———

Dear friend, though far away dwelling,
With distance, so wide, in between;
Yet Joy, my heart, is now swelling
And beautiful my friendship dream.

Should earth but yield us its pleasure
And all that fond hearts would e'er own;
We'll seek, no more, for Love's treasure
When knowing our hearts are made one.

With pain and long, is our sowing,
With sadness, we oft' have to weep;
Yet bright the harvest, now growing,
Not Time but Eternity, keep.

My life and all of its treasure,
My friend, I lay at your feet;
I ask but your love, your pleasure,
No blessing, on earth, proves so sweet.

And so, I muse in the gloaming
Whilst thee I'm wishing to see;
Whilst thou art far away roaming
Yet trusting you're thinking of me.

TO ———

Fairest portrait, ever smiling,
Ever sunshine in your heart!
Emblem of the only wiling
That fond Love should act a part.

For ten years, you've smiled, unceasing,
At my portrait by your side;
And if aught, 'tis more increasing,
Looking love with eyes, so wide.

Is it strange that I should love thee?
Could my heart be made of stone?
All the gods of love now move me,
Friend, to claim thee for my own.

Then, O friend! if aught you doubt me
And reject, my love, to own,
Then, oh! pluck this heart from out me
And give back a heart of stone.

OH! TELL ME

Oh! tell me! why was a heart, like mine,
Placed in a cold and barren world like this?
The tendrils of my friendship more entwine
And stronger are than this World's love is.

Oh! why should a plain, so bleak and drear,
Lie back, before, close 'round at youth's bright
morn?

Why should a blast sweep o'er, its blossoms sere,
Leave my soul, so naked, to toil on?

O soul! thy fruit must grow on its pain;
A flow'ry bed can never guide to Heav'n;
'Tis by the utmost suf'ring that we gain
A crown and all that's future given.

'Tis pain and suffering, at our birth,
And torn at ev'ry step our path along;
'Tis bought with pain, the blessings of this earth,
Teach to bear and clothe our pain with song.

Oh! too transient, is this life of ours,
So swiftly passing, leaves an anguish pain!
Too fleet, the effort of our earthly pow'r—
Fleeting, fleeting, all my life would gain.

SAD

Love's merry voices sweetly fall,
And flowers bloom my pathway 'round;
And Music gave my heart a call,
Yet dumb, it cannot hear the sound.

First brought to life by Afric sun,
It sprang, a more than tropic growth;
But cropped the tendrils, one by one,
By a deep, penetrating moth.

When cropped, behold! the arctic blast
Was brought to bear and callous o'er,
Till the last hope, lingering last,
Had died, the root, to sprout no more.

'Tis sad when that for which we live,
Although it be a worldly boon,
Doth fail, Life's blessings, true to give,
And rivals more than Death's simoon.

TO ———

Long the silence and the distance,
And I'm longing, Love, for thee;
When I'm in the wild of darkness,
Then thy presence comes to me.

Yes, I feel thee! yet not spoken,
Is a word that reaches me;
Yet I feel thy presence near me,
Yet, thy form, I cannot see.

Yes! you greet me, ever greet me,
When the darkness, o'er me, fall;
And my soul leaps forth to greet thee,
But the darkness answers all.

Yes! I know the grave is silent,
And I know thy form's below;
But whenever in the darkness,
I can feel thy presence glow.

What there is beyond for mortal,
This I know thy spirit knows,
And would tell me in the darkness,
When around thy spirit goes.

But thy language, most uncertain,
I can never learn, below;
And thy effort, Love, is fruitless,
And thy wish I cannot know.

SELDOM

Seldom can one who parted,
Find another who can entwine
And bind the broken hearted.

Seldom's the act well done
Or the heart made whole again,
But is left to bleed still on.

Seldom is the tender care
Bestowed, Love must have to heal,
But is left to bleed so bare.

Seldom is the heed given,
Love is left too bleak and bare—
Love's wounds must heal in Heaven.

TO ———

Then let Fate bring you what it may,
Write, write, write, all, all night,
To your friend who e'er will lend
An ear to all you say.

Though you should drift on ocean wave,
To land, so far from me—
I hope to win your smile again
From wireless you have gave.

For were we not, by love, entwined,
At morn of youthful day?
But villains bent with one intent,
To have our love maligned.

For what can stand the wind of Fate,
That sweeps this earthly land?
And so it fell, its earthly knell
Has closed, between, the gate.

Then waft again that parting sigh,
Thy girl-hood held for me;
May we not love in Heav'n, Above,
Though Earth has let it die?

AM I FORGOTTEN

Am I forgotten? can it be,
Her heart doth claim an icy part?
So short the future bloomed for me!
Ah! no, so false is not her heart.

Misfortune's wrought this long delay,
To me, an anxious ling'ring pain;
For, not so false, her heart would play,
Or strike, so deep, the trusting brain.

No tongue, but hers, could tell me such,
That she had falsely grown to me;
For, with her, I have placed too much,
Her heart would scorn so vile to be.

How strange it seems, at least, to me,
No message from her pen be brought!
Would Heaven smile, then frown on me,
Or darkness 'round our hope be wrought?

ENGLAND

Arouse, ye Britons! feel your pow'r!
That barb'rous horde has rushed again,
That struck such terror to the hour
When Rome gazed on her northern plain.

Let ev'ry man, with culture reared,
Strike for the homes that made him such;
That barb'rous horde once more be cleared,
No task or tribute, be too much.

Show to the World, ye honored sons!
No Roman bore a braver name
Or knighted ever truer ones,
To meet, they shall roll back again.

A broader World is gazing now,
Than viewed the vict'ry Rome did gain,
And thou, brave ones! can show them how
Thy English valor sweeps the plain.

More swift of foot, more keen of eye,
Fear not that barb'rous horde when come;
They'll meet a Briton but to die,
They ne'er again shall venture on.

Now, let the vict'ry be severe,
Strew deep, their corpses on the plain;
And let them feel the Briton's here
The way they ne'er shall rush again.

Look, Turk! gaze on your Moslem, slain!
Canst thou not read a Briton's hate?
Thy pow'r shall never 'rise again,
This blow has sealed, at last, your fate.

I see, gaze Turk, thy doom is sealed!
Go now, draw back from Europe's plain;
Thy Moorish fate is now revealed,
Europe, no more, shall bear thy name.

And let them come, I hear the cry,
That barb'rous shout, that seething main,
A Briton's hand will make them die,
And never shall they rush again.

Yes, brighter still, the World shall stand,
When smoke and strife have passed away;
No more a foe, from barb'rous land,
Dare meet a Briton in the fray.

OUR HABITATION

What is this form in which I dwell?
From whence did I come when I moved therein?
And what's the object of this dreamy spell
Called life, so long as we remain?

Whence I come, must I not return?
From nothing to nothingness pass again?
Or does the mystical fire, once lighted, burn
Through all the ages, make immortal, man?

Why shrouded in such mystery?
So dark, our being and our life beyond!
Why so obscure the little we may see?
A secret lost but never found.

So small, yet always not alone!
Another spirit came within my frame
And spoke to me in language I must own,
With her eyes, look across the Stream.

I saw a land not known to us,
It was beauty beyond all beautiful;
And there, friends dwell without a pain or cross,
With blessings more than bountiful.

"My friend, I come to use your brain,
My thoughts shall be a vision unto you;
And what I think, awake, you shall retain,
And I will show the path to go."

"And with my eyes, I let you see,
For only such can scan the Mystic Shore;
For you, a glimpse of death and mystery,
That you may trust and doubt no more."

"And as the penman guides your hand,
My mind shall guide your mind now to explore,
And I will show beyond the Life, the Land,
And you shall see and doubt no more."

And then that vision came to me,
I stood and gazed across the Mystic Riv'r;
I saw the Mansions and the Life, to be,
Knew my soul shall live forever.

And if thy life is framed aright,
To thou and to all, will come some giver;
Thy guardian Angel will lend her sight
To gaze across the Mystic River.

GOD ONLY KNOWS

In this life there's nothing lasting,
All is given to decay;
And the hour, with blessings, laden,
In the next must pass away.

God, 'lone knows where sin may drift us,
On this stream, called earthly life;
Or the breeze that soon may shift us
In Sin's whirlpool and its strife.

And the hours, they fly so fleeting,
And, so short, earth's blessings last;
Whether they be pain or pleasure,
Each, so short, with pain is cast.

Ever changing, each hour changing,
Good or bad, our life or health;
Stormy days or sunny weather,
Poverty or hoarded wealth.

Why this World of change and sorrow?
Only God can say, "I know;"
"'Tis a battle, fight and perish,"
Is our slogan here below.

EDNA

Down where the wild flow'rs bloom
With Eden's native roses;
Where myrtle wreaths fade on the tomb,
Edna, in death, reposes.

She knows no blighting years—
Sweet be such dark reposes;
Yet true Love e'er would shed her tears
As dew upon the roses.

Sweet is the morning lay
Of voices sweetly chiming,
By angels 'round her grave at play,
And o'er her grave, reclining.

Though Death did close her eye,
From earth, she only perished ;
For Christ a darling angel spy
And to His bosom, cherished.

ALMOST DESPAIRED

Melancholy hours assail me,
Since thy love, I have not shared ;
Darkness, friend, will soon prevail me,
Love, I weep almost despaired.
Almost, now, the cord is broken,
That, to me, you sacred gave ;
Yet, to me, the brightest token,
That I'll cherish to the grave.

Though I live, I'll learn no other
If this proves a cruel plot ;
I'll scorn to bind my heart togeth'r ;
Oft' I'll weep by thou forgot.
Has, not yet, thy test true proved me,
Since, to me, the test you gave ?
Am I damned because I loved thee,
Or wilt thou test till the grave ?

Be not cruel in thy judging
Of a young, confiding heart ;
Honestly, those words, he's pleading,
Not yet trained by Lust and Art.
Think how sacredly the token
Bound my own if not thy heart !
Canst thou say, "Our ties are broken."
And, from me, at once depart ?

THE PAST

I stand upon the rugged brow,
Between, the gulf so deeply spread,
Where friendship made its early vow;
Where joy was full, those blessings now,
My heart is calloused o'er instead.

I stand and view the deep abyss,
The chasm, dark, the rugged height,
And grieve for what ne'er was or is,
And feel that life is only this,
The brightest day has darkest night.

The brightest hope has darkest grief,
The sweetest cup, rankest bitter;
Oh! teach my heart to find relief
And as its joy, maintain its grief
And mingle extremes together.

“WILL YOU MEET ME IN THE LANE
TONIGHT?”

“Will you meet me tonight, Love,
Where the shadows so densely do fall?
All hidden the secret of light, Love,
No eye will venture a call;
'Tis a mansion as broad as the heav'ns,
A mansion of love for us all.”

Chorus

Then I'll meet you in the lane tonight, Love,
As soon as the shadows do fall,
I will come, I will meet you in the lane tonight.

“There’s a secret for you, Love,
There’s a charm and a secret for you;
Only that your heart will prove true, Love,
Only that your heart will prove true;
Treachery and death in the light, Love,
Treachery and death in the dew.”

“At the end of the lane, Love,
There’s a bower all waiting for you,
And a form as wild and as true, Love,
As e’er was treading the dew;
Love’s secrets he tells in the darkness,
Love’s secrets he tells there to you.”

GO

Go, Clara, go!
I feel my heart strings tear
And all is swept so bare,
All is swept but death and woe,
Go, Clara, go!

Go, Clara, go!
Thou’rt false to God and me,
My heart is swept by thee;
A curse rests on thee here below,
Go, Clara, go!

BEWARE, YOUNG GIRL!

Beware, young girl, of that pleasure, sweet!
It is placing snares around your feet;
’Tis leading you to a gulf unknown,
Where the god of terror rules the throne;
I love your virtue and form so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of corrupted heart,
Though pleasure, to you, it may impart;
Though thy love be guarded, ere you know,
God of terror, strikes the awful blow;
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of that cunning heart,
It can't lasting joys to you impart;
But a moment pleasure, that you know,
And, by thy in'cence, he strikes the blow;
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of thy virtue's crown!
Led by Corruption, it must go down;
The mightiest oak that ever stood,
How oft' is laid recumb'rent on the flood!
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of that sunken eye!
It shows the light of a leav'ning sky;
And if thy form dwells long in its light,
Thy future joy's turned to woe and night;
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of that leav'ning heart!
Corruption, to you 'twill soon impart;
Beware of viper, within his breast,
Before thy future is lost to rest;
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware!

Beware, young girl, of that subtle heart!
I warn you, flee, oh! at once, depart!

Before the flow'r so beautiful blown,
Is hurled to ruin, to you, unknown ;
I love your virtue and form, so fair,
So I say, young girl, beware, beware !

GREAT MEN

I've often thought of the pleasures
That great men enjoy with their fame,
I have often thought of enjoyment
While living alone, for a name ;
I've tried the rough fields, the battles,
And all that could pleasure retain,
And found their life and enjoyment
Were only the reaping of pain.

I've often thought of our great men
And wished I enjoyed such a name ;
I've often thought of their laurels
And brightness and lasting of fame ;
I've often thought of enjoyment
As exceeding, by far, their name,
Little knowing, while they were sowing,
They could reap naught only but pain.

I've often thought of our great men
And resolved to live for the same ;
Little knowing, while I was sowing,
I could reap naught only but pain ;
I've tried rough fields and the battles
And all that could pleasure retain,
And found that while they are sowing,
They can reap naught only but pain.

SAD WORDS

Of all sad words my tongue can tell,
Are simply these, "My Love, farewell!"
Of all the cracking of the brain
Caused by death or deeper pain,
'Twas when these words were spoken then
Knowing we ne'er should meet again.
Ten thousand deaths were short to die
And less was felt their misery
Than those three words did then impart.

"LET THE DEAD PAST BURY ITS DEAD"

Who could e'er learn this folly? who give up
The treasures of the past, the lessons taught,
And wholly look ahead in the future?
This might be philosophy, stern, cold, bleak
Philosophy, but death to human love.
I hold treasures in the past, fond treasures!
Yet I know they are dead, deeply, darkly
Buried, there they lie; yet I know their graves
And, with pleasure, oft' by them I wander.
These seem to me some of life's sweetest hours,
A welcome rehearsal of youth and love;
Yet I know they are gone, forever gone,
To stay beyond the reach of human pow'r,
And in the past, lie wholly dead! yet who
Would bury them e'er in forgetfulness
And think of them no more? Not I. For me,
More than I have in this world, would I give,
Could I call them and receive them again.
What thoughts are more lovely, more enchanting,
Than those back in the past of youth and love?
And shall we gather them all together
And cast them far out into Lethe's stream?

OUR UNION

O Life! thy glor'ous hour has come!
I feel it in my ev'ry vein;
'Tis thou that makes my Heav'n won
And rids a world of toil and pain.

Thou art the sun o'er Life's dark sea,
Whose light is stillness to the blast;
Thou art my life and joy to me,
A Heaven gained, by love, at last.

Beautiful flowers now blooming,
For us, their golden fruit shall bear;
The future is life that's coming
With crowns, for us, that angels wear.

Could words express tender feeling
That is the heart's purest desire;
'Twould be more than life revealing,
We'll prove as gold tried in the fire.

DELUSION

Bright siren of unequaled prize,
How bright thy shadows lie
Before, alluring on the eyes
Of weak mortality.

Thou art the brittle thread of life
That holds our being here;
Thy fruits are only pain and strife
Yet ever cherished, dear.

Thou vainly leadst man on his way,
The race of life to win;
Alas! but passion has its sway
And wraps them up in sin.

Thou strongly seek'st to lead the heart
To honors shining, nigh;
And they, with thee, at once depart,
And hold until they die.

But ah! the prize they ne'er can reach,
Those mortals, wretch'd, giv'n;
Unless they help from God, beseech,
And wait to reap in Heav'n.

THE ROBE THAT SHINES THE MOST

The true and gen'rous heart, I ween,
Of all the show the World can boast,
Will far outshine, by Wisdom, seen,
Than dress that bears the richest cost

Give me the plain and simple heart,
For they are all of wealth combined;
More than the glossy silk, impart,
No gem like those that deck the mind.

Forms robed in silk now daily flaunt
Before the eye for praise be giv'n;
Can men admire the ways they haunt?
Can they enhance the gems of Heav'n?

One must arise and be the sun,
Pride of dress or mind forever;
The daily fond display of one,
Is gross neglect of the other.

"TO BEAR IT OR NOT TO BEAR IT?"

(*J. H. Lawrence*)

To bear it or not to bear it,
Is the weight that burdens me.
Whether the outrages of an unjust persecution
Or the darkness of an eternal grave?
These I stand in between in my perplexity.
Were my persecutions simply by an unjust World,
I would manfully bear them;
But those I hold near and dear, are set against me.
For whom else have I to live?
If those are the hands raised against me,
Like Caesar, mine relaxes and my bosom bares;
I will yield and show them I can die.
My heart is clean, my accuser's, false;
This time and eternity will show.
Had others accused me, my heart had been strong,
My cause had been stoutly vindicated,
My courage and strength had never failed.
Who can fight when Love is the enemy?
It so unnerves me that my wish is death.
This World is holding me guilty
From the nature of my accusation;
Little knowing the source from whence it come,
Little heeding how avarice and revenge can charge.
How can I bear it when my heart and bosom are
reft?
When the idols of my heart have become tools
In the hands of my enemies and persecutors?
Will not God forgive, should I fling away a thing
So burdensome and so outraged, as my life is?
Who will there be to mourn? Tears of woe
And sympathy will be changed to smiles of scorn.
In the grave I know there is rest,
Whether else have I to flee?

So there, may God forgive me, will I go.
There will be another Tribunal before Whom
I will stand the accuser and they the accused,
And I will smile to see those plead for mercy,
Who no mercy gave.
To what planet I go, I know not,
But this I know I leave an unjust World behind,
Filled with the Devil's own offsprings.
O God! permit me to flee from persecutions,
Though I must change my life for death;
'Tis not my own desire but the weight
That bears upon me; 'tis more than I can bear;
It crushes my very soul.
I would live for those whom I love
But they have become my persecutors.
O Grave! open thy bosom and let me come!
This unjust and cruel World, farewell!

DID YOU KNOW

And oh! if you knew
The faith I have in my prayer,
You would not wonder how haughty I own
Or yield to the thought of despair!

And oh! did you know
The Shepherd that's giving His care,
You would not wonder the treasure I own
And kindness and blessings I share.

TO ———

This is a leaf on which to draw
One of heart's lovely flowers;
But mine have seen so many years,
Been watered by so many tears,
Their beauty, all is blurred;

And yet, a life, so pure and fair,
May cull the rarest from my bowers;
They fill, with sweetest scent, the air
And rob your life of all its care,
And sweetest memories e'er be stirred,
And these I let you go and pluck.

BERNICE

Oh! my little Bernice,
Cruel robbery from me!
So long that no time can heal it,
Great loss, thy life to me.

Oh! how deep, keen the shudder,
When the thought comes stealing o'er,
Of thy slumber in the silence,
Of thy presence here no more!

Oh! the anguish felt, unspoken!
Oh! the burden of the soul!
Oh! our destiny, unbroken,
And a life we can't control!

WHY ART THOU GONE?

There's many a thing I cannot understand,
There's many a depth I cannot see;
But when I reach that Heav'nly Land,
They'll all look plain to me.

Why take, from us, the lovely and the pure,
And we to sorrow, that they are gone?
While villainy may still endure,
The wicked, flourish on?

Be it a Providence we cannot see,
A kindness by our Father, given?
That they have crossed the gulf to Thee,
And dwell, with peace, in Heav'n?

Then give us strength that we, at least, endure
Burdens that our life is called to bear,
And yield to loss, by Fate, we procure,
And bow and trust His care.

My own sweet Bernice, in thy death I find
My firmest heart strings rent in twain;
And faith and hope must fall, combined,
And love and tears, like rain.

PURITY

What purifies the ocean,
Is its unceasing motion;
What keeps our purity of soul,
Is a life we can't control.

Each, unceasing, restless, strain
T' reach beyond its length of chain;
'Tis God who holds those bounds so fixed,
Nature, raging in betwixt,

Makes this world a warring whole,
Elements and battles, soul;
But a battle field is given,
But they tell of peace in Heav'n.

Let the elements so rage,
I, an actor on the stage;
It matters not where Fate may lead,
Destiny, alone, I heed.

FORGOTTEN

Floating back, on Memory's breeze,
Now I wander in the past;
Just like some fairy, through the trees,
Searching there for friendship, cast.

Not in some fair and sunny place,
In the deep and wooded vale—
There, in the jungle's gloomy trace,
Stop and hear this fairy's tale.

'Tis of the fair, the beaut'ous fair,
Of friendship's earliest pledge;
Woven with youth, unknown to care,
I would now to you allege.

I saw a fountain flow in sight,
Quick, I asked a draught for me;
I was soon charmed, so dazzling bright,
Seemed so sweet that draught to be.

'Twas said that fountain e'er would flow,
I would find a welcome there;
That such was mine, in truth, to know,
It would flow for me to share.

But time has changed, has changed the name
Of what my life was a part;
Ah! no, the fountain flows the same,
I've only learned thy cruel heart.

SHALL WE LOVE AGAIN?

Now, in this world of ours,
We feel of joy and of pain;
Hope makes immortal flow'rs,
And shall our love bloom again?

Is there no realty?
Is our hope but hope alone?
A tow'r of fealty,
Crumbling when our life is done?

It gives a hope, a pain,
I feel a tear rush to the eye;
Say, shall we love again,
When the years have passed us by?

TO ELLA, JAN. 1ST, 1913

I seek not titles nor in wealth,
For treasures I would own;
But, in thy heart, my treasure lies,
A fount that all my joy supplies,
All other joys I will unmask
If that be mine and health.

For what be titles, what be wealth?
For they be cold as death;
They both can give us Passion's fruit
And hold, in awe, all passion, mute;
But Love must claim a nobler breath
And asks naught else but health.

For Who would toil, obeys God's law
And sweetest health supplies;
Sufficient to the faithful one,
God's care and blessing, sure will come,
And give us bright and sunny skies
And with His presence awe,

That we shall feel and know no fear
But on our God, rely;
And drink our cup and ask no more
That it be full and running o'er

With love and health to our supply
And each a bright new year.

SILENTLY

Fierce the war, my bosom, waging;
Silently the conflict's led;
Yet as fierce as silent raging,
And my very soul engaging,
And the heart ne'er deeper bled.

And this hour seems oh! so dreary!
And the foe seems o'er my head;
And my heart is lone and weary
Through this day, so dark and dreary,
Yet my blow with vengeance, led.

As the Roman, I am fighting,
Engaging my soul and breath;
While the foe is silent blighting
All my hope, with its delighting,
Grasp I victory or death.

I CALLED THEE FRIEND

Ev'ry heart, that true is loving,
Feels a blight from times of yore;
Darksome clouds around, are moving,
Caused by friends who passed before.

Fell they, like the stars of heaven,
Stars that from the sky art flung;
Before they to the earth, be giv'n,
Light doth fade, our love be wrung.

They were not stars, they were not friend,
No star can fall, friend can fade;

Each, formed of flith, flashed at their end,
Flames that dealt us Sorrow's blade.

False, like this, the only sorrow
That, while here, we e'er may know;
Be they true though dead tomorrow,
Theirs the gain, we'll join them too.

I would not wail above the dead;
Better envy them their gain;
Our path be thorns though flow'rs be spread,
The tree is joy, the fruit is pain.

Hope is far the greatest pleasure
That this World can ever give;
'Tis the joy not bound by measure,
'Tis the joy that e'er must live.

But when false, no hope sustains us,
And without, the soul must fade;
Our sorrow, then, lone remains us,
We weep 'cause they're falsely made.

Looked I then for something nobler,
Soarded far up the heights of Fame;
Face I now, the World, far bolder,
Writing plainer still, my name.

Envy not the nobler calling,
Listed in the ranks of Fame;
For thy virtue, never falling,
Clara, I will write thy name.

OUR FUTURE HOME

Away from friends, we e'er must dwell,
The scenes of child-hood, we'll forsake;
Yet, if our love be pure and well,
No richer joys can we partake.

Our friends, by Heav'n their ties are set;
Yet, from their presence, we'll depart;
And though the past we'll ne'er forget
Nor twain the least of Friendship's heart.

As in some quiet settled place,
Where none can frown upon our woe,
We'll go to run life's brightest race,
Leaving ambition fallen low.

The proud will frown upon our lot,
Yet envy us our lowly state;
But Love shall smile upon our cot
And more than gold, be our estate.

And, nestled in some quiet spot,
The cares of earth, we'll lay aside,
Except to frugal keep our cot
And teach our love to smoothly glide.

Together, so our life shall be,
Our hand in hand and heart in heart;
And though the end we soon may see,
There's naught can twain ourselves apart.

Our hearth shall glow, our welcome give,
Freed from Ambition's fettered chain;
We'll envy not the great that live
Nor wish, for such, to share their pain.

But ever blessed by this we'll be,
That we may share each others woe;
And what is love, we'll live to see,
And all that's strife, we'll let it go.

THE LAST HOPE OF FRIENDSHIP

The last hope of friendship
Stands trembling, alone,
Its early companions
Are perished and gone;
No hope for its blessing,
No treasure can buy
A gem half so sacred
Or cherished so high.

I will lay thee, fond gem!
In memory past,
Thy death knell be ringing,
Thou lovely and last;
No gem half so sacred
Though longer they last,
Thus kindly, I treasure
Fond hope, in the past.

The last time I saw her,
Her rose-bloom was gone;
All faded, the treasure
That once was my own;
Yet Youth, with her longing,
Would bring back to me
The last hope of friendship
So dim now to see.

Though dim to the dying
That treasure may lie,
It is cherished above
All else we may try;
Thus sacred, I cherish
My friends of the past,
Come again, to my heart,
Thou lovely and last.

THE GUIDING HAND

Strange, mysterious, life of ours!
How fruitless, fall the works I planned!
They, yielding to the unknown pow'rs,
Point out, to me, a Guiding Hand;
For I find His kindness e'er following
The rebel and traitor I am.

How keen the struggles of my life!
And half my toil be wholly lost,
Prove vain the struggle and the strife
While swept by disappointment frost;
Yet I find His kindness e'er following
The rebel and traitor I am.

Ambition all my youth inspired,
And mighty grew the flames that fanned;
Yet half was ruin I desired
And half my works were wrongly planned
Still I find His kindness e'er following
The rebel and traitor I am.

No more, so deeply, now I plan,
Yet to Life's task, my strength I cast;
May Heaven guide, I act the man
And wisdom crown my days at last;
While I find His kindness e'er following
The rebel and traitor I am.

TO ———

On ev'ry breeze that comes this way,
Send me thy promise, fresh and true;
And all thy toil I will repay
And will return the same for you.

Let ev'ry breeze bring back thy breath
In gentle whispers, soft and true;
'Tis such alone, that keeps from death,
The love that flames within for you.

Let ev'ry breeze to me remind
Of thee, thy heart so strong and true;
When rent, my heart thou didst entwine,
And bound it whole again, for you.

TO ———

In my dark and rolling numbers,
The deep language of my soul,
Let me speak while peaceful slumbers
Bring to me a sweet control.

Though while speaking, I am loosing
All the feeling of my heart;
For whate'er my tongue be choosing,
Cannot such, to you, impart.

All is well and Hope is cheerful,
As I sail adown the stream;
Yet my eyes are sad and tearful,
When, of thee, I vainly dream.

Hope be flow'rs that bloom in Heaven,
Though we see their petals fall,
'Tis but shadows that are given,
Chast'nings of the God of all.

We shall reap and share in Heaven,
What we mourn for here, below;
There, will heal each wound that's given
While we feel this bitter woe.

Love would turn, in sadness, weeping,
If thou wert, in kindness, just;
But its hold through hell be keeping,
If you seek, by pow'r, to thrust.

When this gay World glides around thee
In flowery fields of love,
Think, how blighted, such you left me,
And alone, in such, to rove.

If thou art my friend and pleasure,
Through the darkness that I know:
If you own my heart's deep treasure
Help me drink my cup of woe

MY SHIP

There is a sea
That's deep and dark and broad to me,
And, sailing on its bosom, wide,
A sail all beautiful to see,
That ever on and on doth glide,
As ceaseless as its changing tide.

My love is there,
Is sailing on that endless tide,
As youthful in its heart, and fair
As when I first stood by her side;
As when I first beheld her there,
A vision, seen in youth, so fair.

The ship had sailed
While I was truant on the beach;
I stood and gazed all speechless, there,
I had not effort, pow'r to reach;
The treasure I had deemed so fair,
Is drifting ever farther there.

TO ———

And this to thee I would have told,
Had Friendship lent her chain to me;
The sweetest song that we behold,
My love for thee, my love for thee.

And, if perchance, some cruel blow
Has settled on thy lovely brow,
It was by chance, I do not know,
I pity now, I pity now.

And if my hand has dealt the blow,
It missed a nobler, better end;
Canst thou not see, dost thou not know
'Twas not thy foe but just thy friend?

And if the pain so keenly rest,
The deeper shall my pity flow;
It should have proved a nobler test,
Dost thou not know thy friend from foe?

FRIEND I'M WEEPING

Darksome hours, my friend, prevail me,
Oh! that you were now with me!
Raging storms, of life, assail me,
Now, my friend, away from thee.
Tempests rage upon the ocean,
Yet, my voyage, I've scarce begun;
Life is only just a notion,
Fancy points me where to run.

All the wealth of California
Cannot make one mortal, blessed;
Friends, alone, can true adorn me,
Give me such and take the rest.
But for such, I now am weeping,

And, for such, I mourn this life;
Why I mourn, this frailty keeping?
Oh! how sweet the end of strife!

Then I'll end my weary toiling
As some autumn flow'r cut down;
And no more, vile earth, recoiling,
But will bloom on Heaven's lawn;
There, transplanted, turn from weeping,
And will only know the blessed;
Or the grave, infinite sleeping!
One I'll find, in one I'll rest.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN

Now, broken lies the golden chain
Around my heart, Love truly laid;
Forever know the endless pain,
Not e'er to mend, this chain, was made.

If found another in its stead,
Know that it is not made of gold;
'Tis counterfeit, not good as lead,
No tongue but one true love e'er told.

Though in some dazzling scene you rove
Where art and fancy truly glow;
Know all the dazzling, first is love,
Then chains that bind your heart to woe.

REST FROM BURDEN OF CARE

Many a time has my wail gone forth,
Many a time my spirit in pray'r;
'Tis then I yield all treasure, all worth,
And rest from my burden of care.

I know the future will bring me rest ;
That the storm, of today, will pass by ;
And the wound I feel in my breast,
Must heal by the warmth of the sky.

A mercy, I know, follows my step
And marks the path, in future, I tread ;
Guides me through the valley of sleep
And a crown, will place on my head.

I weary not ; with patience, I tread
My path, strewn with flowers or with thorn ;
All guiding the Hand that has led
My pilgrimage successful on.

I know my heart, all bleeding, must fall ;
I know of a victor called Death ;
I know of a triumph for all,
New life in the pow'r of His breath.

Then, I will lay my burden of care,
With my life and my soul, at His feet ;
I know a calm, a rest giv'n there
That makes our life ever complete.

HOPE

There stands a flow'r of radiant dye,
Beneath a bright and lovely sky ;
A flow'r of spring's earliest dawn
And placed upon a welcome lawn.

It stands in meekness, bowing nigh
Its head to dust with but a sigh ;
By ev'ry breeze that passes o'er,
'Tis made more beaut'ous than before.

The breezes seem to ope' its life,
Valued only, when met by strife;
And strong and stronger seems 'tis grown,
And brightest shines when over thrown.

NEARING THE SHORE

Total darkness, I am seeing,
Watchman oh! where is the light?
I have trusted all these years
And I'll trust Him through the night.

There are breakers just before me,
I can hear the waters roar;
Long, my faith, One that's o'er me,
Let my ship dash on Time's shore.

I must enter now, the darkness
That can never change to light;
My faith has never faltered,
I know my ship sailed aright.

In my arms, I clasp the darkness,
Nothing else, I now can hold;
Only faith, now my treasure,
What will profit now my gold?

I must enter senseless midnight,
I must sleep, so dark and cold;
I can see, now I enter,
How my faith outweighs my gold.

I yield, I enter, God's with me!
An eternity of night;
What's beyond, He will give me,
Be it darkness or the light.

I know the World is behind me,
Only darkness lies ahead;
What's beyond, I cannot see,
Yes, I know that I am dead.

ONLY TRUST HIM

Only trust him, he doth love you
And his love shall prove e'er true;
Only trust him, dare not doubt him,
He will ever love for you.

Only trust him, he is worthy
Of your kindest love and true;
Only trust him, dare not doubt him,
Do not bid his love adieu.

Only trust him, he will love you,
Though all else doth fade from view;
Only trust him, dare not doubt him,
He will never doubt for you.

Only trust him, what though others
Say he'll change and prove untrue;
Only trust him, dare not doubt him,
He will never turn from you.

Only trust him, he is lonely,
All his light is shut from view;
Only trust him, dare not doubt him,
He will ever trust in you.

Only trust him, he is weeping,
For the love he asks from you;
Only trust him, do not doubt him,
And you'll learn to love him, too.

CUPID

When Cupid sends his fi'ry dart,
You must yield, you stubborn heart;
You must prostrate at his feet
E'en to tremble and to beat.

You need not strive, his pow'r to shun,
Work is finished, when begun;
So when Cupid you do see,
Remember 'tis no use to flee.

THIS DAY IS DREARY

Snow and wind are fiercely blowing,
The sun is hidden from my view,
And my heart is dimly glowing,
And its storm is raging, too;
But His kindness will protect me,
And His strength will carry through.

That our life must oft' be clouded,
While on this earth, I feel is true;
And our heart as oft' enshrouded,
And the pain come piercing, new;
For this earth is not a Heaven
And our hopes must fall, untrue.

Ev'ry bud though blossom, blowing,
Oft' cannot show its fruit to view;
For the moth, its share bestowing,
Oft' the brightest, takes from you;
For this earth is death and blighting
And its breath rests on us, too.

But to labor, is our mission,
E'er faithful to the work we do;

Our light, a faint intuition,
Points our erring steps to view;
This I know, that God is with me,
For my heart, it oft' is full.

TO ———

The first you met me in this land
From all the friends unknown;
Woud I take from out my hand,
A flower so early blown
And cast it rudely by?
Or some rival, before me, shown,
Leave you alone to die?
Not so. The first, I hold most blessed,
I cherish such 'bove all the rest.

MABEL

And thou art gone!
A void I feel within my heart;
This blow was dealt so fierce and strong,
That life must bear its serēd part.

And thou wert fair!
Thy smile was sunshine to the heart,
And drove away all worldly care
And built my hope, the brightest part.

And thou wert love!
The richest blessing from on high;
But flown, from me, thy spirit dove,
And, clothed in sadness, now I sigh.

The chill winds mock,
And shriek a requi'm in the gale
As though their pleasure was to shock
And shriek my sadness in their wail.

And shall we meet?

They say there is a happier Land
Where thee, I shall as warmly greet
And wrecks are known not on that Strand.

Where life is sweet,
A bright, a pure and honeyed stream;
Where joy is all and made complete,
No pain or bitterness, between.

Where no unrest
Or longing fills a weary brain;
No storm within a raging breast,
But quiet Peace has conquered Pain.

If that be true,
What care I for Life's fleeting storm?
Give me the battle, fierce and new
Or freeze my blood that now is warm.

I court the task
Of life that God will have me do;
And, make it double, I will ask
If God will only help me through.

I know He'll give
Sure pay for all, in life, I bear;
'Tis so; rich treasures, I will have
When victor, I, the conquest, wear.

BEWARE OF EVIL COMPANIONS

Beware of evil companions oh! beware!
For they, your course of action, soon will guide;
For though your step be firm, undaunted, there,
You soon, like them, will follow side by side.
The fairest and the wise, I've seen o'er thrown

By evil companions, around them, cast;
The fairest buds how oft' are never blown
Because, so deep, has pierced the stinging blast,
They live only in the memory of the past.

Beware of evil companions, friend, beware!
For hell is not a darker place to shun,
Nor more corrupting is its fetid air,
Than their counsel which, thy heart, soon will win.
Know the gem is pure before friendship try;
Think of thy soul and then, at once, abstain,
For if the gem's unpure, thy soul must die,
For, in corruption, you will soon be lain,
Their tangible nature, thy strength cannot refrain.

It is well, the counsel of an agèd friend!
But such, 'tis well thy steps alone, to guide;
The fairest morn oft' brings a dismal end
By confidence in serpents at thy side.
You will e'er observe, in thy course of life,
The right is sought but to be trampled down,
And if you hold to such, thy race is strife,
Yet such alone, is worthy of thy gown
And robed in such, at last, how sweetly to do down!

TO ———

A heart of gold, a hand of steel
And flesh that will not quiver
At this world's storm,
Is what my soul, for you, doth feel,
And what my heart would be the giver;
But Fate has placed a gulf between
More deep and dark than Death's Ravine,
And not our form and not our soul,
Can ever reach the other' goal.

THERE IS LIGHT

There is light through the darkness,
Move on thy way,
Let the heart, clothed in sadness
Know there's a day
That will bring forth, in gladness,
Light on thy way;
That will tear robe of darkness,
As sunshine, may;
That will clear 'way the sorrow
Of the mad storm,
And will bring bright tomorrow,
Bright sunshine, warm.

There is light through the darkness,
Faint not, I pray;
Let the storm rage in madness,
'Twill clear away.
Let it bring robes of sadness
And clothe thy heart;
Brighter shines forth the gladness,
After the smart.
Cherished more, is the summer,
Aft' winter's done.
Brighter shines then and warmer,
The glowing sun.

There is light through the darkness,
Hold to thy aim;
Tremble not, in thy weakness,
Though cast and maim;
There will come strength, in meekness,
To bear the pain;
Though the wind blows in bleakness,
Fear not to aim;
If you fall in thy weakness,

He'll bear the blame,
And will raise, in His meekness,
You up again.

There is light through the darkness,
Then why complain?
Shouldst thou judge Him in harshness,
Or murmur pain?
Though the morn changed to sadness,
Bright morn of thine,
Should thy brow light with madness
Or faith decline?
Though no light now is glowing
Upon thy way,
Shouldst thou now cease thy sowing,
Or Him obey?

THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE

Across the aisle sits a fair young maiden,
With jewels of gold, her mind is laden;
A crown of the learned she soon will wear,
A crown that outshines all rubies, fair.

Across the aisle there is a fair young girl,
How often I smile! as her joys do hurl,
Across the room where another mate sits
And lights up her brow with joyous fits.

Yes! across the aisle sits one that is fair,
She floats through hall like feathers in air;
She comes to greet with heart so gay,
That she turns our darkness into day.

Across the aisle of our school-room, I mean,
Sits a fair young girl who often does dream
About her lover who is far away,
Yet she's happy and bright as the day.

Across the aisle just opposite to me,
Sits prettiest girl I ever did see;
Her form is so fair, her eyes so bright,
That darkness must give 'way to their light.

Across the aisle sits the girl that I love,
How often I've wished to call her my dove;
But I must think of Love's cruel fate,
For when I asked her she said "Too late."

KENNETH D

O false and fickle Kenneth D!
You stole my heart as I was wont to pass
But swapped it off the self same day
You met a City lass.

O false and fickle Kenneth D!
Since gem you stole for thee you will not weep;
Oh! haste and bring it back to me
Else I am left to weep.

O false and fickle Kenneth D!
My tears must flow and make the dews at morn,
As since I have no heart within,
I grieve that I was born.

ACROSTIC

Clouds o'er spread the wayward skies,
Large and darkly they seem to rise,
A form of love there seems to be,
Rushing forward to welcome me.
A heavenly form, how sweet to see!
Will it come to welcome me?
I will trust it though it seems to sink
Lowly down, nigh to the brink.

Large and shining is the sun,
You are wishing to go down.
Oh! the darkness of the west,
Utters horror to my breast!
Low the sun now doth appear,
Oh! how kindly you draw near!
Voices sweet of loving rest,
Ever greet this weary breast.
Morning sun, oh! ever stand
E'er to light the noon day land.

DID YOU NOT

Did you not to me assever
That your heart would live unchanged?
And your love be mine forever?
Scarcely spoke before estranged?

And the pain my heart now bleeding,
Gives the bitterness of woe;
But my Pride, now interceding,
I will bless and let it go.

True this world is false and fleeting,
And our lot is pain below;
Oft' our happiness, once greeting,
Changes to the pang of woe.

It may be that words unspoken,
Might defend the blow, the blast,
But it falls, my heart is broken,
'Tis so keen, so long must last.

TO ———

I passed along one bright spring morn,
Perhaps the month of May,
And two fair lilies, newly born,
Were blossomed by the way;

At them I gazed and each I thought most fair
And on the selfsame stem they stood
 And breathed the selfsame air,
And lilies they were both and good,
 Twin blossoms, very rare.

A rose-bush, with two blossoms, then
 Next fell upon my sight;
Such roses, I had never seen,
 So newly blown and bright.
And then I gazed and each I thought more fair
And on the self-same bush they stood
 And breathed the self-same air;
And roses they were both and good,
 Twin blossoms very rare.

A cage, with two canary birds,
 Hung out along my way;
Such songs I never heard in words,
 As both did sing that day;
Yet one, I thought his voice did seem most sweet,
Yet in the self-same cage they sang,
 Of the same food did eat;
Their voices there together rang,
 Canaries hard to beat.

I passed along the next bright morn,
 And lo! those lilies, rare!
For one, with blighted leaves, was torn,
 While one was yet as fair.
The roses, then so fair, I sought to pluck,
When lo! a moth, the core from one,
 Had taken for his luck;
The other, fair as ever, shone,
 Its leaves as firmly stuck.

The songsters next, I looked to see,
And lo! the one most sweet,
Had ceased his song, no more to be,
Lay 'neath the other's feet;
I stood, the other sang, it seemed to me,
A strain as sweetly as before,
Except more sadly,
As though a life she loved, was o'er,
I thought most dear to thee.

And then I thought, were they to blame,
The lily, rose and bird?
Whilst others at their side, the same,
In their first beauty stood,
They had blighted; been consumed, died;
I thought ah! no, that cannot be!
No fault cast them aside,
Of their responsibility;
'Twas Fortune's road to ride.

And then I looked my list of friends
And lo! the same was there;
For one had met the worst of ends,
Some stood as pure and fair;
And then I thought, my friend, was he to blame?
Perhaps had worked some unseen pow'r
Destruction to this frame;
Some moth consumed him hour by hour,
Whilst I was left the same.

And such is life and so 'twill be,
Some meet an early end,
And some are cast most sadly,
And such has been my friend;
While Fortune, blessings to me kindly bring,
He cast no smile but frowned on thee;
And though I fail to sing,

I will not cast thee off nor by,
Thy mis'ry shall my pity bring.

THE LOST IN LIFE

Let peaceful Melancholy bring
The faded hope of former years;
Let withered tendrils 'round me, cling
And Sorrow shed thy gushing tears.

The lost, the lost in life I mourn,
Those cherished ones who from me fled;
Those dear ones who cannot return,
For whom, I weep, so oft' have bled.

Yes! lost in life! they from me stay
Except in dreams and vision, fair;
Then angels 'round me sweetly stray
And whisper gently, "They are there."

And then I greet them, greet them there,
Recall each joy of former years;
And then my life, like Heaven, fair,
But oh! so short, I 'wake in tears!

Yes! lost in life we well may say!
Is many fond and cherished hope;
Yet weep not; shortly we will stray
Way to the Land where they will ope'.

Yes! lost in life, that measured breath,
Are many ties by Love, were giv'n;
But we shall find them all in death
And 'wake beside them sweet, in Heav'n.

TO ———

I can part the tyrant chain
That you subtly placed around me;
Broke the pow'r that long has bound me,
And my curse shall be thy gain.

I am freed from 'neath thy pow'r;
Fierce, you swung your knife around me,
Twained the cords, to you, that bound me,
And I've hated from that hour.

I will sow and reap again,
In the field of love and power;
Alas! for thee, this blighting hour
Clothe thy soul with endless pain.

WINTER

O winter! the dying season of the year!
The earth's returning beauty to the dust!
Thy morning breath, so cold and drear!
That takes away from earth each summer trust,
Art rude, and deep thy fangs are ever felt.
All nature trembles at thy stately tread
And piles its ruined beauty where thou dwelt;
Each flow'r, each leaf reclined its drooping head,
Whilst thy rude voice rings to my ears, "The flow'rs
are dead."

Oh! thou hast stilled the voice of bird and bee!
The sound of budding flow'r and bursting leaf;
And Beauty's fell her robe to dust and thee
And sleeps an endless death, unconscious life.
Desolate, once this melodious earth,
Where rang the voice of an untold throng,
Whose hearts, with joy and love, were bursting
forth

For Winter's breath to chill, are flitted long,
Like man, for short the record of all earthly song.

Yet pale, so pure hast thou but robed this earth
And curtained 'round and o'er with milky skies!
And ev'ry thing is pure thou settest forth,
Yet keen, art felt the glances of thine eyes.
How fast Destruction spreads her masses 'round.
By her rude breath, yet pure and whitened hand!
And Earth is saying, with a voice, profound,
"So pure a process we cannot withstand,
To cleanse is death when given to this earthly land."

Many things slumber, prostrate by thy breath,
They ne'er again, the voice of spring, will know;
They perished by thee, from life to endless death,
No more to deck the path that I must go.
Fair emblems of the dazzling hopes of youth!
For such be fair and delicate as they;
And ere aware, we hear the winter truth
That folds them ever in their graves, away,
Whilst we are left to stand peace meals of decay.

Animated life recoiled and sank to earth
Before thy snowy feet and frosty breath;
They calmly sleep that Spring will send them forth;
But lo! how many ne'er will 'wake from death!
So be our sleep when in the grave we're lain
Before the icy hand of cruel Death;
We peaceful sleep that we shall 'rise again,
When cleansed the body pure as angel's breath;
But oh! ten thousand years and still they sleep in
death!

Before, keen piercing wind sweeps down the hill
Where soon, by Fate, my feet are marked to go;
Over my frame there creeps an ague chill

Whilst on I tread over the frozen snow.
How many lives, their path, by Winter, tread,
There are on earth! who sunshine never knew!
Who, through the chilling blast, forever led,
Are sickly chilled; their youthful hearts to woe
Be giv'n, by Fate, our master, ruler here below.

Destructive Wint'r! our hearts acknowledge thee;
Thy sovereign pow'r doth rule in many ways;
Not only takes the verdure from the tree
But chills our hope, e'en in the summer days;
For plants and hopes, bound by one common law,
Alike, do spring and grow and pass away;
They have a spring time, summer, winter's awe,
Then yield themselves up to decay
And as they came, return and pass, in death, away.

Yon drooping pine, gilt by thy snowy breath,
Retains its beauty in thy rudest hour;
No nearer bends he to the gulf of death
Then when, his base, bloomed forth the fairest
flow'r.
So be christian; thy cause is ever just,
Need not to fear the piercing wind of death
For still he lives, more fair, when sweeps the fiercest
breath.

O Winter! I see thee lovelier now!
No more I view thee o'er as cruel death!
Place now thy snowy hand upon my brow,
Give me thy cool, thy pure refreshing breath.
For though you bend what on our path be seen,
And gild it o'er with frost and snowy breath;
The christian's hope, full bloomed, is evergreen,
Thou hast not pow'r and cannot bring it death
But lovelier blooms and fair, as in the summer
breath.

TO ———

I loved thee at the sight of thy face,
I loved thee at thy first embrace;
I will love thee while my blood courses warm,
I will love thee when it lies a wreck in the storm.
Not Time, with its plottings nor gulf with its depths,
Nor hill on the mountain, with snow covered crest,
Can divide us; let time be the test,
And eternity dawn with that love ever blessed.

TO ———

This World is but a rattlebox!
Oh! what a mighty jingle!
As true as cunning in a fox,
'Tis so while living single;
But when you married, be,
The noise, it half is ended;
And when a child sits on your knee,
'Tis stopped and Heaven has true descended.

FAME

What is fame?
All this World calls fame is but a name,
A bonfire flame,
Made of your peace and health and happiness;
Peace and health and happiness are all;
Then what is fame?
It is more than all to the eye of man,
Yet so low that for it angels never stoop.

DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP

Though it be pain, who would not call those hours
When friendship fell a broken, withered plight;
When Hope returned its fragrance with its flow'rs,
And eyes, with tears, were clouded as the night?

How can the heart to such forgetful prove?

The dearest tokens in our life, are they;
How oft' our soul while slumber, with them rove!
Returns each cherished hope from out decay,
And bloom again their withered blossoms fresh
as May.

Then joy awakes. How quick those fairies fly!

How quick that heaven proves a desert plain!
And tears again rush up and cloud the eye
And once again the heart doth feel the pain.
And then in pain, with tearful eyes, we look
Across the deep wrought chasms which have
sprea'
Between where life, its dearest treasures, took;
But barren now and blank oh! where are they?
I cannot see glimmer of their loved and cher'sh'd
day.

How oft' oh! yes, they come, oh! yes, they come!

And bring their sadness to my ear. Each hour,
Their melancholy fragrance, waft they home
And leave the soul, in slumber, 'neath their pow'r.
None other hope is now so dear to me
As that which lies beyond the pearly blue,
Where ev'ry Heav'n born tie again I'll see
In fairer blossoms, blooming there anew,
Where no more they will fruitless bloom and fall
untrue.

Oh! waft me Time! oh! waft us quickly on

To meet those realms beyond the fadeless blue,
Where there our souls, united, will be one,
And ev'ry joy be shared by me and you.
No more vain dreams or fruit of blighted cast,
Will meet us there where we are wont to go;
No more, the fruitless friendship of the past,

Will blight our joy and leave our hearts to woe,
But Love will reap the fruit that blossomed here,
below.

THE EARLY FLIGHT

Ah! little birdie!

The ground is white,
Too soon, thou hast made
Thy northerly flight;
As thinking of sunshine
That you once saw,
You fled to the north
At the earliest thaw.

Tired of your exile,
You hastened away,
Your home in the north,
With loved ones to stay;
Your affections, at once,
You flew to meet,
Now fettered thy pride
In the rain and the sleet.

Oft' in our wisdom,
We err as thee;
While following Hope,
We rush as blindly
To a mightier north,
Fond hopes to greet
And as oft' our pride,
We find wrapped in the sleet.

DEARLY BOUGHT

I have hoed as rugged a row
As e'er was dared to plant or grow;
I have traversed as bleak a plain
As could a soul and life retain;
And felt the stinging of the blast

While bled, my soul, by lances, cast.
I know the pain by Earth, be giv'n
And seen the treasures of yon Heav'n;
All these are what this Earth has taught,
A lesson, dearly, dearly bought.

TO ———

Friend, though stranger, far away,
Who yet, my eyes have never seen;
I feel new joys around me stray,
When e'er thy name, I hear them say,
New tendrils woven in between;
Where Fate has rent the tendrils twain,
I fill the space with thine again.

For time has been when perfect wrought,
The chain of friends around my heart;
'Twas whole and perfect, that I thought,
But dear the lesson to me taught;
For Fate did rend the whole apart;
To those I reach with friendship's hand,
Prove true or curse me from this land.

No purer heart, no truer hand,
Did Friendship ever pledge to thee;
Though dwell I in a distant land,
Receive my pledge, receive my hand,
And pledge to be a friend to me;
A friend that Fate can never move,
Though both have wept o'er fruitless love.

I speak the language of my heart,
As dashes o'er the rock, the rill;
When wildly burst, the bubbles start
And pass, like pledges of the heart,

And not to show poetic skill ;
So rough the way my numbers flow
That they are wont to ripple so.

POVERTY

I was born with the wolf looking in at the door,
As lowly a lot as ever befell the poor ;
I strove to conquer that wolf, in my youth,
And have conquered at last, I tell you the truth.
I sent the bullet that entered his brain,
And I used the knife that silenced his pain ;
I nailed his jaws as a sign o'er my door,
And now use his hide for a rug on the floor,
And never will I feel poverty, more.

PAIN

Did you ever see a snake writhe in the fire
And mark the stinging pain ?
Oft', in my life such writhing I've done
And now I'm called to writhe again.

THIS WORLD

I love this world
And the life that God has given me,
And I will toil and bear its pain,
And labor at the tasks, to be,
Though I reap loss whilst others gain.

No nobler task
Than the one which lies within my grasp ;
Though it be joy though it be pain ;
A fate, so short, I gladly clasp
And never cast a thought of gain,

I know Whose thought
And Whose care the record keeps for all;
I give no thought to such or care,
I know His justice soon will call
The name of ev'ry victor, There.

What I have won,
I feel and I know is stored for me;
I love battle that gives the pain,
I love its wreckage now to see,
Knowing the Giver and my gain.

THE WAY

The way is dark, unknown to me,
I cannot see, I cannot see;
And yet there glows a mystic light
And while not day, it is not night.

The way is dark, not plain to me,
Whilst others see, whilst others see;
And yet, there is no other way
Where e'en will fall a mystic ray.

And hope is lost where else I go,
For all I know, for all I know;
I cannot find another trail
But leads too plainly unto hell.

I'll follow close the light I see
And trust in Thee, and trust in Thee;
I know there is no better Guide
To cross the Sea, on which, I ride.

FRANK L. LUCAS

Behold! the night shades gather 'round
And drooping mortals shed their grief;
And, in their bosoms, doleful sound;
Weeps for the life of one, so brief.
Advers'ty's child,
Stern nurse to see,
Thy fate, so wild,
It brought to thee;
Keen edged sickle! I feel thy pow'r!
Why blight ye first, then take the flow'r?

Ne'er brighter days, mortal begun,
Then life to you, at first, did show;
Scarce from the cradle, you had run,
Before you's taught to taste of woe;
Yet bore thy heart
That fate, so wild!
A manly part
Shown in a child.
Sad fate! why fall so soon, thy frame?
Though bright in hon'r, too young for fame.

Thy father sleeps, his life is done,
Yet proudly closed his eyes on thee;
He felt his name lived in his son,
And "What I've lost, he'll rear for me."
His only son,
Fair youth! you flee;
Not left is one
To rear for thee;
As of't is left the golden grain
And fair young flow'rs taken, between.

Thy name does live with sister's love,
Long as her heart, this life, doth know;
But soon her form will cease to move,
Then all thou hast, with her, must go;
 Yet sweet to feel
 A sister's hand
When fate, not weal,
 Does break the band
And life returns the sacred trust
To lay it lowly, in the dust.

"Ambition's fools! I'll toil no more
For transient honor here below;
I'll sweetly rest, this life is o'er,
The early grave, to reap, I go;
 Its golden light
 Doth bid me come;
 A gleaner, bright,
 My sowing's done;
So, with my God, I'll sweetly rest;
Weep not to know that I am blessed."

What hast thou lost, I little know?
Perhaps some bubbles on Life's stream!
E'en, at the best, some sweetened woe,
We blessed are only, in a dream.
 Content, we strive
 For future weal;
 Firm Fate doth live
 And we must feel.
For us, pain rules the present hour,
Blasts hope and reigns supreme in pow'r.

So, lay the mortal coil away!
Fold it with dampness of the grave;
Shut out the sunshine and the day;
Worms, rush within his form, to live.

'Tis but the robe
 He leaves behind;
 An unknown globe,
 He soars to find;
Then rushed the worms, a mighty scroll,
Consumed his form but not his soul.

Now, in the church yard, cold and gray,
 Pruned by the Winter's icy hand,
Plant o'er his grave some flow'r of May,
 Write there his name upon the stand.
 A broken urn,
 His form now lies;
 My heart must burn,
 Tears fill my eyes,
That one so fair, proud son of fame!
Should die before he wrote his name.

CLARA

She launched her boat and bade me stay
 Upon the shore and silent gaze,
Whilst she, with Pleasure, sailed away
 And smiled to see my lonely place.

But Fortune, shifting in its train,
 Has placed her on a troubled sea,
And, sailing, she will reap the pain
 That once, she smiled to leave for me.

I stood and gazed and smiled in scorn,
 To see her boat glide far away,
Where not the strongest, can return,
 On Ruin's Sea from Pleasure's Bay.

When passing out of Pleasure's Bay,
 A breeze of joy uplifts the boat,

Glides o'er the shoals across the way,
Then, settled deep, it e'er must float.

Must ever float on stormy seas,
Where 'Pleasure looses all its worth;
And, borne along on ev'ry breeze,
The king of woe is marching forth.

Will, her his captive, quickly make.
Now she must dwell within his pow'r;
Relent, e'er long, whom she forsake,
And mourn this scene, this parting hour.

I, now content to share my lot,
Choose but the way by Virtue, giv'n;
May blessings cheer that lonely spot
And guide my bark straight into Heav'n.

MY BOAT

My bonny boat I set to float,
Out on a troubled river;
But life is sweet while at my feet,
Youth lies, the only giver.

On flow'ry bank, I oft' have drank
The sweets of honeyed pleasure;
Whilst swiftly on my race is run,
More toil and pain than leisure.

The stream looks broad now on my road,
I feel the sea is nearing;
My pleasures fade, from out the shade,
My boat is fastly steering.

Yes! one by one, my friends have gone
Ahead upon this river;
They sail no more along this shore,
Their voice is silent ever.

And what will be the end for me?
This world is fastly leaving;
Will I sail on when this is gone,
My boat now fastly cleaving?

But this I know, where e'er I go,
I find a Gracious Giver;
Had it not been, e'er long since then,
I, wrecked upon the river.

BIND ME

Bind me gently, loving, kindly,
All those chains are strength to me;
But, by passion, strive to bind me,
And my will, will set me free.

Than a tyrant, Love is stronger
And her fetters bind more sure;
Holding safe and lasting longer
Than all chains we may procure.

Bind me then with love, so kindly,
She will know no hour too late;
And will follow true, so blindly,
Ever blessed with such a fate.

GRADUATION POEM WRITTEN FOR M. I. T.

In Three Parts

TEACHER

For you, my scholars, now I feel
Those hopes deep in my heart, arise;
And trust thy lot will e'er be weal,
No storms becloud thy happy skies.

Through life, my counsel, keep it long,
And, opposition, yield to none;
Though foes oppose with hand that's strong,
Their blows come singly, one by one.

My scholars, ever hold to right
And let Fate bring you what it may;
Though thou art hurled to woe and night,
Know, for the just, shines Heaven's day.

And early teach thy hearts to know
That counsel, sweet that 's been to me,
That is, thou reapest what you sow
On earth or in eternity.

Step forth with hearts of glowing light,
Place high thy hopes in Heaven's breast;
And, if you hold to truth and right,
Thy life and works will e'er be blessed.

Think not thy portion e'er is hard,
But keep the sunny side in view;
Look at the martyr's crown, reward,
And Calv'ry blood that bled for you.

By storms you oft' will toss'd be,
But these, if you did rightly know,
Are but to settl' Life's muddy sea
And show the jewels that lie below.

Though storms should 'rise, your life o'er cast,
And happiness should fail for aye;
Though wrecked and blown before the blast,
Hold firm to right though swept away.

Though you should float to some lone isle,
Be lost to all that's known estate,
Think of my counsel, just awhile,
And know thy soul is great of great.

Though you should sink in some lone spot,
Without a friend to weep for thee;
Know that we all must share your lot,
To die is but to bless'd be.

And now, my scholars, fare thee well!
That we, hence forth, must dwell apart;
Though where we float or where we dwell,
I'll think, of thee, with loving heart.

PART SECOND—SCHOLARS

Our hearts today, with pleasure, swell,
Life seems one bright enticing day;
Success, within our hearts, does dwell,
And all seem merry now and gay.

Our hopes are soaring far away
O'er Life's smooth and silvery sea;
It seems that naught will cloud our day,
So happy now and blithe are we.

Our hopes are now so strong and high,
It seems that they like Heaven, are;
Sure, they will stand and never die,
No blight, their tendrils, e'er will mar.

Now we are strong, both young and fair,
And Virtue's wreath, our hearts entwine;
Our breath, like pure celestial air
And more than strength our hearts combine.

It seems though tears will never cloud
Our eyes that now so bright appear;
It seems though Love's encircled shroud,
Will be one bright, eternal year.

How grateful to our friends we feel
For that which they have done for us!
And to repay, through woe or weal,
We'll stand by them, help bear the cross.

How grateful to our teacher, we
Return our thanks and hopes for him!
How sweet thy counsel still will be
When Life's bright day is growing dim.

Our teacher's counsel is our helm
To guide us o'er Life's mighty sea;
Though storms should 'rise, our bark o'erwhelm,
We know enough to save 'twill be.

Though we should sow where blights assail,
Upon some barren steep or glen;
Our teacher's counsel will prevail
And reproduce the seed again.

We step on Life's enticing plain,
With all the hopes that heart can know,

And by our well enlightened brain,
We hope to reap that which we sow.

And now, our school days, fare you well!
All save Memory's faithful blot;
We go, new scenes among, to dwell,
And leave thy well remembered spot.

PART THIRD—LIFE'S REALITY

Animated, your hearts are now,
And glowing hopes 'rise far away;
Happiness, resting on thy brow,
Gives all thou couldst desire, today.

Thy hearts are pure as Nature gave,
Protected by thy parent's wing;
Not more would angels wish to have,
Than this, thy bright and happy spring.

But soon as from thy parent wing
A mighty foe will strong oppose;
Far more than death, his arrows bring
To those whose strength no Other, knows.

And oft' thy feet, in sin, will stray,
Thy path, a serpent, will recoil;
And all earth's hopes fade fast away
And leave thee sorrow, pain and toil.

Quick as the dew, thy hopes will fade,
There's nothing real, of earth, to view;
To shine, not to last, earth was made,
And fades away like morning dew.

And false Delusion, he will bring
Bright hopes before you, fair to view;

And through thy life, to him you'll cling
Forever chasing something new.

The whirlwind storm will often cross
That path, so sunny now to you,
And, as it rages, you will toss
And all thy hopes be swept from view.

Prospects that shine so brightly, now,
And hopes that 'rise so fair to view;
The friendship hand, the lover's vow,
Soon morning sun will fade as dew.

Thy hopes will wane, thy hearts be twain,
And clouds will spread thy happy skies;
Gulfs ope' in gulfs upon thy plain
And hills on hills before the 'rise.

Hoping as thou movest along,
Is all your blessings here, below;
Look at the lightest heart of song
And know it soon will heavy, grow.

Thy foundation you'll think is strong
And formed of adamant rock;
But swept away before 'tis long,
It fails to stand the final shock.

There's something in Life's mystery,
The problem fails to be undone;
And when we strive its depths to see,
We fail to see the lasting one.

E'er with the current, life doth float
O'er smoothened surface or the rock;
And whether strong or frail, your boat,
It fails to stand the final shock.

Often, scourged by eddying blast,
You ever meet a foe in strife;
And, swept away, you fall at last
And thy worn and weary life.

DEPARTED

Tidings come of the departed,
Of the one I cherished, long;
And a pilgrimage, I started
To the land of the departed,
To the land of youth and song.

In the spring time of our being,
Stood she nobly, then and strong;
And the love that I was seeing,
Transient earth! how soon 'twas fleeing,
And the years have parted long!

Nobler brow and nobler reason,
Never graced a lovelier form;
Earth was cruel in the season,
To our love was dark with treason,
And it fell before the storm.

Let me grieve for the departed,
Let me call my youth again;
Now the scenes of youth have started
And I mourn for the departed,
One who's joined the silent throng.

THINK OF ME

Oft' in thy life oh! think of me!
Your early friend who loved thee true;
Who treasured, in his heart, for thee,
The brightest gem Earth ever knew.

Think of thy scorn, the blight of hearts,
That early settled 'round our love;
Thy blighted faith, the vile reports,
That twained a union, known Above.

May thou reap blessings by my fall,
A treasure, from the ruin, brought;
May thou reap joy on earth and all,
A glance of Heaven, by thee, caught.

Oh! dark and raging, is the sea
That o'er its surface, I must sail;
May plains of paradise, for thee,
Bloom by the winds, to me, a gale.

I LOVE TO DREAM OF THEE

'Tis a castle, in the distance,
I am viewing in my dream;
Built by youth and Love's existence
As I was gliding down the stream;
Grand the castle, noble, beautiful,
But it crumbled as my dream.

CHORUS

In my dream-land just as passive,
Yet thy lovely arm around me,
Love, I love to dream of thee.

Still, I love to view that castle
Though in ruin now, it be;
And of youth and love, it has all
Now left of all my youth for me;
And thy eye still gives the sparkle
That lit my love, in youth, for thee.

Never was a love so faithful
Nobly, grand, upon this earth;
Sprung from out our hearts, so youthful,
That Heaven envied us its worth;
And 'twas Envy twined around it
And hurled it, lifeless, to the earth.

Yet, with thee, I still oft' wander
In the mystic realm of dream,
And unite what was asunder
And Youth and Love glide down the stream;
And the morning looks as rosy
As when it 'woke my youthful dream.

LAND OF YOUTH

Did you ever go back to the land of your youth
And visit an hour in your dream?
And all of the friends who encircled, in truth,
Would come and would greet you and would clasp
you again?
'Twas there that I wandered, in my dream-land, to-
night,
My Love and my youth came to me;
The whole blessèd number as youthful and bright,
And we loved and we played in the blissful to be.
Give me O Fate! such a love, such a land o'er there.
With the Friends I greet in my dream;
With the sprightness and sweetness, of youth, so
fair,
All so changeless, so lasting, so blessed over there.

AS HE WILL

Let it come, my pain or pleasure,
And my heart be patient, still;
'Tis the dross, o'erflows the measure,
Deeper down, I see His will.

What today seems but our pleasure,
In the morrow, changed to pain ;
And we know not when the treasure
Won, so dear, will flee again.

Hope to Him, I would unmask it,
And would make my pleading still ;
But there's little use to ask it,
God will do it as He will.

May He give us strength, enduring,
In Life's fight we need be strong ;
For the evil, still procuring,
Tramples right with heel of wrong.

And, with pain, oft' flows the measure,
And our tears must flow and fill ;
But time shows the pain a pleasure,
Then God do it as He will.

FRIENDSHIP SEVERED

It was severed. The years have flown,
And the actors, so many, lie dead ;
I go to the land I have known
Through years our friendship has led.

'Twas a Christmas dance at the hall,
And youth was so buoyant and fair ;
The brightest of hopes are to fall,
They fell to the depths of despair.

'Twas envy that fell as a frost,
On our youth and innocence, there ;
The brightest of blessings was lost
And Envy found nothing to share.

As a fate, that evening bliss fell,
The flow'rs lie withered and dead;
I gathered and thrust from me, all,
Yet often, I gaze where they bled.

TO ———

Take him and go, drifting away,
Out on the ocean of time;
And the seas and the gulf and the bay,
That lie us, between,
No flag of the other's ship will be seen.

No thought, not a line will be seen
Since we branch so wide away;
Forsaken, that bound us; lies between
All darkness, not day;
Hope is so frail, it will fruitless, decay.

And drifting, thy ship settles down,
A fathomless place in sea;
What does it matter where mine drifts on,
Or waiting for me,
A wreck all cruelly strewn on the sea?

For life is a battle, so long,
So keen the conflict with me!
My heart, sore bleeding, yet e'er so strong,
Cares little for sea
Or the wreckage that is waiting for me.

TOO LONG THIS PARTING

Far too long, will be this parting,
When this evening's bliss is o'er;
All our hopes, will soon be darting,
Where we shall see them bloom no more.

Cruel, cruel comes my portion!
It is a blighted, sickly part;
Now I must receive it, nor shun
Though e'en it twains my very heart.

Blighting breezes sweep around us,
It is the fall time of our love;
Broken now, the ties that bound us,
To perish now, they all do prove.

Far too long must be this parting,
And e'er its pang, we shall regret;
'Tis a slow, a solemn starting,
O Love! we part but can't forget.

TO ———

Time and distance dwell between us
Yet, oft' plainly, thou art near,
And what gulf can intervene us?
Gem of friendship, held so dear!
For I hold thy image near me
In Life's dark and stormy hour.

Nobler has my life been given,
That the sunshine of thine eye,
Shone upon a path so riven,
The darkness, driving from my sky;
For I hold thy image near me
In Life's dark and stormy hour.

And if e'er the light of Heaven
Guides a mortal through this world,
Such light, unto thine eye, was giv'n,
Darkness from my path, it hurled;
For I hold thy image near me
In Life's dark and stormy hour.

Soon this war of life be finished
And my work, on earth, be done;
Yet thy star, no less diminished,
Guide me in the better one;
For I hold thy image near me
In Life's dark and stormy hour.

FORGIVE

I forgive. No malice, I bear
For thee who has wronged me, below;
Though our friendship be gone, my heart felt it tear,
And keen and deep fell the blow.

This Earth gives much blighting to bear,
Through our lives, our heart may be set;
The inkling is there of the wrong we must bear,
We forgive when we forget.

LAMENT

Dear cousin, let me tune my harp for thee,
Though Fortune taught me, poorly, how to sing;
At least, 'twill give some solace unto me,
To know, for thee, 'tis all I have to bring.
For thee, though vainly fall the words I fling,
Though now, no art or sound can reach thine ear,
Yet Mem'ry, in its faithfulness, must cling,
And bids me speak as though my words you hear,
As, when in child-hood, played we through many a
year.

Nature, on thee, its utmost gifts bestowed;
Thy youth, with joy, didst roam the brightest
fields;
No more, the dawning of a life, e'er glowed,
No more kind Nature, for the youth, e'er wields;
Yet all of Nature's gifts are without shields;
They're left for Fate to touch the vital spot;
'Twas early sent, a rude frost o'er thy fields
And then, thy blossoms, they were numbered not,
And all but toil and pain and suff'ring were for-
got.

Thy life proved stainless as thy youth was bright,
And Duty, at thy task, thee faithful found;
In spite of pain, thy brow was ever light,
And from thy lips, no murmur uttered sound.
Like some fair flow'r in some rude hand, be found
Withered, with petals torn and beauty crushed;
Fate early took thee and such fetters bound;
Without a sound, thy pain was ever hushed,
True worth and beauty shone when thou wert
being crushed.

'Tis sad! yet such has proved this life for thee;
And now the grave, in all its dampness, holds
Thy form that, once in friendship, dwelled with me,
In all the strength of youth this life unfolds;
Such be destiny! for such it casts moulds;
I feel the path is marked that we must go;
If not, why thine such misery unfolds,
While some, half worthy, never tastes of woe,
And joy and blessings crown the path that they
do go.

Yet, who doth mark the destiny of each?
Do we the moulds, for us, help form and shape?

Then, mothers, guard the youth and truly teach,
That, from such fetters, they may well escape.
The sea of Matrimony has a cape,
Around it, each conjugal ship must sail;
But a true pilot can the course well shape;
None other hears so oft', despairing wail,
The cries and wreckage strew the sea at ev'ry gale.

'Tis such! the worst of fate has been thy lot,
The worst of storms didst drive thy ship a wreck,
And thou, fair one, has sank to be forgot;
The first great wave didst sweep thee from the
deck;
Had mercy cast her arms around thy neck
And swiftly, to the surface, thee upbore,
Thou wouldst e'en then survived that awful wreck
And nobly tread the lone and barren shore,
And I, this grief, but half its burden, would have
bore.

But no, alas! the climax comes, at last;
This grief, that Death has claimed the final scene,
And thou, amidst the wreckage that is cast,
The noblest of the ones who might have been.
I gaze upon the wreck as now 'tis seen,
My heart, with pity and with horror filled,
Acknowledges its grief is sore and keen,
That life, for thee, was by such mis'ry killed,
Yet trust 'tis well and peace, with thee, thy God
has willed.

TO M. I. T.

But frail humanity you know I am,
But weakness, when in strength;
Learn to forgive if not forget,
Thou knowest soon we've gone our length.

Perhaps your heart, no sorrow, knows
And feign would hear another's woes,
Perhaps a path that's sunny, fair,
Would wish to know no others care;
Then forgive if not forget,
'Tis but a moment time will last
And whether proud or bowed by Fate,
We'll soon be numbered with the past.

DECLINE

Who would thought it, do I see?
Yes, my eyes, they tell me true;
There she sits, content to be,
With a strumpet, in her pew.

She, who Virtue robed, so fair,
Formed, so pure, from Nature's hand;
Sits beside and breathes the air
That the strumpet must have damned.

Whispers, gently, in her ear,
Lips that oft' have spoke to me,
Bade me shun those forms like her,
Now, content, with them, she be.

Fair flower, untainted hue!
Corrupt odors 'round you cast,
Will change sweetness known in you,
To be beetle's breath, at last.

'Tis hard to see forms decline
When friendship's around them, cast;
Beware! my friend, to live in
Hell will make you part, at last.

TO ———

You ask it and I'll give it,
In words of friendship, now farewell!
It twains my heart, yet you'll receive it
So lightly, but a moment, dwell.

You think it fit, at parting,
To ask these lines, in name, farewell;
Though little dreaming of the smarting
This subject gives my heart, to tell.

With others, you might blessed me,
Sowing the hopes of love, to tell;
By this, the chill of Fate possessed me,
To me, it rings the saddest knell.

Now farewell! may God and Heav'n
Around you, with their presence dwell;
To lowlier paths, my lot is giv'n,
My friend and school days, fare thee well!

I TRUSTED THEE

Now I feel that thou hast wronged me
Since such woe, you left, for me;
Friend, hence forth, I e'er will blame thee
For, my cause, I left with thee;
And you did not use the pow'r
That your counsel could control
When the drooping buds and flower
Daily withered from my soul.

Bade me stay, to weep and languish,
When I asked to go away;
Though each hour came in anguish,
Friend, for thee, I true did stay;
Left my cause lone to thy pleading,

Thought, in strength, for me, you'd plead;
But, you scorned my soul, now bleeding,
Smiled, then frowned, my heart to bleed.

Had I used my nobler nature
Pointing where my feet to place,
And not trusted any creature,
Love might smiled, I won the race;
But, in thee, I truly trusted,
Left the prize for thee to win;
But my cause, it truly rusted
By thy selfish heart, within.

DISMAL

The storm is now mantling my vision, across,
And its howling is sick'ning and drear;
My soul wears the burden of years, with their loss,
And makes me now feel that this earth is but dross
And no blessing, that's sacred is here.

The blast is so chilling and earth seems so bare
That my life scarcely ebbs with desire,
Yet I know there are friends who hold me most
dear,
And Duty commands I must serve them while here
And share with them my last spark of fire.

The storm, with its howling, I know it must cease
And the sun, with its blessings, appear;
Though the burdens of life with the years may in-
crease,
I know there's an angel who will whisper us peace,
And I know that the summer is near.

MUST PASS AWAY

There is no thing of earth that stands
The test of years and storms and hands;
The castles, all that we can build,
All to the pow'r of Time must yield,
And ages still to roll away
Long after they in ruin, lay.

Why should we strive the hard to yield,
Desert our own for foreign field?
Heap burdens on our poor who cry
From hunger, cold and poverty?
Just for a monument's display
Then yields the structure to decay?

Then why not use our native stone?
The grandest to the World yet known!
N'er crumbling from some mountain, high,
A morbid scene to every eye;
But pillowed in Earth's very breast
To prove the noblest, loved the best.

There is no craft, there is no creed,
That from a foreign land would heed
That all the beauty in a stone
Was found within her own, alone;
But all would stand, not one alone,
And cheer the scene of native stone.

Just look you to yon distant hills,
See graft and cartage swell the bills;
And not the gift of Nature use,
But God and man, alike, abuse;
" 'Tis harder," you may shout and cry,
But never nobler to the eye.

TO M. I. T.

Fate holds us wide apart,
Yet ever true is Friendship's heart;
Though we should never meet again,
Let friendship hold twice doubly then.
Soon we shall fall in some lone spot
Perhaps unnumbered and forgot;
Then let our Friendship's deep felt sigh
Waft o'er the graves of you and I;
For though our forms lie mouldering and forgot,
My friendship lives, can perish not.

ACROSTIC

Many a gem, in the ocean's cave,
A jewel, bright, can never be;
You see, they're hid beneath the wave,
If sought, man's eye they'll never see.
Celestial spheres, all robed in light,
A heavenly course may have ran;
Long in the distance, they shine so bright,
Leaving no trace that we can scan.
A lovely flow'r once oped to life
'Neath the sun's bright coloring dyes;
Dew drops fell but opposed by strife,
Saw flow'r must wither, there it lies.
Earnest hopes may again revive
Ev'ry flower that withered, lies;
You then can make your tear drops give
Odors as dew drops from the skies.
Use ev'ry effort to make known
Fairest flowers that hidden, lie;
A jew'l they'll prove when fully blown,
If sought by dew-drops from the sky.
Rainbows, high in the starry sky,
Lusters give that we ne'er may see;

A soul, in some sad breast, may lie
Drowning in grief, why should it be?
You oft' will see the brightest hope
Wrecked and ruined, lie in the dust;
How oft' fairest bud will fail to ope!
Ev'ry jewel will turn to rust.
Newly bloomed, a floweret stood
Isolated but not forgot;
Comes, oft' a maiden, by the wood,
Once ev'ry day to view the spot.
Memory's bitter fragrance, yet
Entwines around our severed heart;
Teach us, our frailties, to forget,
On virtue, let our acts depart.
Every heart an aching bears,
Low, the center! it breathes a sigh;
Kept there a gem that's worth our care,
How sacred is that holy tie!
Adown in some dark wretched cave,
Regions where only dwell despair,
Time will hasten our fair forms there.

AS I PASS

As I pass along the lane, Love,
Where, in the past, you welcomed me,
I feel a sad regret and pain, Love,
That I cannot describe to thee.

Yet hear my faint and feeble words
That now my soul utters to thee,
While trembling from the broken cords
That bound thy love, my life, to me.

My blood seems chilled, I cannot move,
As by that young oak tree, I stand;
Where oft' you plead for me to love
With firmness as you grasped my hand.

A deeper melancholy now,
A languid eye, a weary brain,
Have left their shadow on my brow
Since first I told thee of my pain.

I cherish thee, my love, my life!
As tenderly although you've twain
And turned an Eden o'er to Strife,
Thy love has proved false as a dream.

I'VE LOVED FOR THEE

I see the gulf, I view the past
That lies between thy youth and me;
There yet, I gaze and know at last,
These long, long years I've loved for thee.

I see a gulf in Error's plain,
But darkness in the depths, I see
And know that there our Love was slain
And never more will come to me.

I battle on, I stand in pride,
I cry into the darkness, there;
But echoes from the other side
Return to mock me in despair.

Soon I may cross the dark abyss
And find again, a perfect love
And never view a wreck like this
In fields of joy and light Above.

FAREWELL

Farewell, friend! 'Tis now and ever,
So deep the gulf must us divide,
My heart doth bleed, I feel the quiver,
Oh! cursed be Fate, the parting giver,
That such, our friendship, should betide;

Farewell friend! 'tis hope, no never,
'Tis gone all hope this World can give;
Though yet I try my best endeavor,
It will profit, no, never, never,
Thy folly still, in such, must live.

Farewell friend! we part forever,
We stand in twain, both heart and hand;
Oh! pain were sweet and death were clever,
If by it, we had joined forever
In spite of curses of this land.

Farewell friend! farewell forever!
This grief tries all I can command;
Yet hoping still, expecting never,
And fruitless falls my best endeavor
For aught of hope I can command.

WHAT WILL I DO?

I will turn to my pen
While living with men,
As the years swiftly pass me along;
While I have the rich gift
Of life to me left,
I will sing you the sadness of song.

My Muse, I'll serve;
Although riches may part,
I'll hold with my heart,
The prospects though they crown me so late;
Other prospects that lie,
I'll fling them and die
Proud son of Hon'r or proud son of Fate.

LAMENT

Love, weep! the aged oak falls to the ground,
That once leaved forth in all the pride of pow'r,
Where you a father's blessing, ever found,
In him, a shield, protector, hour by hour.
Oh! weep, he's turned and gone from us away!
For us, the cruel hand of Death, did break
That union of his heart and ours, today,
That rolled, in majesty, a mighty lake,
That naught but Death could ever cause us to
forsake.

Oh! how cruel it seems for thou to die!
Thy image long has dwelled within my heart!
And now, by Death, it quickly from me fly
And twains the cords, that bound us, wide apart.
Oft' by thy lowly bed I'll bow and weep
In bitterness, I never knew before;
Since thou art gone, in memory I'll keep

The blessings we have shared in times of yore
When thy life was blooming in hopes that we
adore.

We miss you now and mourn our cherished friend ;
It tore the cords, the tendrils of our heart,
To see thy strength, in weakness, at an end,
And from, thy voice among us, to depart.
Now sleep thy hollowed eyes, thy weary brain !
Thy toil and strife, faint happiness, are o'er ;
For us, you lived and toiled, now reap the gain
That, for the just, our Heaven keeps in store
When sowing of this life is faithful done and o'er.

I weep ! now falls the sad, pitying tear
For thou, my father rightly called, by God ;
My feet shall walk the desert, year by year,
Where thy feet, in flow'ry paths, have trod ;
For happiness, like thee, grew to decay,
When but a moment, called our life, is o'er,
And where thou reapt the treasure of the day,
Cultured, reared by thy hand, we'll see no more
Thy love, hope and friendship, those gems that we
adore.

And oh ! had I an angel's pow'r to weep,
If ever such, in Heav'n, blessed angels do,
My friend, this grief of mine no more would keep
Concealed, but I would breathe it forth for you.
No tongue can tell, for us, the woe of Fate,
When by the hand of Death 'tis brought and
giv'n ;
It mars the soul though even brought so late,
And rends the cords that Love had early giv'n,
Though e'en we know thy soul doth rest and live
in Heav'n.

O Life! thy limit! oh! thy mortal span!
So quick, is ever followed by Decay!
You bloom, sorrow, then cease to be for man,
And, like my friend, return again, to clay.
For you, I now lament our Adam's fall,
For thou art bound down by the sinful chain,
The sting of sin brings death, that for us all,
Our Adam wrought, gave us the mortal pain,
And our passion, the serpent that destroys our
brain.

He is gone! proud pioneer's early son!
His life, like an evening sun, it set;
His days, his hours, they passed him, one by one,
And laid him there, soon by the World, forgot.
No bard, of thine, within thy breast, did sing,
Kindled and nourished by some darkened woe;
It were love that Heaven, to you, did bring,
And only such you learned to live and know,
And spent thy days where quiet happiness did
glow.

Not tore, thy heart, it had no need of woe
Or claims by thou, to Melancholy giv'n;
Or thou to tell the pangs felt here, below,
When guided by the sunny path of Heav'n.
Just like some fair lake's water, pure, serene,
Thy heart, it never knew the raging storm;
Protected by the mountains, in between,
It dwelt, secured there from the tempest's harm,
And only felt the breath that made its waters
warm.

O bitter grief! and hope and wan despair!
You ever follow in your mournful train,
And take our cherished, loved ones, ever fair,
And us, you leave to weep and bear the pain.
The brightest gems, in life, we ever know,

Are sought for by thy ever seeking train,
Ere they loved us, we are called to bid adieu,
Those forms we ne'er shall see or greet again,
Till we too follow and the mist is cleared between.

SPRING

How mild and gentle, comes the zephyr breeze!
An incense token of a fairer clime;
The song bird's music, borne from out the trees,
And joy and love and all that's fair, be thine.

Inan'mate life, to bloom, again doth spring
And yields its fragrance to the glowing morn;
And Nature, all her lovely charms, doth bring,
And are more cherished by their late return.

Now comes the flowers and the tender green,
To life, again from out their graves, they spring;
And where the breath of nature's blast has been,
Fresh beauty blooms and all her charms doth
bring.

More loved, returns again, the flow'ry flock,
Fresh beauty gained by sleeping in the tomb;
As love, more cherished by a final shock,
Or brighter shines from out a misty gloom.

But how with joy and love wrecked in the past?
Where e'er will bloom again, those fond hopes,
giv'n?

Our Faith, in her loveliest accent, cast,
Responds and answers, "Surely, soon, in Heav'n."

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY

On us, eighteen hundred and eighty dawns,
To me it is a sad though welcome birth;
It comes upon the naked woods and lawns,
Where once, did dwell the merr'est spot of earth.

It comes, beholds the fragments of the past,
Heralded to their long silent abode,
Where, wrecked the summer blossoms, autumn's
blast!
Whilst love, hope, friendship, blessings of God,
All fruitless, bloomed and passed away adown the
road.

Sad is the past, one pang, one thought of woe!
A mass of struggles without being blessed;
E'en as the rose-bush blossoms come and go,
So man is found in his own fickle nest.
This year, renews he his resolves again,
As spring again, the fragrance and the flow'r;
This year, there flows the tears of joy or pain,
As last; Love smiles, is joyous; the next hour
May bring it worse than death while heralding its
pow'r.

This year, will bloom as many incense flow'rs,
Yelding their strength, their beauty, to decay;
Will fall as many hopes or fruitless hours,
Or love, its withered tendrils, borne away;
Will flow as many tears of joy, despair,
Or, twained, be many Heav'n born ties, apart;
Or gloomy shadows rest upon the fair
And moth consuming moth, dwell in the heart,
And all of nature, loved so fair, be twained apart.

As last 'twill be; so let this year roll on
And bring, for us, its tears of joy or woe;
'Tis pain; on earth, the prize can ne'er be won,
So let the moments come and quickly go;
Though mark each with a wish, an effort, plain,
For what thou wouldst enjoy while here, below;
Or e'en thy soul the sting of death retain;

Inactivity works eternal woe,
Choose right, for misdeeds done will even leave it
so.

SWEET HOME ABOVE

Sweet home above, where angels dwell,
Where peace is e'er abiding;
Where sadness ne'er the heart, can swell,
Or gulfs our love, dividing;
Oh! may we, on thy Shore, be blessed,
To drink thy peaceful fountain;
Where Pain will never be our guest,
On Heaven's flow'r'y mountain.

Sweet Home above where all is love
And joy is ever dwelling;
Where beauty blooms in field and grove,
And bliss, the heart, is swelling;
Oh! may we there, in peace, abide
With love, our hearts, o'er flowing;
Where ne'er a storm or gulf divide
The least that we are knowing.

There we will reap our heart's deep hope,
Without a blight assailing;
Yes! there the brightest flow'rs will ope'
With peace and love prevailing.
O Blissful Shore! we'll sigh no more
When There our bark is landed;
But here, our heart is ever sore,
Our bark is ever stranded.

WINTER

Winter, stay warm! think of the poor!
Think of the suff'ring thy rigor would bring!
Close to the arctic blast, thy door
And waft us music that the south winds sing.

When pain cometh, my heart must bleed,
Though it fall to the beast or to the man;
So, for thy mildness, now I plead,
Waft us the blessings that the south winds can.

Hold in your bosom, arctic blast,
Or let it pass highly over our head;
With animated nature, south wind cast
Sweetness of summer though summer lies dead.

Then we feel a merciful God
Taketht the sting from out the arctic blast;
Gives us the path, in autumn, we trod
Amid autumn breezes, lingering, last.

AUTUMN

Now comes again the melancholy hours,
The fading beauty of the summer green,
The life of all that's lovely and the flow'rs
Return to death and bloom no more, unseen;
The rosebud, in its green and purple hue,
Doth change its fairness for a withered cast—
Like some fond hope, deep in our bosom, true,
Would spring to bloom but meets the chilling
blast
And pines away and withers ere the flow'r is cast.

Now ev'ry grove and hill and glen doth glow
With ripened fullness of the closing year;
Now ev'ry eye a sparkling luster show,
Yet with'ring blasts are howling cold and drear.
Bounteous Nature all her stores outspread,
This hour of feast, the autumn o'er our land;

The summer green, a golden luster, shed ;
The grape, the peach, fill each and ev'ry hand
And falling fruit ricochets now, wher'er I stand.

The blithe birds join in revelry and song,
Consulting on their flight to warmer clime ;
The hunter, through the wood, is gliding 'long,
And Death consults the wild game in its prime.
The bee, now joyous of his winter store,
Yet still he finds a few surviving flow'rs,
Labors and culls their sweetness o'er and o'er,
That he may safely pass the winter hours
Fed, warmed and sheltered from the tempest and
the showers.

The golden days, the blue yet dazzling morn,
The chilly breeze of Fall's returning breath ;
The gathered grain, the fruit, the golden corn,
Are tokens of the flow'rs returning death.
The summer leaves will wither now and fall,
Like hope that sprang as vigorous as they,
They'll perish, twined together, one and all,
Yielding their fruit, their beauty to decay,
And roll themselves in the mysterious past, away.

Thou messenger before the Winter's hand !
Thy breath doth chill the petals of the flow'rs,
Chilled by thy breath, they stop at thy command
And waste away in sickly fading hours.
Fair emblem of our life and earthly hope !
For each, a fall and springtime, both have they,
And oft' before the fairest bud doth ope'
They're borne, unnoticed, in the past, away,
They sprang too late, 'twere falltime and they
must decay.

THE FIRST HONEY

Far back in times of ancient glory,
When days were young, in Eden's prime,
Of Eve and Adam, tells the story,
E'en so 'tis found in ancient lore,
About the apis in their time.

Aft' the surprise of sense and seeing,
Their first few days had studied more;
Now felt they moved and had their being,
('Twas so in legend, which, I read,)
They passed to view their garden o'er.

Now all was fresh, just born so newly,
No trunk, a hollow in it, found;
The first wild swarm, 'tis written truly,
(And so, if legend never lied,)
Built on a limb just 'bove the ground.

Eve and Adam, in round of seeing,
Of fruit and bread and clustered vine,
Felt sorely tried by law of being,
"Touch not, taste not the golden apple,"
Each luscious fruit, fair writ entwine.

At last, fatigued and slowly coming
Beside the apis, in its prime;
Attracted by sweet scent and humming,
The serpent pointed to the honey.
And appetite induced a crime.

So plain in sight, so white and tempting,
With odors, lovely as the morn;
Eve thrust her hand, with shriek, repenting,
For many a prick from bee, she felt
And the first pain, on earth, was born.

And then the shame of law, transgressing,
The honey from her hand, she licked ;
And then, her mate, one taste, possessing,
Incurred for her this penalty ;
Her sex should shriek at bug or bee
And e'er be doom'd to be stung.

I KNOW

I know that she relented
And wished she had been my bride ;
I know the tyrant repented
And wished she had proved a true guide.

They both, in folly, did sow,
We both, in sorrow, must weep ;
The false and fickle to know,
Our sorrow forever to keep.

There are blows Time cannot heal,
There's woes we ever must know ;
Too callous, at times, though, to feel,
We follow but Duty below.

Not time can ever correct
The errors, of youth, we know ;
But Eternity may protect
From pain and the anguish, below.

Then, let it pass, let it go,
Fling from our bosom, the pain ;
But our soul, our spirit, will know
And hold to our vision, again.

REMEMBER ME

O Love! do not forget the past,
Let not the gulf, so deeply spread,
Our mutual mem'ry o'er cast
Or lay it, true forgotten with the dead.

What be thy lot, oh! share with me,
The thought of scenes in times of yore?
Though wretched I and blessed thou be,
Couldst thou forget and think of me no more?

What though in flow'ry fields be cast
Thy lot while dwelling here below;
Mine yields now to the northern blast
And marks, for me, a lonely path of woe.

But look beyond a few short years
And see what, by our lots, we save;
The end, will wring, from each, sad tears,
The path, of each, will "lead but to the grave."

A MESSAGE

"Where e'er thy lot, my watch shall be,
Thou e'er shall share an angel's love;
I'll watch thee, guide thee, safely see
The union of our hearts, Above."

"I'll ride upon the thunder's roar
And guide the light'ning through the sky,
That it may harm thee, not; no more
Shalt thou e'er doubt that I am nigh."

"Thy tears, oh! do not let them flow,
I would not weep a longer strain;
'Twas Heav'n I gained, from thee, to go,
Oh! do not wish me there again."

“Though dark, to you, may lie between
Where now, our feet, each sep’rate roam;
’Tis but Death’s deep and dark ravine,
A flash could bring my daughter Home.”

“Oh! do not weep but joyous be
The moment you must stay from Heav’n;
I am not lost, each hour canst see
A father’s blessing, to thee, giv’n?”

“Be mirthful as you used to be
When on my knee, my kiss, was giv’n;
’Tis sad for me, thy woe, to see,
Thy tears, they mar my peace in Heav’n.”

“’Tis for the best, from thee, I roam,
The moment we must dwell apart;
So short the time till you’ll come home!
Oh! heal thy wounds, thy bleeding heart.”

“Does not kind Heaven on thee smile?
Bring blessings, rare and Hope’s bright flow’r?
Then why weep so, for me, this while,
Canst thou not see me ev’ry hour?”

Thou shouldst not weep as though I sank
A wreck, by fate, on earth, below;
’Twas Heaven’s call, hast thou not drank
Enough? oh! hurl thy cup of woe.”

“O daughter! dry thy weeping eyes,
’Tis wrong, ’tis but Earth’s cruel pow’r;
You soon will join me in the skies,
Till then, I’ll watch thee ev’ry hour.”

THE SKELETON

Nude to a fault! there she stands
Without even flesh to cover her bones;
Suspended by the head by some few strands,
A ghastly spectral to behold!

Who was she, thou fiendish ghoul?
Who tore her from her just and last repose?
For some few paltry dollars, sell thy soul,
The secrets of the grave disclose?

That she was both wise and fair,
The language of her cranium disclose;
Love, hope, friendship, happiness, all were there,
Once in that very skull, repose.

Weeping at her daughter's grave,
What mother, when but an empty casket, there?
This cruel sacrifice, let science have
When one could paint the thing, as fair.

I am displeased; it be just,
This hellish, ancient custom, to behold;
There be no secrets hidden, we may trust,
But long since, unto Science, told.

Then this ghastly figure, why,
That can but chill the blood that course the
young?
Then let us sleep in peace when we may die
And not a ghastly spectral, strung.

It is youth may ne'er forget,
Through life, the ghastly spectral haunt them,
still;

And think upon this scene with one regret,
This ghastly wreckage, straight from hell.

OVER THERE

How will it be when we meet over there,
Where Love will not show any wear or decay?
And the blessings prove new that we ever may
share,
And longings that goad us, all pass away?

Contentment, the fruit on happiness tree,
E'er sweet and beautiful, forever, we taste;
Oh! who of us then, again this earth, wish to see
And gaze on its bleak and desolate waste?

To gaze on the wreck of death and decay,
For what of this fair earth, to such, is not born?
All of our strength, our beauty must soon pass away,
And Love, from our breast, how often, is torn!

Over there is a Land where such is not known,
Where Youth, ever buoyant and Love ever
blessed;
It is there all our lost ones and loved ones have
gone,
We will meet them, we will join them and rest.

BEYOND

'Tis now I know that she is gone,
And that her smile, I cannot see;
But there's a life and a love that's beyond,
And she's waiting and watching for me.

And so Death's arrows keenly fall,
No hour is blessed without a pain;

There's a life and a treasure for us all,
It were sad to live this life again.

Thy life has fallen like my hope,
And both have closed at morning hour;
There's a life and a treasure that will ope'
Where Death can wield, no more, his power.

And be it loss or be it gain?
Futurity, I cannot see;
For us the blow has fell and hit the same,
And marks so keenly our destiny.

There's a night that closes around,
And no day can break it for thee;
There's a Land that is all painless, beyond,
And she's sighing and loving for me.

FAREWELL, FRIEND

Farewell friend! yet fondly cherish
I those hours I spent with thee;
Brightest hours oh! they perish,
Yet, my friend, remember me.
Send to me one farewell token,
E'en a wish, borne on the wind;
Let again, those words be spoken,
Those that caused those hours, to find.

Edens bloom and fade, are blasted
Yet, my friend, so true, where thee,
And, so long, bright hours, they lasted,
No farewell, I thought would be.
But what e'er this World now knoweth,
Brightest hopes, that in us, lie,
Time now proves and plainly showeth,
All my friend, my friend, must die.

Happiness, my friend, that treasure,
Makes a desert bloom and glow;
Gold and hon'r, ease and leisure,
Without such, can add but woe.
But perhaps, my friend, some fountain,
Yet again, for us, may flow;
Wind along some flow'ry mountain,
Pure as then, as cherished too.

Deserts, wild, lie back, before me,
Yet some fertile spot may be,
Some pure fountain, just before thee,
Ope' again for you and me.
Winter comes and flowers perish
Yet, their roots, so deeply down,
Live and hope and fondly cherish,
Bloom again and deck the lawn.

So my friend, we'll hope together,
May be spring, for us, will come
And revive, no more to sever,
Those 'bove all, if they would bloom.
But, my friend, let's strive for pleasure,
Proudly stem the winter storm;
Soon, in death, we'll find the treasure
That from us, by Fate, is torn.

SONNET

O life! darkness! thou gloomy shadow, brought!
That placed my path across the Desert Woe!
Why wrought my path in wretchedness to go,
With lonely pain and disappointment fraught?
Oh! held from me the boon of mortal life!
I grope in wretchedness unknown, before,
And give my heart to Melancholy, o'er,
And pass along a few short years in strife.

But O blessed hope! my pain will soon be o'er,
A peaceful sleep in death, will soon be brought
Where man; in pain and sorrow, weeps no more;
Where Melancholy ne'er a victim, caught,
But all of pain, by peaceful sleep, be o'er,
Where pains of wretchedness can ne'er be brought.

REASON

Reason, with an angel's form, is given
Alone to man of all that is living
On this earth that is forever fading
Away from view by power not riven.
Reason of man, is the soul, I dare say,
A flame of Heaven that shoots like a ray,
And turns from sin and corruption, away,
This frail mortal man, to Heaven's bright day.
Was it not for thee, what would be our fate
When corruption o'er hangs and gathers 'round?
For all else we could bring would be too late
To save from death, being hurled to the ground;
Oh! thou art the sun of man's shrouded fate
When thy form is ever ready, around.

SONNET

O thou departing hope! of Love's bright hour!
Why turn from me and take thy wayward flight?
Why hurl me into dark despair and night?
Thou beautiful, e'er cherished, odored flow'r!
Vainly I am striving to call thee back,
As thou art drawing brittle thread of life;
Soon the extreme, the crisis 'bove the strife,
Triumphs; the brittle thread of life doth crack.
Oh! see it glim'ring as it faints and falls,
That ever cherished hope of life and love!
Vain proves the effort that vainly calls

For its Love's return or with her to rove;
Now the heart, torn and bleeding, faints and falls,
And Love is lost until 'tis found Above.

HOPE

Hope is a flourishing tendril,
Though of most delicate form,
Being scarce able to stand storm,
Whilst slightest chill doth stop ventril.
In an hour it ascends to Heav'n
And compares with the beauties, there;
But a breath of Advers'ty's air
Cuts tendril and to earth 'tis driv'n.
Its life is short but at the best,
When our foundation is of earth;
For not a hope in man's vile breast,
Never a hope of joy and mirth,
Never a hope of Love's sweet rest,
Can live and not fade on this vile earth.

DELIA HINKLE

I love thy innocence, thy youthful heart,
Now so fresh in the early summer bloom;
Thy brow art sunshine in the darkest gloom;
Its rays are like those rays that cannot part,
Wrought by the hands of angels, over there
Where Time can never come, its curses bring
That oft' will wither here so pure a thing
As thou art known to me, so pure and fair!
Thou art as a lily in pure water
Whose pure white leaves, unfolds the growing stem;
Thou art a fond, a cherished loving daught'r,
Crowned by Virtue, may Virtue ne'er condemn
So pure a blossom on so pure a stem
As thou art known, a lily in pure water.

SONNET

Yes, time is plodding on, fast plodding on
Between, how deep and wide, a gulf has spread,
Where Hope so brightly stood though long since
dead,

Stands like a tow'r long crumbled 'neath the sun!
Yes, few the hopes that Time has not crumbled,
And fewer the hearts that he has not torn;
The brightest today, tomorrow has worn
Scars and expressions that they have stumbled.
A moistened cheek that was before so dry,
A fountain that must now e'er flow for Fate,
Changing one's life and plans and destiny,
Making the future wild and desolate;
How oft', my youth such met! they were fall's
flow'rs,
Destined, so quick, to meet the frost of Fate.

THE GRAVE

O grave! I love to meditate on thee!
Thy peaceful rest to mortals wrecked be giv'n;
Thy road, the gateway from this earth to Heav'n,
Where must enter and pass the form of me.
Thou art sweet and dear when wild visions burst
And bring the pain we felt in former years,
In doubly strength of woe, twice shedding tears,
And twice be felt the pain I felt at first.
'Tis then O grave! dark grave! I love thee
For all the darkness, dampness and thy gloom;
For thou alone can heal, 'lone can cure me
Of what I feel; the pain goes to the tomb,
Growing mightier in its burden; see
A young heart burdened with this world's dark
gloom!

Oh! thou eternal mould'ring bed of clay!
Thou in whom, I must lay this form, so fair
And close it in thy fet'ring, sick'ning air,
Where all is night, where ne'er was there day!
Oh! what is the spoil thou reapest from man?
What are the treasures that in him you find?
Why take the heart because not pure and kind,
And to consume it do what e'er you can?
Thou closeth o'er the innocent and pure,
And turneth their flesh to mouldering clay;
For what is this, to die, their only cure
And fate, to turn from world and all that's gay,
Down in thy abode where thou dost allure
All of mankind e'er from this world, away?

SONNET

Noble art thou, my friend, and true to me,
As down life's dark aisle, I now am passing;
Rich treasure from thee, I am possessing
And only such do love and live to see,
The winter blast sweeps keenly 'round me
And ev'ry thing is turned to autumn gray;
The music of my heart has flown away
And all is melancholy friend, but thee.
Forever cherished, may this token dwell,
The only sacred treasure of my heart;
No other treasure I will seek to tell,
So long as this, my friend, I'll not depart,
But drink at this fountain; so pure this well!
It brings the balm of health to ev'ry heart.

SLEEP

Now all the world is resting in its sleep;
Still and breathless, lie the valleys and the woods;
All are slumbering in their restful moods,
Save wand'ring panther's tread on wooded, deep.

All nature now, is in a calm repose,
Save weary brain in wand'rings, far away
In past events or some bright future day,
As though it would journey past, future expose.
The moon, now in its richest splendor, dressed,
Shines, from afar, upon this slumb'ring World
And throws its radiant light, makes more blessed
Sleeping innocence that the worlds infold,
Till all in splendor's richest beauty, dressed,
Forever to the God of love, they hold.

THE FLOOD

The cruelty of man, was deep and strong,
The heavens began to gather o'er him;
All the planets that lit the earth were dim,
As the torrent rain, poured the earth, among.
All then seemed to be in one convulsion,
As though the earth had reversed its axis:
For the heavens, in their mighty dashes,
Had o'er turned world, with one revolution.
It then seemed as though the planets had burst
And their falling masses had turned to rain,
Threat'ning to o'er turn all the world, at first;
Now the mighty torrent has covered all
Save ark into which Noah was guided
By God that all of mankind should not fall.

SONNET

Tomorrow's sun will show thy lifeless form,
Thou one, who art so beautiful and fair;
Thy beautiful brow now so free from care,
Will be torn and crushed 'neath the midnight storm.
Thy cheek will greet no more the cherished heart,
Or its soul's hope, on earth, once fondly giv'n;

For it shall perish 'neath the midnight storm,
And love no more, on earth but 'wake in Heav'n.
Love, in her dream, is soaring far away
Into pleasures, beautiful as Heaven;
But the torrent, bearing down, clouds the day
And that innocent form to death is driv'n;
Then Love did perish in that midnight storm,
Viola's eye was closed to ope' in Heav'n.

SUMMER

All nature is in its richest verdure,
All's smiling with beauty and appears gay
With voice that cheers and blesses all nature.
Sunbeams are dressed in their richest beauty,
Bright dazzling rays reflecting on the flow'rs,
Make all seem gay and awake the bright hours
That show blessings of God and our duty.
The balmy air, the breath of the flowers,
All are the blessings of a summer day;
Balmy breeze, as it passes through the bow'rs,
'Wakes heart and makes it feel happy and gay
At the odors of the sweetest flowers,
Till lost in beauties of a summer day.

SONNET

O Rochelle! thou yieldst and die!
Thou, the blood of Heaven's choice!
But Heaven shall 'wake thy voice
Though, in death, thy courses lie.
See the sunlight dimly lie
On the mould'ring ruins, there,
On thy dead innocence, fair,
As though feared to show the dye
Of a crime so deep a cast,
To World that is gazing on.

Bright is future to the past,
Though thy pride is trampled down;
For from seed that thou hast sown,
Thou shalt reap a rich renown.

SONNET

Lowering clouds, the sun now obscuring
What, just before, I thought such sunny skies;
Brightly cherished, yet the hidden prospect lies;
Not left is worth toil, my procuring;
Is the judgment that now, I deem most wise.
My prospects of earth, rise, fall and perish,
Yet to them, I cling, hope, fondly cherish,
That I again may live to see them rise.
I'll not, how dare I dry my weeping eyes?
For all the joy I see this world, among,
All the prospects that now so fairly rise,
All of the hopes the proudest heart e'er flung,
Will quickly fall, in fragments, from the skies,
To lie with what I cherish, there unsung.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

The World seems dressed in innocence,
Nature is taking her repose;
All seems happy but thought of those
Which, in our breast, alone art seen.
For some, the new year dawns with light,
For some, it closed their future hope;
For some, no light again will ope',
For some, fair brows have turned to night;
For some, their tears begin to flow
That will their future life o'er cast.
For some, to Fate, they yield, they go
And ride Ruin before the blast;
Tears, from strong hearts, begin to flow,
That thought not such they e'er would cast.

For some, again they ne'er will see
That future once so sunny, bright,
Yet, in the same, they'll dwell as night
And strive for what can never be.
For some, a friend has now lain down
To mix, at once, with common clay;
They'll weep for such yet soon must they
Meet Fate's stern, unrelenting frown.
As casting lots, the World moves on,
This year must be the same as last;
Some hopes must fall, others be won,
Some hearts be torn, others be blessed,
Moving in darkness or the noon,
The grave will give the final rest.

SONNET

Bright as morning, shines her beautiful eye,
And on her cheek, there rests the blush of rose;
And, in her mind, lies power to expose
All that is beautiful of earth and sky.
Her form is graceful though like iron, strong,
And her dark blue eyes make light of day, dim,
And her heart, full of pleasure, up to brim,
Makes me happy and gay all the day, long.
Sweet, as a lark, is the sound of her voice
As it rings out so merrily and gay;
It makes me happy and tells me rejoice
And to delight in the labors of day;
What should I do could I not hear the voice
Of the one that is so happy and gay?

DREAM-LAND

O mysterious and shadowy Realm!
Oft', when in slumber, I dwell on thy shore;
Then I, broken hearted, dwell here no more,
Nor grief, nor anxiety can o'erwhelm.

Friends, long departed, before me now glide,
Their beauty, their smile, more perfectly giv'n,
In a Land, so fair, with our hopes not riv'n;
Beauty made perfect with Love at my side,
A shadowy land, between earth and Heav'n,
Where souls want to meet, from that side, from this,
To share but an hour, such wealth and such bliss,
As Earth, in her utmost, has rarely giv'n;
While the Grave restores the soul with her kiss
And gives, a moment, the sweetness of Heav'n.

SONNET

Fade, faded, all is lost!
My hope, decaying, fell,
That hope I loved so well;
That hope that life doth cost.
The sun has sank; the west
Shows but glimmering light,
For hope has turned to night,
That was light of my breast.
All now is chilling blast,
I look into despair,
For there my lot is cast
And there doth lie that blast
Into which I must plunge
And all my life be cast.

SONNET

Fair as autumn noon day sun,
Is the light of her blue eye,
And the love it speaks well nigh
The stubbornest heart has won.
The mental pow'r that on her brow,
Mingled with those golden locks,

Speaks such reason as she looks
E'en to tell me welcome now.
See the rose bloom on her cheek,
Far more beaut'ful is it now,
Than those rose blooms, faint and weak;
Scarce a nobler form doth dwell
Than that beaut'ful form, so meek,
That God of love has made so well.

WINTER

Cold and motionless, lie valleys and woods,
Save as the chilling blasts sweep through the boughs
And wreathes its crystal wreaths upon our brows,
While all else, lies sleeping in silent moods.
Cold, barren and deserted, are the trees;
All the birds, with their sweet music, have flown
Far away from this barren, frigid zone,
Where they can warble in a sunny breeze.
All nature has turned from that which is gay,
To procure a protecting hand and shield,
To guard it from blasts of winter day.
Bleak and barren, all around, lies the field,
Yet on her cheek there rests the rose of May
That causes lilies of field to yield,
And cheers and makes happy cold winter day.

SONNET

O Earth! to me, how treacherous thy plot!
Scarce every tendril that lately sprung,
A wanton kid has thoughtless grazed among;
Not e'en a bud, their blossoms are forgot.
They yet stand where they stood, in all their pride,
Budless; their bleeding stem, their trampled leaves,
Not left to blossom for Love's golden sheaves.
O Hope! that with your cropping, you had died!
Why live and grow only for Fate to graze?
Scarce sprung before its teeth 'tis taught to know,

Or, some consuming fire, its tendrils blaze,
Lit by the glancing eye of Fate for Woe;
Then sickly lives the hope of former days,
Cropped every tendril that date spring to grow.

SONNET

Bent over my book, I lazily con
Over the dull pages with weary brain,
Which is the school boy's hardest toil and pain.
Though, with it, great is the prize to be won.
How my heart leaps at the shouting out door,
As the boys are sporting upon the green;
As merry voice, I hear but nought is seen
But study and the prisoned school-room floor.
My brain is terribly mad as I think
Of the cool shade and the valleys, so gay,
With their crystal rivers and mossy brink,
All of which are inviting me away
From prison house where nought is but to think,
While there, all is so merry and gay.

SPRING

Nature is being dressed in her beauty;
The cold winter is dispersing from view;
The fields and the birds begin to renew
With their melodious songs and duty.
Now, the nightingale's song is again heard,
Ringing out so melodious and gay;
The forest is ringing out this bright day,
With the sweetest melody of many bird.
The grass begins restore the velvet lawn,
And the cowslips are blown out in mid day,
And sporting, through them, is spotted young fawn
That seems, as the flowers, happy and gay;
To greet the merry spring, are upon the lawn
Many young hearts that seem light as the day.

CONFIDENCE

Fond gem! I would not live if not for thee,
Yet oft' betrayed, you crawl, a snakelike form,
Times bringing sunshine, then the winter storm;
Oft' as a pearl too thinly laid, we see;
We grasp thy treasure, yet too oft' it be
Thy counterfeit; yet, not till tried, we find
A pearly cov'ring, a lead'n heart to bind,
Which we have sought to confide, then beat, are we,
Then stings our pride and sharp the sting doth feel;
Then, Confidence, we speak against thy form,
Yet, at thy altar again, we quickly kneel
Our frozen heart again, in thee, to warm;
Half sunshine, half storm, we are taught to feel,
First meet thy blessing, next, a serpent's form.

TO ———

I ne'er could see how Fate could do't
How could you forsaken me?
Twain a heart all pure and noble,
'Cause it erred to love for thee?

But this World was made for Sorrow
And the right is trampled on;
And we learn in each tomorrow,
Of a deed we wish undone.

By 'tuition, now I see thee
With thy lone and blighted heart,
Looking 'cross the gulf between me
And thy youth, where we did part.

Could we call again the treasure,
That, our youth to us, did part,

We would grasp the better measure,
We would never break the heart.

But youth's folly e'er must bind us
And the gulf must ever part;
And fond Love can never find us,
Severed, severed as we art.

KEEP COURAGE

The breath is drawn, the fight is on,
This life is but a battle;
Our path, with wreckage, soon is strewn
And shot around us rattle.

The shriek is borne unto our ear,
Of friends beside us falling;
No enemy we see or hear,
But face his fire most galling.

Our courage be our noblest part
In life that we, pertaining;
Keep bare, before, the feeling heart,
The pain and wounds disdaining.

Some sunny days, so short, alas!
And some be dark and dreary;
For on Life's sea, the storm must pass,
The tempest rush with fury.

TO HOPE

Bright star of hope! why hast thou fell
From thy height of Heaven's glory,
Down, down into the depths of hell?
Oh! thy luster, how I loved it,
And thy face, how oft' I have met!
Though thou'rt into darkness turning,
Thou hast left a brittle thread yet;
Must I break it and forsake it,

Turning the light of Heaven away,
E'er to roam alone and weary,
Never to behold another day?

ACROSTIC

Morning suns seem to rise,
A lovely visage in the skies;
Yes, the light begins to shine,
I will ask it, hope, divine;
Enough pleasure, it will be,
New and mighty as the sea;
Joys of love, e'er welcome me;
Oh! may hope again arise?
You can place it in the skies;
You can place it there to shine,
One bright morning, pure, divine,
Use your might to make it shine.
Rise again, yon setting sun,
Flight again ye heav'nly one;
Rise to bid me friendship share,
I will ask it if I dare.
Earthly joys will soon be o'er,
Now, oh! give it pure as yore,
Do the favor richly blessed,
Sure'll be hope and all the rest.
How the rising of a sun
Is a hope for every one,
Purely is a mystery.

WE ARE SEVERED

Truly, we are severed
Years have passed,
Our hopes are fled,
All is blast
And all is dead;
Yes, truly, we are severed.

IN THE PAST

My thoughts run back into the past,
And mem'ry brings its bitter cup;
I would forget but still they last,
No cause can make one leaf to drop.

Though Time is hurling swiftly on
And ne'er will bring one recompense;
O Mem'ry! let the past be gone
And I cease plead in self defense.

But oh! so deep I felt the wrong,
So deep the scars, my heart retain,
That mem'ry e'er must hold it, strong,
And I still bear and feel the pain.

Yet brighter things there also be,
'Tis not all wrong the past contains;
And viewing, I can also see
The blessing that as firm remains.

Each one, formed in a living brook,
Unite and form the mighty riv'r,
From, ev'ry draught of life is took,
'Tis mingled well, the sweet and bitt'r.

MY MANSION OF LOVE

There's a mansion that stands on a mystical hill
And its valleys are beauty to see;
'Tis ever I go my love there, to fill,
And I'm longing and waiting for thee.

'Tis the castle my youth, in her buoyancy, framed
And no haven was brighter to see;
I've journeyed this earth in years that have passed
But would give all its blessings for thee.

No storm ever arose o'er that mystical hill
And no blighting was ever to be;
I only could stand to look and to gaze,
And I never could journey to thee.

Should ever I journey to that mystical hill
And the vision, of youth, come to me.
No more a longing this earth cannot fill,
But the blessings that ever shall be.

REFLECTIONS

I'll do what I can
In toiling for man
And hope it will profit for me;
I'll spurn not the ways
That Duty will praise
Or Fortune will ask me to see.

Though dark be the way,
I'll trust for the day
When darkness will fade from my path;
More valued will be
The new light to me,
To know that I yield without wrath.

At meeting we start,
At greeting, we part,
So deep is a gulf placed between
That seasons will roll
Consuming our soul
And the gulf will be plain yet, I ween.

No storm can obscure
Our love when cast pure
Though deeply and darkly, 'twas hurled;
No time can efface
Love's early embrace,
We carry the mark through this world.

BLINDLY TRUSTING

There's an earth quake in my being
That has rent my hopes in twain;
And the love that I was seeing,
Never can be mine again.

Oh! the pain and oh! the anguish,
Oh! the soul that's rent in twain!
Oh! the mortal that must languish,
And can never hope again!

Bravely let the future drift us,
We can only wait and bear;
Let the breeze of duty lift us,
Blindly trusting in His care.

Blindly lies the road before us
Who can see the future light?
Let us trust the God that's o'er us,
He, alone, can clear the night.

UNSOLVED

There is a mystery yet unsolved,
In the land of unknowable found;
And the secret of life and love is involved,
Vast barriers surmount all around.

Our great, our good, how oft' have explored!
Yet those secrets lie still in the dark;
All fruitless their effort, so many are stored,
That mystery of life to find out.

Some say, "I have seen, let that suffice
For all who are blind, who cannot see;"
The theory is lamblike, ever so nice
But fails to fit the reason in me.

That mystery I too would explore,
Yet all helpless, I stand on this side;
The charts of all those who journeyed before
Seem lacking the power of a guide.

I journey through thought, vision, through dream,
Future home of the soul to explore;
And oft' in my vision, a faint light doth gleam,
Flashing signal 'cross to this shore.

IN PORT

I dreaded the blast
For, in searching for thee,
I have sailed a rough sea
But am anchored at last.

I roamed a dark sea,
I have rode on a wave
Where it opened a grave
And called for the form of me.

I passed the dark tomb,
For Hope could never die
So I passed the grave by
And plunged on through the gloom.

But anchored at last,
Whilst so highly Love soars,
Now I rest on my oars
Blesses future and past.

KINDRED

When Pride rules above kindred,
Satan triumphs o'er the soul;
Nobler is love than hatred,
And will keep our spirits cool.

Who's nearer than our kindred?
Who will hold a test more true?
Thinking changing this to hatred
For some worldly act or two?

The God of Heaven bound us
With His golden threads, so nigh;
Placed them sacredly 'round us,
As our soul, they cannot die.

Stand by blood, stand by brother,
'Tis the wish of God, above;
Cling to kindred 'bove all oth'r,
Hold them sacred as God's love.

Oft' I see, oft' I wonder,
Hatred given unto Love;
Break not the chains asunder,
That our God, in wisdom, wove.

THE PAST

With my best years numbered
And my head bowed with the pain;
I see an old familiar hearth
Where I can never sit again.

Its tracings, its facings,
Are so fixed they cannot move;
And the brightest thing among them,
The treasure of my youth, was love.

Could I, I would recall them,
Bring to me the loving past;
Place myself again around it
With all the friends my youth were cast.

I feel, by faith, I see
There shall be another hearth
Where we shall gather all again,
More bright and lovely than this earth.

THE GULF

Fate opens wide the gulf between
And withers ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Where bloomed, in beauty, just yestreen,
In all the pride of friendship's pow'r,
The fairest of fair Eden's race
That ever decked this glowing earth;
Now but in mem'ry can you trace
That cherished boon that late had birth.

The icy breezes swiftly pass
And seem, to me, like lances driv'n;
They sweep before, the raging mass,
The hopes of earth, the gems of Heav'n.
And backward, nature all recoils
Before the keenly glancing eye;
Love, hope and friendship, are thy spoils,
These spring before thee but to die.

The barren boughs, the winter blast,
The withered, brown November field;

The flow'rs and leaflets that are cast
In some lone hollow, withered, piled,
Are but small images of fate
Yet they resemble such as mine;
Since to be blessed now proves too late,
I ask, God help me to resign.

HOPE

I see a hope like a bright sun,
Shining through a misty vale;
I dare not speak for fear
Like other hopes 'twill fail.

For what of earth and love for me,
Comes but smiles and flees away;
All transient is its bloom
And yields to Destiny.

Yet I must hope for hope must give
Only anchor, I may see;
Sooner hope, loose again,
Than that it ne'er should be.

So I will grasp it though it fall,
It is all of life to be;
I'll strive again to feel
The sting of Destiny.

AN EVENING CALL

'Twas on one evening early shade
That chanced our friends, on a parade,
While passing by our lonely hall,
In polite honor, gave a call;
There's Ida, Carrie, Ed. and Belle,
A few names more, I will not tell;

But other facts I'll try to show,
One sent o'er town to get a beau;
And then each sought to play his part,
Each striving foremost to be smart;
Then wiggle, jiggle, what a clat'r,
Whilst we were playing roll the plat'r;
And many jokes and story told
Till enough pawns were to be sold;
Then plows and swamps, picking cherries,
Kissing Yankee, gath'ring berries,
Whilst each in sports and laughter shared,
Each doing what the other dared;
We laughed, each jolly fit was caught,
When ho! the maple sugar's brought;
From our laughter loving, clapping,
Each one turned, at once, to lapping,
When, at me, Carrie made a dash
And struck me 'cross my young mustache;
Her spoon, so daubed with maple, sugar,
Stuck the poor thing quite together;
Then they, at me, all set to laugh
Which made me feel as light as chaff;
While, in my heart, revenge I vowed
Yet stood in awe before the crowd;
But one thing now I do declare,
If e'er she dare a mustache wear,
I'll at her, make a greater dash
And strike her 'cross her young mustache.

TO ———

How broad and expensive this world!
How deep the gulfs it contain!
More broad is my disgust for thee,
And more treacherously dark and deep,
The gulf you have placed between.

THE LARK

'Twas early on one springy morn
As bustling rain swept through the thorn,
A tuneful lark with rays of light,
Awoke the silence of the night.

With songs of love, her voice was swelled
As home she saw, where once she dwelled;
As saw the rippling of the rill
And heard the moaning of the mill.

Now, with her song, she seemed to say,
"Arise and greet me that I stay;"
I 'rose to greet her on the morn
And heard her singing from the thorn.

I told her that her song was sweet,
That, with a welcome, we did greet
The merry bird who, e'er so long,
Would cheer us with her happy song.

I spoke about her envied joy
Far excelling happiest boy;
I spoke about her heart of light
That ne'er was clouded by the night.

With heart so light and eyes, so bright,
She told me of her weary flight;
She told me of her weary toil
She labored through to reap her spoil.

She told me that her songs of love
Were only praise to God, above;
That when in pain, she sang the more
As then, His mercy, to implore.

So envy not the songful bird
Because her merry song is heard;
For merry as she doth appear,
She doth sorrow from year to year.

MABEL'S GRAVE

A little mound of heaped up sand,
Yet more than wealth lies buried there;
A little bark upon the strand,
Whose strength could not the storm withstand;
Her sunny smiles and curly hair,
Lie damp and fading, there.

We plant the lily o'er her grave
And place beside geran'um, fair;
So little earth and so much soul,
Could not the raging storm control
And so her form lies buried there
With parent's love and pray'r.

Where she has gone, they ne'er return,
Bright Realm! yet we will journey there;
A joyful meeting, it shall be,
When our sweet Mabel we may see,
On shores more blessed, than earth, more fair,
No grave to mar it there.

THE REALM OF NIGHT

I'm in darkness, I cannot see,
I'm traversing the realm of night;
'Tis only my God can pilot me
And I know He will guide aright.

But a lone star of Faith, I have;
I see no other beacon light

To reach beyond now where I live
Or penetrate eternal night.

The only hope that now is giv'n,
Or light that shines beyond this vale,
Is faith in Love and God and Heav'n,
All others point the depths of hell.

I cherish all the light that's giv'n
To guide me through this vale of night;
And may some angel of yon Heav'n
Teach me to guide my steps aright.

CLARA'S VOW

"There 's Lucy, she is married now
And talks 'bout the chamber
Where she was reared, so I have heard,
To build her nest, or in a word,
A sloth couldn't be tamer."

"I tell you what, if e'er I wed,
I'll find some other place;
The mother nest my form shall shed,
Now, mark it well, if e'er I wed,
Some other spot I'll trace."

This Clara said, so I have heard,
'Bout her married neighbor;
For she, with three score or more beaux,
Felt sure to catch some one of those,
So rich, they needn't labor.

With Pride her object, counsel, Sin,
She set a twitaker;
And with her tongue, she drew him in,
This honored youth, some polished sin,
Her own lean Whitaker.

Now all his youth and cash he'd spent
To dress like his neighbor;
Had borrowed more than he had lent,
Was married now without a cent,
Left, they were, to labor.

"How shall we now sustain our life?"
Advers'ty makes tamer;
We have no place not far or near;"
"Oh! yes, my own, my daughter, dear!
Our cottage has a chamber."

"Then there we'll live above thy head,
The highest perch be ours;
Of this, my parent's brooding nest,
Where, in my youth, I came to rest
From playing 'mong the flow'rs."

Just like the sloth that cannot move,
When placed upon the ground;
Or like the chicks that never rove
From out their nest, in field or grove,
For cripples, they are found.

So now the fate of Pride and Sin,
Be poverty for e'er;
Like sloths, no honor they will win,
They both will fall, o'er powered by Sin,
To me, is very clear.

'Tis surely just for those who flirt,
To meet a fate like this;
They feast upon another's woes,
Regardless, strike eternal blows
And rob one of his bliss.

IN OUR TRAVELS

'Tis the vain of our fancy to roam for awhile,
In scenes that are distant and new;
Such pleasures of seeing our hours will beguile,
Though distant the land of the hearts that are
true.

But our fancy's wild vision and sweetest embrace,
Can give us content but a while;
Then, the longing of home, the light in her face,
Will claim us, will call us, to sadness, so vile.

'Tis the weakness of nature, this longing of ours,
For changes of scenes 'neath our skies;
No spot, on this earth, can lend us such powers
Of blessings and pleasure, around our home, lies.

Then oh! give me content with my home where it
lies,
And ceased, be my longing to part;
The scenes, in our travels, may dazzle our eyes,
But the blessings of home, entwine 'round our
heart.

THE PAST

No one has power to change the past,
'Tis fixed as long as time can last;
And friendship torn or love that's flown,
Can never, never more, return.

PASSION

I am a wounded soldier
Battling in this world of strife;
Deep the wound where Passion thrust me,
Silent bleeds my better life.

Nobler were the thoughts giv'n,
Brighter gleams the better life;
And I feel that Sin is riven,
Till I feel the Passion knife.

Then so long, so deep, silent,
Bleeds the spirit of my life,
And I fight with vengeance utmost,
Yet O Passion! rules the strife.

My strength proves naught but weakness
And my resolution, vain;
For the war is raging utmost,
And my soul cries with the pain.

So my life proves one vast war,
Battling for a nobler life;
I think, at times, of victory
And, at times, I feel the knife.

And my soul rests not certain
Of the life beyond the tomb;
For my soul, with passion, curtained,
And, too dark, the mystic gloom.

Fall I must! human weakness,
Cannot stand the battle long;
And, if saved, 'tis only Pity
Building into right, the wrong.

Yet ne'er faithless, e'er polished,
Ever with my armor bright,
And my sword gleams with the faithful,
And my struggle for the right.

Yet, short falls human weakness
Of the height it would attain;

And I strive for God and Heaven,
And I feel of earth and pain.

TO ———

O friend! how oft' I wonder where thou art!
Thou one who early came to me as friend;
Days, weeks, months, years have sped; I start
To know thy smile, to me, no more can lend
The pleasure that of all Earth's storms could rend
And make her blessings fall in richness, rare,
As e'en the God of love would ever send
To man. It raised above a world of care,
To dwell beneath thy smile O friend! so pure
and fair!

I viewed the promised Land of Love and Heav'n,
Not from a height as one did view, of old,
But from the lowly plain my lot was giv'n
When'er thy form and smile I did behold;
And thou wert fair; garnished in Love's pure gold,
As oft, I gazed up at thy flow'ry height,
Inspiring language that can ne'er be told
In tones to reach thy ear, though told with might,
So far above, Fortune had reared thy social height.

And then I turned to toil and care and strove
To climb the height to be where thou wert fair;
My lot with Toil and Fortune, long did rove,
Before, on such, I stood to breathe the air;
I looked, but gone the one I thought so fair,
Had gone, won by no truer hand than mine,
Then thought I lost all of my toil and care,
But Love was true, would not let me repine,
And now, I dwell beneath a smile as pure as
thine.

Thou wert kind! kindness ne'er I can forget
And would thy smile could light my pathway
now,
And that our sun had 'rose to never set,
And as for me, as brightly shone for thou;
And as the morn, the day had been till now;
Sunny morn! stormy day! the sun has set
And brings me now, a clearer, brighter day;
No vain regret, yet thee I can't forget
And cast my thoughts of thee until Life's sun be
set.

TO ELLA

O Love! before we part,
Think oh! think of me;
For it will rend and twain my heart
To see thy love so falsely part,
For it be more than life to me;
A stronger hand, a truer heart,
This World can never give to thee.

THE PASSING YEAR

'Tis chill December day! the fog and mist
Hangs heavily, the land-scape o'er, in gloom;
The Old Year seems so feeble now and would de-
sist
Form joy or sunshine or the flower's bloom,
But brings the World, in sable robes, to make his
tomb,
For soon, his silv'ry locks must there be lain,
And Nature mourn his inev'table doom
And weeps the mist that makes this dreary rain,
For, once within the past, he ne'er shall live
again.

And shall he die alone? How many hopes,
Called he, and borne away upon their bier,
From us? and shall we mourn his grave now opes,
When, fresh, the blighting of his mad career
Lies 'round us with its wreckage, far and near?
Or shall we smile to see him follow they,
Giving our fealty to the new Year,
Just 'rising up to snatch his crown away,
And bloom our hopes with blossoms of the fairest
May?

'Tis best we let him go with joy, not grief,
To lie and sleep beside his ruthless sires;
For though his life, with us, has been so brief,
Our joys have crumbled 'neath his ruthless fires;
And broke our heart, with all its pure desires;
So let, from us, this Old Year pass away,
Too rich with wreckage, he so soon retires!
Another tyrant, mark his maddened stay,
O son of cruel Time! no more you hold your
sway!

WELL DONE

Let us so live that
When pale, in death, our corpses lie
With sallow cheek and closèd eye,
From Realms our soul has reached on High,
Whilst viewing o'er our life gone by,
We will exclaim, "Well done, well done!"

TO ———

Happy were the hour I met thee
For I saw thy wealth of heart;
And I sure, will ne'er forget thee
Though our paths be wide apart.

May I be thy friend in future,
One that may that wealth command?
Rarest gem of God or Nature,
Say, will you meet me in that Better Land?

DRIFTING

The Love that is not anchored,
Is drifting,
Drifting on a boundless sea;
And the surge that oft' is lifting,
Soon will cover over thee.

The soul is ever shifting,
Is shifting,
Ever seeking a mate like he;
And the soul is ever drifting,
Longing for a love to be.

The surge is ever ringing,
Is ringing,
A requiem we cannot see;
Yet, our life is ever clinging
To a hope of love, to be.

I can hear the surf ringing,
Plain ringing,
And Love's ship I can ne'er control;
If 'tis anchored, ever anchored,
It must bind soul unto soul.

THE CHERISHED SPOT

Of all the flow'ry fields of earth
And scenes that life has led me past,
The cherished one of sacred worth,
Is where my love was early cast.

Is where the mingled joy and woe
Put forth their blossoms gently there;
Is where Love's tears began to flow,
And where my eyes first met despair.

Oh! sacred are the pains we feel,
To view where love once bloomed before;
Though hard the load, we gladly kneel
And wish that they might bloom some more.

With heart of pain and head reclined,
We view the scenes of early years;
Where love first sprang but soon repined,
Who cannot think of love with tears?

HELEN OF TROY

Many songs are sung to thee,
Blithsome maid, of ancient days,
But my harp, when tuned for me,
Gives to nobler deeds the praise;
Gives to nobler forms, by far,
Than the harlot of Trogen war:
For all beauty falls from thee
When off, Virtue's robe you tore,
And the fame of which you bore,
Smells of hellish deeds to me.

Yet, they say, in beauty's glare,
All were conquered by thy sight;
Then, all men, who met thy stare,
Hell has claimed them for his right.
I would sing to Fame, by far,
Of virtue, sweet as Helen Mar;
Or of ancient lovely maid,
Into boiling caldron, flung,
Before honor should be wrung,
This, to me, is nobler deed.

I would sing thy perfidy
Rather than a beauty star;
And but shame, I sing for thee,
And all praise to Helen Mar
And the Maid of ancient days;
And let meaner poets make
Songs for thee and other wrong;
If their gods to thee have sung,
Shoot those gods for Virtue's sake.

MUSING

Many a time have I sat and wondered
What the future would be for me;
Many a time have I sat and pondered
What the past is booked to be.

Upon the past, I gaze, with wreckage strewn,
Where once, did bloom, so fair to see,
Such beauties of this earth as only known
To Youth and Love and to me.

So, many a time, I sit and wonder
If the future will ever know
Beauties, for me, like those that I ponder
And the friends of long ago.

TO ———

There's a valley that lies ever so sweet,
Where the myrtle and the evergreen grow;
And there in their mansions, so cosy and neat,
Lie many the friends that I know.

And when the pleasures of life seem to lag
And my spirit ebbs feebly and low,
I go to that valley, its pleasures to share
And respect to the friends that I know.

Last time that I went there my heart seemed to
bleed

As I stood by a mansion, so new ;
My youth, with its love and pleasure, so bright,
Now arose, so plainly, to view.

There one that I knew, as bright and as fair
And lovely as this world can bestow,
Was peacefully sleeping and taking her rest
At peace in her mansion, below.

I turned to Adversity, blow bleak wind !
More proudly and erect than before,
As I thought how bravely and proudly she fought
The life she will battle no more.

I'll go to valley where evergreens grow
And will build me a mansion, below ;
And, again, I will meet the being I loved,
The bright being I loved long ago.

WE MUST PASS

We are on Life's sea and we must sail
However dark life's journey seems ;
'Tis Fate, alone, that guides the gale
And life is chance, e'en as our dreams.

If stormy seas should be our lot,
E'en more than our frail ship can ride ;
May God mark well that awful spot
Where we shall sink beneath the tide.

FOND LOVE

At first did you meet me in dream-land tonight
And your smile and your love shared with me ;
And my soul flew away with ecstatic delight,
In a land where no blighting can be.

And so perfect was love and so sweet was thy smile
That, soon, half of life's storms were forgot;
But Fortune would leave me with thee only awhile,
I awoke and thy presence was not.

Then the blow on my heart that your folly once
gave,
Once again, set my life blood to flow;
And no mortal can save from the pain or the grave,
E'en his life or his treasure, below.

Then come to me Love in our dream-land of pure
bliss,
And again give thy pleasures tonight;
So much sweeter than life is thy treasure in this
That it gives me a perfect delight.

OUR LOST

Four little babes have flown from our home
And left a lone sadness around;
Flown to the mystic land of unknown,
The fathomless land of unknown.

Four heavy blows have fell on my heart,
As lasting as life is to be;
No pleasure of life can cure the smart
Or replace those treasures for me.

May be this loss is treasure above
That fondly lies waiting for me?
Too costly the price when brok'n our love,
The price is the dearest that be.

This I must bear, God give me new strength
And nobly my heart reconcile;
Fleetness of time will soon go its length
Though, sadly, I wait here awhile.

TO ———

All too soon thy knell has sounded,
All too soon thy youth has flown,
And thy form, that Love had founded,
Rests in grave to thee unknown.

In thy morning, bright and radiant,
Hope, all blooming in the morn,
Proves the brightest the most transient,
Love and beauty quick are torn.

Now, no more, thy smile will greet me,
Treasure, in my heart, of yore;
Thou 'mong strangers, first to meet me,
Made me cherish thee the more.

Long I've hoped again to meet thee,
Oh! how friendship claims my heart!
Oh! the bliss again to greet thee!
Never, never as thou wert.

If thy vision, friend, can reach me
From the Realm thy soul has gone,
See my hand stretched forth to greet thee,
True as when thy youth had won.

Now, the grave, a silent resting,
Now no more thy form is known;
This my fondest love professing,
Flow'rs upon thy grave art strewn.

EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT

There are storms and the tempter around us,
And we pass through the darkness and the mist,
Yet we hold to the faith that has bound us
And by our faith and His love, we exist.

And our heart has grown weary with toiling,
And we mourn for the joys that we have left;
All of the sweets of this earth are soon spoiling,
His hand gives ev'ry good and perfect gift.

He gives to the soul, earth gives to the form,
His gifts are lasting, earth's pass quick away;
Earth builds and is swept away by the storm,
The soul is forever, can never decay.

MY DARLINGS

I know I shall meet them
When I may go
Across the dark water
Between us do flow.

Their sweet little spirits,
Dwelling Above,
In Land of Elysian,
In fields of pure love.

Where flowers are blooming,
Their perfume shed;
No groans of the dying,
No graves for the dead.

Where all is in blooming,
Life flowing sweet
On plains pure Elysian,
Where friends all will meet.

I know then I'll meet them
For so 'tis said
By good of the living,
By spirits of dead.

'Twas there that I saw them,
Lovely and blessed,
Unspeakable vision!
That now I can rest.

For what should I wish them
To dwell below?
'Tis better to meet them,
That there I should go.

TO ———

O Friendship! thou art lost!
Lost to you and to me!
Why we should not have been friends,
God, in His wisdom, may see.

WHY WE BELIEVE

We have glimpses of Heaven,
We have tastes of Paradise
And we receive the Dove of Peace
Which makes us believe in God and Heaven.

LOVE'S ISLE

There's an isle in the sea of my life,
That I passed in the beauty of morn,
Ere Love had met the blasting of strife
Or the heart, with its pain, had been torn;
'Twas a haven all pictured to view,
But it faded with the dew of that morn.

My ship passed that isle, no anchor, there,
And I glided far out on Life's sea;
My ship sailing on, is freighting with care
And my heaven, it never can be;
A beautiful isle with love e'er blessed,
Isle of youth, the isle I passed on Life's sea.

I reached it but once, that in my dream,
Its enchantment was perfect and blessed;
So beauty an isle, I never had seen
And my longing had ceased after rest.
Queen of my heart is queen of that isle
Where no mortal can ever be blessed.

TO ———

There is something I would tell you
That will make your heart quake;
There is something I would tell you
That will make your heart break,
And, breaking, in its passionate flow,
Curse your nearest friend, below;
'Tis she who wrecked your girlhood, giv'n
And closed a flow'ry path to Heav'n.
She sent your form to death and hell
And, in my soul, I hear the knell
Ringing, ringing all these years,
Flowing, flowing with your tears;
A life was wrecked, a life was cast,
I view the lone and thorny past;
I feel thy pain, I see thy tears
And know the blighting of the years;
It makes hell blush to understand
The blow was given by a mother's hand.

THE ROAD OF FORTUNE

Oh! see the young and busy throng
That gayly start upon their way;
Their hearts o'er flowing with their song
And brightly glows the sunny day.

But see yon dark'ning cloud o'er cast
Where soon, some youthful foot must stray;
Oh! see yon towers, crumbling fast,
That but an earthquake rends away.

Oh! see yon whirlwind dash along
And strongest nature down e'en hurl;
And nothing left within its throng,
And scorn and ruin slightly curl.

Yet just apace, by Fortune blessed,
One but half worthy of his hire,
Finds true success by him possessed,
His path blessed by Love's warmest fire.

The strongest oak tree oft' will crash
Beneath the fur'ous whirlwind pow'r;
While, side will stand the shelly ash
And smile to see it ruined there.

So oft' a genius, on his course,
Is hurled to woe and dark despair;
Whilst half the talent, half the force,
A golden conquest oft' will wear.

It does not show the greatest one
Or one who has the strongest heart,
To see one ruined as they run
And one to grasp success, his part.

Where e'er the roads that some pursue,
Are rolling hills of livid flame,
And ere they cross the fi'ry blue,
They're leveled to death's lowly plain.

And some, while young, do meet a pall
That from, not Hercules, could fly;
Then fall their genius, talents, all,
Like stars, decending, from the sky.

Then frown not at another's woe
Or think that he success might bear;
God, only knows the test below
Or who the crowns of glory wear.

TO ———

I stand alone, the breeze is chill;
I falter where my feet to place;
I gaze upon a distant hill
Where love is blooming by the rill
And I once met a fond embrace.

Could I but climb the height alone,
No nobler task, my soul, would dare;
And I be seated at her throne,
Such love and life around me shone
As Heaven gives unto the fair.

She comes, she comes, and drawing nigh,
Extends to me her lovely hand;
I yield but gently breathe a sigh,
It makes a cloud float o'er my eye
And quick she leaves me where I stand.

She comes again, her lovely art,
The hopes of love and life would bring;

I feel a chill, I feel a sting,
She thrust her dagger to my heart
And flung me as a worthless thing.

SHE IS WRONG

I know she is wrong
And I must suffer the pain
And where will the recompense be?
For, if she meet pain,
I must suffer again,
Then where can the recompense be?

What though I suffer
And this World give but pain,
Is there no reward that will be?
If this life is but pain,
In our next 'twill prove gain,
Or where can the recompense be?

I know God is just,
With joy, then give me my pain,
But strength to endure, would I ask;
'Tis joy e'en the pain,
When I know for my gain
And my good God gives me the task.

TO CLARA

Thou art going, so they say,
From a home where plenty smiles,
Seeking Fortune's rugged way,
To a land of wild defiles;
It may be a land of birth,
It shall prove a land of death;
Sorrow then will teach the worth
Of the home you dwelled beneath.

You will look back in the past
And your erring steps deplore,
But each look will prove a blast
And 'twill wring your heart's deep core.
You will look o'er sunny youth,
Where pure happiness has been,
And your heart will speak the truth
When the erring past is seen.
Wild and lonely, it will be;
Hardships, many, it requires;
More than this, the blight for thee,
When thy heart sends forth desires
For thy mother and thy friends,
For the scenes of youth, so dear;
It will bring you bitter ends
When the name of each, you hear.
Sorrow oft' will claim thy brow
Soon as 'way from friends, so dear;
Sadder things, you know not now,
More than such, thy mother's tear.
Why not stay where Comfort dwells
Rather than to chance a lot
Where but toil and sadness swells,
Joy and comfort be forgot?
Fate seems perched upon thy brow,
Slowly dims that lovely eye,
But the mystery is how
Seek so far a land to die.

TO ———

Be of good cheer upon your way,
If it is God's decree
I will come to thee
At the sunset of our day.

Our love, in youth, did fall and die,
Fate left its shaft to fall
Cleaved our love and all,
Swift descending from the sky.

The fault was youth, not you or I,
Might have saved gems so rare
But so foul the air,
Trusted friend who let it die.

Fierce, we have felt the sting, the pain,
And what profit they?
But our curse to say,
Lost but they can never gain.

Had it not been so pure, so fair,
Envy had let it remain,
Snapped so pure a chain,
We had known no pain, no care.

PROSPERS NOT

There's a crimson spot before me,
Where my youthful blood did flow;
And the treach'rous hand that dealt it,
Prosper not where e'er it go.

There's a wreck, I see behind me,
'Twas a traitor's work, I know;
And the pain that then did bind me,
Follows now where e'er she go.

And the blighting rests upon her,
Deeper pain than I may know;
Folly sown and Folly won her,
Gave her life to endless woe.

Now, a waste, a barren desert,
Where but beauty once did bloom;
On the scene as mem'ry has it,
Rests eternity, in gloom.

ABSENT

Dear Ella, come back to my arms
 So fondly tonight,
Thy absence is so hard to endure;
Only for that gem of friendship, so bright,
Could I spare thee for us to procure.

CHORUS

Well! my spirit will dwell with thee
 In dreamland, tonight
And a kiss, will I steal from thy lips.

How sacred the treasure of love!
 I feel with delight;
'Tis polish that absence doth give;
Entwined by a friendship so pure, so bright,
A home in our hearts, let it have.

Well! my spirit shall be with you
 In dreamland tonight;
Your absence, I hold to so loth,
Yet the future shall pay with delight,
When a kiss I can steal from you both.

MABEL ROSE

In th' first days of autumn,
 'Twere lovely to see,
When hearts were made happy and glad,
My sweet Mabel Rose was called from me
And my heart bleeds lonely and sad;
Yet shalt thou live in mem'ry of me sweet one,
Thou shalt live in the memory of me.

Far art thou gone, sweet one
 Forever to stay,
Between the Dark River rolls;

Darkness be mine though thine is the day
And sorrow, my heart, deeply tolls;
Yet shalt thou live in mem'ry of me, sweet one,
Thou shalt live in the memory of me.

Sun of my happiness
Now must ever wear
A spot that is nightly to see;
Thorns, now swinging, my heart must e'er tear,
My sorrow, O loved one! for thee!
Yet shalt thou live in the mem'ry of me, sweet one,
Thou shalt live in the memory of me.

ESTELLA

Now comes the news to me of sadder fate,
Than Bourbon or Robespere e'er wrought;
Done by a modern Yahoo of estate,
One human feeling never owned or thought;
He fair Estella wooed and won for naught,
But quench a lust and sport on Passion's lea;
From first, but sad affliction, to her brought;
Why such pride, such culture, I cannot see,
Should bow to such a brute in meek humility.

Fairest fruit of earth grows on the verge of hell,
Of such did fair Estella seek to pluck,
And earth had been more happy, life went well
Had nobler Love but lent her fingers luck—
The fruit of Mammon, to her fingers, stuck
Instead of sweeter fruit from Love's meek tree,
Although the very apple which she pluck,
Before was tasted and pronounced bad to be,
She plucked and fell and barely missed the raging
sea.

Strangers we met and strangers we parted,
Though beauty and worth were plainly to see;

Hoped I for friendship, for, she the light hearted,
Gave gladness and mirth where ever she be.
How sad that Fate should mark her destiny
'Neath the most cruel and most blighting sun!
And, in the morning of her youth, to see
A wreck of misery, a life undone,
Hope's brittle threads fall into fragments, one by
one.

'Twas Estella, the young, the fair, the good,
Culture and learning endowments of her;
Happy and proud as a royal queen, she stood,
Thoughtlessly plucking the fruit as it were;
Strong influences bearing not known to her,
We, not knowing, pronounce her most unwise;
Strong misfortune! what will she not transfer?
'Twill change loveliness and all earthly ties,
Our life, on earth, mar and blast our hopes beyond
the skies.

And so thou art gone, fair one, fair one!
For thee my heart, in sympathy, must bleed;
Oh! that the days of chivalry are gone,
Transformed to milder acts and milder creed!
Or I a challenge quick to him had speed
And fierce the blow his armor should have rung;
And I no terms but that of death should heed,
Till thy redress by all the good, be sung
And agonies, like thine, from out the tyrant, wrung.

'Tis vain! afflictions come and we must bow,
'Tis sad redress is held from out our pow'r!
Oh! where and when will be redress and how,
And who shall deal the blow and set the hour?
If time should fail to shut him in some tow'r,
Then when and how can her redress be striv'n?

Unknown to us, is there some scourging pow'r
To punish? yet when thoughts like these are giv'n,
I feel there is need of hell as well as need of Heav'n.

PROMISCUOUS

This life is a battlefield, fierce and long,
And the pain and the bleeding far exceeds that from
the saber stroke;
We must fight and we must perish
And who knows what may be built from the wreck,
Beyond.

II

I be happy, when death, grave, and an unfathomed
eternity
Stand so near as to make my heart ache
And a mist come o'er my eye?

III

Give me the conflict, give me life's battle;
I had sooner perish by the saber stroke
Than to die, of rust, in the shade.

IV

There is an approbation greater than that of either
friend or foe,
Within our own being that makes our life eternal.

V

I stand and gaze at Death and Eternity, looming up
before my face,
Like two vast towers whose mysteries I cannot trace.

I. W. RIGHT

The silent Reaper is busy today!

His track lies plainly after he is gone;
His victories are legion; dark is the way;
Silent dropping is one from out our throng,
Silently conquered and carried along

To be no more of time, no more of earth.
Proud in his youth; talents and genius strung
His youthful harp. None boast a brighter worth
Or future more bright than around his youth, was
flung.

Generous and kind, to a fault, was he;
None left needy or famished from his floor;
All may well boast his hospitality
Whom Fortune led to enter at his door.
He lived a benefactor to the poor
And sympathies for human frailty wrought.
"We are men born as an evil doer,"
Philosophy his experience taught,
Ever sympathy for our human frailty brought.

Who may condemn, or praise, our life's career,
Save but a clear, an ever seeing Eye?
Who weigh the trials that beset us here,
Who shout the word "Condemn" or "Victory?"
At first, some launch upon the rougher sea
And scatter fragments of their wreck along,
Yet fight the silent fight most gallantly
And win in spite of wreckage that is flung
Ghastly, inviting shouts condemning of the throng.

Spanish, Latin, Greek, all familiar tongues,
And well conversant in the higher art,
Yet lies his path among the lesser ones
And rural occupation was his part.

High aspirations clothed him at the start
And nigh this earth's success for him, had won;
But obedient to his father's heart,
When he exclaimed, "Come back my only son,
And help me in my days that numbered, soon are
gone."

Then flung ambition and his heart's desire
To scale the ladder of our human thought;
Dearer to his soul, the paternal fire
Than all Ambition 'round his heart had wrought.
Obedience, the law his lessons taught,
Forbade his distant struggle, onward toil,
And quickly, at his father's home, he brought
The son to comfort and to till the soil,
Retires Achilles to his tent except to toil.

And what is Earth? the best we can attain
Leads only to a dark and solemn grave;
And short, for us, the blessing or the pain,
And short the struggle that our life may have.
If we but struggle where our Duty gave
The task, what more be there for us in store?
What greater blessings may our conscience have?
What nobler fruit our harvest give us o'er,
Success or failure, it be all our life has bore.

PROMISCUOUS

I would give more for youth's relish and sport and
animation,
Than all the honor and wealth this world can be-
stow.

II

Believe me O friend! God will not brand me a
thief

When I fling my arms in wildness around thy form
And steal from off your lips one long sweet kiss
And place thy soul within my heart.

III

There's an All wise Providence Above
Who sometimes teaches with fire
But mostly with love.

IV

I wish I could,
If God would help me,
Then I would.

V

My life is a tempest
But God and Heaven
Have recorded a brave and ceaseless fight.

THE VIPER

Now I see how deadly that viper was;
There I stood with Clara by my side;
Her mother was pleading, "Be true, young man
And my daughter shall be your bride;"
I clung to her, I chose her for my guide,
But this I know, she was false to me
And her daughter was never my bride.

As firm as the planets that roll on high,
As true, constant as the ceaseless tide,
Gave her my faith for the lover I knew
And clung to her pledge of my bride;
False the pledge; the viper had stung my pride;
Not love, wreckage she gave unto me
And her daughter can ne'er be my bride.

Come and let me say to the young, beware,
Never trust with the secret of love
Or viper may sting as deadly as where
It fell from inferno above;
The battle is secret if won by love,
There is death in the ray of a light
That may tarnish to Heaven, above.

HE WILLED IT SO

Life has not been to me
What my youth painted it to be;
My hopes of youth went falling fast,
Its plain was swept by arctic blast;
And I was left to stand alone,
Where once was youth and beauty blown.
My tears had flown, my heart had bled
And happiness had ever fled;
And I am standing, still, alone;
He willed it so 'tis God's decree,
Naught else I ask, God's will for me.

TO ———

O friendship! thou art lost!
Lost to you and to me;
Why we should not have been friends,
God, in His wisdom, may see.

LOVE

Foul Demon of this freezing earth!
Though fairest angel when in Heav'n;
Thy fate, alone, proclaims thy worth,
As woe or weal, by thee, be giv'n.

Cold base neglect, thou 'rt often grown
By rain or sunshine 'round thee cast;
With icy leaves, thy flow'rs art blown
Where sunny rays fall thick and fast.

A Demon, cold, with heart so sere,
Who, once, the fairest proudly vied;
So oft' thy change while dwelling here,
Before a year is fairly tried.

Though true or false, I love thee still;
My love I do not deem an evil;
Though joy in Heav'n you'd ever fill,
On earth thou e'er must prove a devil.

O Love! thy mystery be giv'n;
On earth we vainly wish thee well;
The fairest angel of yon Heav'n
Must be a Demon when in hell.

PROMISCUOUS

Life is sowing hope and reaping disappointment.

II

What can I do to undo all I did do
And feel our friendship again.

III

Acts are easy to do but hard to undo
And the wrong that has fell
May darken even hell;
And the soul must ever gaze
Upon the wreck of former days.

MY LOVE IN THE PAST

There's a mystic land around me,
Once a land of hope and flow'rs,
Where my mem'ry oft' has bound me
In my listless, lonely hours;
Viewing still, a form so lovely
In her youthful, girlhood hours.

CHORUS

And now, so oft', I live the past
With thy lovely arm around me
As, in youth, I felt it cast.

Can we live and use endeavor,
Can we hope for youth again?
Will it profit? never, never,
Only that it could have been,
Fairer than the love of Heaven,
Only that it could have been.

And I linger, Love, around thee,
And my heart is ever true,
For my youth and love has bound me
Ever faithful unto you;
And my mem'ry still will linger
Ever faithful unto you.

TO ———

My heart was a safe without a key,
But one vacuum it did contain,
And when, thy form, I first did see,
It filled my heart and closed within.
No power to unlock, there thy image must stay
For e'er; that treasure cannot depart;
Though thou in another's embrace may decay,
Thy image, alone, fills my heart.

THE JOURNEY

There's a journey that's awaiting
For my duty to perform;
And that journey oft' is taken
At the bursting of a storm.

Often, yes, how sadly often,
Was I called to gaze upon
Friends as they, from me, departed
And can never more return!

But the course that they have taken,
Is the guide within my heart;
And I hope to reach their haven
When, at last, I too depart.

And with youth and beauty blooming,
Join again, with love and song;
Only waiting for the coming,
Only waiting for the dawn.

And the night grows dark and gloomy,
Just at bursting of the dawn;
But the pathway, back, so thorny,
I would haste the journey on.

Though the way is dark and awful,
There's a pleasure in the way,
For the romance of the travel
Will exceed all earthly day.

And my bark, with care now resting,
Lies with head out on the stream;
And I launch, the voyage testing,
When the signal 'cross doth gleam.

Then, my friends, though loved, I leave you
And can never more return;
Friend or foe may still deceive you
But my journey, still, is on.

But some day, where you are waiting,
You will see the signal gleam;
Then your oars, at once, be taking,
You will glide across the Stream.

On the Mystic Shore, I'll meet you
And renew our love again;
There, with all the lost, will greet you,
Friendship, love, without a pain.

STUCK IN THE MUD

This is a lonely way of swamp
And bush and brake and corduroy;
Each step, knee deep, my horse doth stamp,
Muck's a poor road to cross, my boy.

Whoa! steady, try not to reach
The bottom. It will never do;
Tread lightly if you'd pass the breach,
And keep your mud from flying so.

Wide and wider, the breaches grow,
This is a lonely place to mire;
I would turn back but then you know
'Twould be against my nature's fire.

Down, ho! lie still, keep cool, while I
The buckles and the straps let loose;
Keep cool while hastily I try
Or else 'twill be of little use.

'Tis hard to find the bottom here,
I do believe it was forgot'n;
Or else, for cause that is not clear,
I've found the spot where Terra's rotten.

There, you are loose and now lie still
While I some twenty rods, do draw
The buggy; though it makes me pull,
I dare not try for thee to do.

Now Fan, all's 'cross excepting thee;
Now courage and the task begin;
Where are your legs? come, let me see,
I want to know how deep they're in.

Oh! yes, you have drawn 'em out, I see,
Already now to start and spring;
Just steady while these pieces be
Just placed across, that I do bring.

Oh! gracious! how your feet do fly
And make a storm of mud and dirt!
And now look twice before you spy
If mine's a white or speckled shirt.

Two more such breaches still remain
To cross before 'tis solid terra;

Two more hard struggles, we contain,
Before we pass along so merry.

Be careful now and tread this spot
And soon we will the swamp quite pass;
Refuse to come, what! have you got
The notion you will be an ass?

Had I the pow'r of Hercules
And strength enough this halter got,
I'd treat you as a dog does fleas
And jerk you quite across the spot.

There is no use of acting so,
You will not lead, you will not drive;
If such you still maintain to do,
How long can you expect to live?

Had I, just now, a little aid,
The needy are but seldom blessed!
Who comes there but a girl and maid
With pails from ber'ing, right I guessed.

Please Miss, will you touch up my nag?
She seems quite stubborn now to lead,
With your long gad, give her a jag
And see if she will start her speed.

How lightly now she treads the breach,
Thy smile enough to give good cheer;
And now across, how gladly, each
To tasks and duty as it were.

Kind thanks, fair maid, though you and I
May dwell so wide in life's great plan;
Thy kindness lives and I will try
Return it to my fellow man.

SILENCE

Silence, the secret dagger to the soul!

More stern than Death or dampness of the grave;
What wildness bring, what pain beyond control,
What torment to the life that Hope would give!

Silent O Fate! you frown upon my hope,

No look, no glance, futurity can see;
The buds are set and shall they thrive and ope',
- Or Silence slow consume them secretly?

Silence, most stern and unrelenting! whence

And who shall lift thy shadow from thee, whole?
O God! pity those who hold in silence,
Untold, the secret longing of the soul.

LADY CLARE

Where Tiffin flows a sluggish stream
Through lonely dell and wooded glen;
And where the panther wails his woe,
His fangs, unfelt in blood, to know;
And where the rocking forest stirred
At ev'ry breeze or perching bird;
And where sycamore branches spread
Above ten thousand slumb'ring dead;
Where hill and grove and glade and glen
Held buried love and ancient men—
Down in the dark and wooded deep,
Where gloomy shadows hourly sweep,
E'en there Love's voice I list to know
And heard her sending forth her woe.
A form was passing hurried by,
With steady rein and flashing eye,
With flowing garments, gay and rare,
In golden tresses hung her hair,

While on her cheek, so pale, yet fair,
Was ling'ring yet the ros'ate hue
That spoke the name of Lady Clare.
Just as the rose, without the dew,
Would change its hue to paleness, rare,
Just so when Love has falsely flew,
It leaves its with'ring curses, there.
Deep in the dingy, wooded dell,
Where slow the Tiffin winds its course,
Where ancient heroes loved to dwell,
Swift, Lady Clare, urged her horse.
Through brake and bush and bog and marsh,
She sought to press along her way
And loved the sound that seemed most harsh
And caught, from darkness, sunny ray;
And from her large and dark blue eye,
She spoke the fate that lovers sigh;
Yet, on her lip, beamed e'er a smile,
Half love, half scorn, her heart's deep wile;
High held her head and proud her form,
As ever graced the lovl'est charm;
And passing through the wild and bush
Where wild flow'rs gave their sweet perfume,
She ever sought, her woe to hush
And owned her path led to the tomb;
Yet plucked the wild flow'rs from its side
And scorned at Fate and wreathed her pride.
Now, through the deep and wooded dell,
Where age on age, the forest fell
Yet sent again the sprouting earth
A mightier and larger growth,
The music of her voice was flung,
Like this, her notes, they plainly rung:

“Sweetest dawning is the morning
After Love has taken rest;

Brightest hope, to youth, a warning,
Is to have our future blessed."

"Brightest hope that in us, glowing,
Is to have our heart's enshrine;
Only once the font is flowing,
Drink, O Youth! it now is thine!"

"Gloomy clouds will mar the future,
Blight our hopes and love, below;
And will change our mirthful nature
For the thoughts of death to grow."

"Oh! the soul! is that immortal?
Yes! 'tis of no substance giv'n,
And can hold no part, infernal,
Without substance, can't be riv'n."

"O soul! thy fruit is eternal
And like thou, it sure must be;
It has no part, jot, that's carnal,
As the root, the fruit, we see."

"Thinkest thou, this song I'm singing
Or a thought can ever die?
Though unwritten, sure 'tis ringing,
All along if we could spy."

"Ev'ry friend the grave has taken
If we had the pow'r to give,
Quick, again for us, would waken,
Thought can slumber, but must live."

"Soul, oh! sure thou art immortal,
Without substance cannot die!
Owning not a jot that's carnal,
Lives though in the grave it lie."

“Hope then, cheer then on your journey
Through this wilderness of woe;
Christ will watch, be your attorney
And the grave, will guide you through.”

Then cast her glances calmly down
To see where she could wend her way;
Then sighed to think she left the town
Where Enoch 'rose in wealth, they say;
Then thought of Fate and called him stern
That he the true heart's hope would burn
And mark, for her, this lonely way
Where beauty, hope and love decay;
Then plied the beechen to her steed,
Urging still on his utmost speed;
Not swifter, over log and fern,
Speeds roe, when pierced her heart, to burn,
Or pheasant, in its wheeling flight,
Than rode the Lady through the night.
Then heaved her breast, her fear did prowl
To hear, behind, the wolfen howl;
Each one, a wild and thrilling note
That set her blood, to chill, afloat;
Then shrieked, so shrill, the panther's cry
And shown, so large, his glaring eye
That half her courage seemed to die
Yet smiled she 'neath earth's canopy.
Then solemn looked, the tear did start,
Anew, she felt the broken heart;
On rushed her steed, with dauntless pride,
O'er bog and brake and matted fern,
Her heart's desire, her chosen guide,
Which 'rose and fell like flames, that burn,
Her Enoch, in the distance, dwells,
The thought her heart, with sadness, swells,
As swfitly gliding through the wood,
She recks of life, her own heart's blood.

Now, gliding through the misty din,
A faint light falls from yonder inn,
The tavern lord, Sir L. K. Wynn,
Politely gave his welcome aid,
The hostler, to his task, he staid.
The horse and Lady, well prepared,
A sumpt'ous meal, they both, had shared ;
Now Lady Clare sought her room,
'Twas up three flight of winding stair
Where massive stood the walls, as gloom,
To many forms that rested there,
The key she turned, the bolt, she pushed,
Foreboding thoughts, her cheeks, now flushed,
For on the wall, she held her breath,
"I change sweet life for bitter death,"
She plainly saw and fair the writ,
Beneath was signed the name of "Pitt."
She read while myst'ry's flashing light,
Showed horror through the gloomy night ;
Brought to her heart the wildest scenes
Of wooded dell and dark ravines ;
Of scenes where Youth so brightly stood,
Old age, the dark and crumbling wood ;
As flow'rs the earth flung out so high,
Hope buds and blossoms but to die.
So wild her glance! her eyes, they weep,
Pain robs them of their needful sleep ;
With eyes half closed, a slumb'ring wand,
She views the scenes of fairy land,
Where Love, no sting, is ever giv'n,
Where hopes on earth, are fruit in Heav'n.
Like this while eyes at midnight, weep,
Came forth her promise in her sleep.

"O ye bright, fair and pearly Gates!
I've longed to be now where I am;

And where my true Love gently waits,
I'll still the sea and make it calm."

"I've reached the Haven of the blessed
Whilst o'er life's stormy sea you sail;
But I will watch thee, be thy guest
And take the danger from the gale."

"Where'er thy lot, my watch shall be,
Thou e'er shall share an angel's love;
I'll watch thee, guide thee, safely see
The union of our hearts, Above."

"I'll ride upon the thunder's roar
And guide the lightn'ing through the sky,
That it may harm thee not; no more
Shalt thou e'er doubt that I am nigh."

"And when you weep, I'll lend a tear,
The purest essence of the heart;
And I will love thee faithful, here
But time can hold our hearts apart."

"Toil on and hope while yet you live,
My love is with thee ev'ry hour,
And God has promised He would give
Each hope in Heav'n, our ros'ate bow'r."

Faint foot-steps fall, her eyes, they ope',
No more she dreams of future hope;
But smiles to have such vision giv'n,
Of future love to share in Heav'n.
The gray dawn rising 'bove the hill,
The shrill clear voice of yonder mill,
All plainly show it time to rise,
Ascending slow, from out the skies,
She steps again into the room
Where luxury the table spread,
Yet sat she silent there, in gloom,

From midnight visions of the dead.
Now, breakfast o'er, her horse, she calls
And soon departing footstep falls.
Now wrapped again in silent mood,
She passes through the lonely wood
Where other love has shed her tears,
Where blighted hope, remorse of years,
Have plainly left their barren track,
Where woe's ahead and ruin's back.
She smiles to see her future fate,
Her hopes of love bloom flow'rs of hate,
For, nourished by her kindness, giv'n,
She trusts they'll bloom more fair in Heav'n.
Then gazed upon the withered past,
A barren, lone and bleaching waste,
Where once Youth's mansion brightly stood
With flow'ry gardens, verdant wood,
With Hope's fresh buds and blooming flow'rs,
With youthful mirth and golden hours;
But just as light'ning to the oak,
Such thoughts recall Fate's early stroke
And wrung from her the sad'ning tear,
The gall of love that we taste here.
"O LOVE! to thee, oh! hear me tell
I breathe to thee my last farewell!
In this my soul's last sigh be giv'n
That blights my love this side of Heav'n."

"Fare thee well! 'tis sadly spoken!
Yet, the truth, my tongue would tell;
'Tis my heart that now is broken,
Hear its voice, its last farewell."

"Early were our ties forsaken,
Spurned from out thy freezing breast;
Scorn, in thee, it did awaken,
E'en to meet thy early guest."

"Dark the way my path is leading,
Its only show'rs, falling tears;
Torn and rent, my heart is bleeding
Through a scene of fruitless years."

"How canst thou hope hours of pleasure
When, my heart, such pain, you give?
It shall prove a worthless treasure,
Through thy life for which you live."

"Fare thee well! let now be spoken,
Yet, my heart, it still must bleed;
Take this gem, my last deep token,
Wide apart, our pathways lead."

Like this she said yet could not bless
Her brightest thoughts with words to dress;
But fear her Love she would do wrong,
Like this she ended with her song.

"To thee, my Love, I wish no ill
Yet justice is a balm to heal;
I'd have you share a milder pow'r
Yet God will curse thee from this hour."

"O LIFE and Hope! thy fruitless years!
Oh! what a flood of human tears!"

She said while gloomily around,
The large oaks shadowed o'er the ground.

"I drank so deep of Pleasure's cup,
I reached the dregs of woe;
I drank but could not drink it up,
'Twas more than I could do."

Fell from her lips in sweet display,
While gliding o'er the lonely way;

And through her mind flashed strongly then,
This saddest thought, "Why should it been?"
Then by her faint melod'ous chords,
Were heard again, these feeling words:

"Around my brow
Dark melancholy visions sweep,
Pleasure alleviates but a moment,
Then doubly, I am left to weep;
What e'er I find, what e'er I know,
Brings back to me my former woe;
Not one blessing can know the heart
When the last cord is twained apart.
Can thy love warm my icy heart?
Oh! no, oh! no, from me depart!"

Then urged her steed through jungled wood,
Moss covered by some former flood;
Then vain recalled the past again,
To see where Fate and Love had been;
Then spoke these words from out her eyes,
"'Tis Hercules that true love ties;
Love bound me by so strong a tie
That it can't loosen though it die:
It were too good to earth be giv'n,
Receive it back, my love, O Heav'n!"

"Love, 'tis by the strongest pow'r
That I turn and go from thee;
This shall prove the saddest hour
Ever known to you and me."

"Oh! what an anxiety
This life is to me!
A restless ocean,
A tempest tossed sea!"

She said, then came this thrilling song
And on each breeze was borne along.

“Thy heart can never know
The cause that bound me firmly there;
That wrought for me this earthly woe
And sent my love to dark despair.”

“Scorn not O man! my blow,
Or smile its blighting now to see;
Oh! think, perchance, that far below
Thy wreck wouldst sank hadst thou been me!”

Then haughty raised her lovely brow
That seemed too fair for worlds like this,
To visions that were passing now,
Of Love and brought his early kiss.
Then rang again her voice, so clear,
From blighted hope that she felt here.

“My heart has shared as bright a prospect
As the heart can ever know,
And has met as sad reverses
As the heart can undergo.”

Then passing on, she 'gain did move
Like one who weeps o'er fruitless love.
While passing where rank verdures spring,
Her song she seldom ceased to sing.

“While in the wilderness I stray,
In search of things Love early gave,
The young look for their wedding day,
The old look for their grave.”

“And so the round of life must be,
From youth to love, from love to death;

And though the one we fail to see,
We sure shall cease our breath."

"And so the round of life is known,
From bud to flow'r, from flow'r to grave;
All earthly things, are quickly grown
And to the grave art gave."

"And in the round of life, we see
All earthly things that Love hath gave,
Those sacred things our friends would be,
All reared but for the grave."

She said and pausing in her mien,
She stopped to see what life had been.
"Dreaming a dream in moonlight bow'rs,
"Dreaming a dream in autumn flow'rs,
Dreaming a dream of ancient bow'rs,
Dreaming a dream of golden hours,
Is all of life for me to see,
A dream is life's reality."

"Strange things, they come, strange things, they go
Across our path while here below!
Some in sunshine, easily move,
Shadows, some in, forever rove;
Some early do receive a blow
That ever taints their heart with woe;
Some early meet a true success
That all their future life doth bless."

So dense the wilderness now grows
Where falls the voice of human woes!
That slow her progress seems to be
Where rages Death's own revelry.
"Life is the sailing on a sea,
When launched, we glide so happily!

But storms, they come and waves, they beat
Till Ruin marks our last retreat,"

She said while thought of friendship, past,
That, wrecked, had sank beneath the blast.

"O God! pilot me
Across the dark sea;
Oh! pilot my friends
If Thou canst pilot me!"

Was borne upon the passing breeze
And mingled in the gloomy trees.

"How easy to condemn,
Our hearts are prone to be!
How easy to forgive,
The truth, if we could see!"

Reechoed in the past again,
Where perfect love can ne'er be seen.
Then thought she of the future Land
Where ev'ry thought, while here, is penned;
"There all and we may read our life
And ev'ry word and earthly strife;
Of ev'ry struggle in our breast
And ev'ry thought, howe'er suppressed;
We'll read whose mind the highest soared,
Whose body has the lowest, low'red,
And strange, it would not or be wrong,
If both of these were seen in one,"
She said and with serenest gaze,
She passed along the wooded ways;
Yet calmly rides and silent brood
'Mid moss grown logs and jungled wood,
Where eyes ne'er met the shaven lawn
But wild deers, sleek and spotted faun
And panther's shrill and startling cry

Were scenes that dwelled before the eye.
Deep, cloudy gloom around her dwelled,
Where sunlight could not reach the ground
So massive o'er the branches swelled
With darkest shadows cast around.
The road of Fate, the route of Life,
Alike, are shadowed o'er with strife;
The future wore the darkest dream,
The past, the brightest hopes had seen;
The sunny past, no blessings brought,
So dark, it made the future seem
That life, a burden deep was wrought
And death, a star with brightest beam.
Still passing on, still toiling through
The forest deep and gloomy shade;
Yet might'est forest that e'er grew,
Has on each side, a sunny glade;
Hold to the right to guide your force
And you will find a sunny course;
Yet dark the way her pathway leads,
It yet may be far darker, still;
For darkness to the heart that bleeds
Is doubled by no joy to fill.
No fairer brow, no lovl'er form
E'er faced Fate's unrelenting storm,
Than Lady Clare, in her course,
Was seen to bear upon her horse.
'Twould make the gazer's heart to swell
And draw a tear from Pity's well;
And though the heart was cold and sere
From blighted hope and fruitless years;
Or that the eye was dim and bleared
From the long flowing of its tears;
Or the heart was deeply crusted
Like the first cooling of the earth,
The fi'ry flame from cent'r thrust
Through the part that Fate had crusted,

To see her form glide sadly forth;
 For though the heart be caloused o'er,
 Love still burns the same within
 And must flame forever more
 Whene'er the fire is once began,
 Though, no more, it reach the surface,
 Calloused so deep, the heart has been,
 It must be a smould'ring furnace
 E'er doubling heat on heat, within.
 "Strange are the things life leads us through
 And false the hearts that should prove true;
 Nothing, within this world, can mend
 The heart that loses its true friend,"
 She said; and then her voice, so far,
 Breaks forth so sweet without a jar.
 "No true friend will e'er depart,
 Thou hast not lost a friend;
 There is a union here of heart,
 That ne'er on earth shall find an end;
 Proves this frail earth our final rest,
 To live for such will make us blessed."
 Now, spread across the onward pass,
 There comes to view a deep morass;
 Now o'er her head there ceased to be
 The spreading branches of the tree;
 To halt, she slightly touched the rein
 And gazed across the marshy plain;
 No path to guide, no mark there lay,
 For such she chose the setting sun;
 Nor long did hold her steed at bay
 But urged him on, right on, right on.
 A dang'rous pass before her lay,
 Of mire and marsh across her track,
 But firmly held her onward sway,
 Who, on life's track, would e'er turn back?
 Now, sunshine finds, at last, her way,
 Around bright Aureola falls;

"Oh! for again my woodland sway!"
In half despair, her heart now calls;
For flound'ring in the mud and mire,
She fears, at last, a cruel grave;
But courage lit declining fire
And smiles, she now, her course to brave.
Oh! beautiful! a garden, rare,
Comes now to view before her sight;
North, south and west, broad as the air,
The flow'rs reflect their varied light.

SONG OF THE PRAIRIE

"Beautiful, beautiful flow'ry vale!
Garden of flowers, beautiful west!
Beautiful, balmy, the air I inhale,
Odors of flowers, borne from thy breast!

Beautiful land, unbroken by naught,
Save what Nature has planted on thee!
Place of excelling that Nature has sought,
Beautiful, beautiful flow'ry sea.

Beautiful land, O flowery sea!
Home of Nature's artistical pride;
The place where Nature has lavished on thee,
More than the arts of learning have tried.

Beautiful land! O garden of flow'rs!
Home of the bird, the bison and bee!
Garden of Nature, this prairie of ours,
Beautiful, beautiful flow'ry sea!"

The sun is shedding golden light
Along her pathway, now so bright
And all surpasses on the main,
Its setting on this flow'ry plain.

The golden rays with flow'rs blending,
Silver rays among them, sending,
Such colors paint before the eye
As seems one solid rainbow sky.
Stops she now to rest, aweary,
For the day seemed long and dreary
Journeying in a stranger land;
Yet her heart was blithsome, merry,
As deeply planted she her wand
And it upon, her blanket spread
To shelter from the dew, her bed.
Her steed, at large, she turned to feed
Upon the wild and flow'ry mead;
Then ate she but a slight repast,
For sadness is a pow'r to fast.
Reclined she then upon the ground
Her form, so fair, yet aweary;
And dark the nightshade gathered 'round
Her bed so wild and adreary.
A sleeper now, so fair and bright,
With half a circle of snow white,
Her eyeball 'tween her lids, glowing;
Which mocked the darkness of the night,
The fair sleeper's beauty showing.
And now she roams adown the past
With Youth and Love and with childhood;
Where all her journ'ings have been cast,
Youth's flow'ry mead, maiden's wildwood;
With friendship that so rankly sprung,
The gold of hearts while pure and young.
And while the moonbeams gently came
Through the starlight silver streaming,
I heard her breathe her Enoch's name
And words alike these while dreaming:

“Woe was me and woe the hour
When thy love, I spurned away;

That I trusted in her pow'r,
Woe is me and woe that day."

"Time doth change all stubbornness
And its knowledge brings to me;
Clung to woe and flung my bliss,
Now, a fool can plainly see."

"But the past I cannot mend,
Yet if tears could undergo,
And the least could heal a rend,
I would make a torrent flow."

"Sweet was life yet sweeter still,
Hopes of love the future bore;
But to Destiny, I will
And will hope and dream no more."

Now joyful, comes the morning light,
With morn so fair, so sweet a night
To cheer again her lonely way
By sweetest morn and fairest day;
New courage to her heart imparts
As, on her course, at once she starts,
Then bore across the western plain;
Though all alone as to a word,
Yet oft' she sees the bison herd;
Or roaming band of natives, wild,
With leader, brave, all single filed,
With hell within, a smile without,

The curdling yell and warrior's shout;
A heart, less brave, had backward turned,
A heart, so brave, all danger spurned
And held her course the livelong day,
The orb of light to guide her way;
A sound she hears at even' call

And knows at once, that waters fall,
And sees at once, expanding wide,
A stream that all her efforts vied.
“ ‘Father of waters,’ all hail to thee!
Father and grave or I shall be
Upon thy farther shore tonight
Where plains lie wider than my sight;
Come my brave steed though day be dim,
We’ll show as brave we ride, we swim,”
And soon the steed and Lady Clare,
Were drifting in the torrent, there.
Their course lies to’rd the sloping beach
Which they, all gallantly, now reach
And bravely bounding on the plain,
They lightly take their course again.

“Oh! come to me, bright vision, fair!
I would not clothe my soul in gloom;
But give again, its youthful air
E’en though it meets the saddest doom;
It be more wise to clothe with light
Than weave around the darksome night.”

What I have lost on earth I’ll find
Through hope in an eternal Land;
Rare treasures in those sheaf to bind,
All give, in fulness to my hand;
So then away, ye darksome night,
I’ll clothe my soul with hopeful light!”

“What matters if my way be dark?
What matters if my path be dreary?
Fair Hope will gleam and show the mark,
And change to freshness what’s aweary;
’Tis much more wise to clothe with light
Than weave around the darksome night.”

“My road is life, my journey long,
I journey now the end to see,
And make it lighter with my song
What else would prove so heavily,”

She said and with more urgent haste,
She rode across the desert waste.
And now loomed up before her sight
What seemed insurmountable height,
As mountains, bare and mountains bleak,
Without the faintest sign of pass;
But for a heart, more strong than weak,
Greatest effort, the sweetest task;
And so she swiftly held her course
With lovely grace upon her horse.
And now the wildest of her way,
And where the danger most is hung,
Is closing 'round this closing day,
'Mid darkness and the danger flung;
Her heart doth feel the keenest wrong,
The wreck of love, with hope, while young;
Yet holds not firmer on his way,
The lion after nightly prey;
For worst of wreck that ever strewn,
May, from its wreckage, build a tow'r
That when by faith and trust be grown,
May snatch success from Ruin's pow'r;
And so the heart when Love has flown,
May find an object still as sweet,
And build it sacred for its own,
In trusting, waiting where to meet.
And now the blast is sweeping chill,
Yet to the westward slants the hill
Where sunny valley, flow'ry vale,
Doth welcome with the sweetest gale,
That from the ocean e'er was flung;
Yet, changed into a tropic breeze

When broken by the hills and trees,
Gave her a welcome in a vale
Where all of nature blossoms forth,
And fruits of rare and luscious worth,
All greet her to a night's repose
And soon her eyes in slumber, close.

“O land of my vision!
O land of sweet rest!
So narrow the stream flows between!
Yet firmest division,
Once torn from my breast,
The treasure, through life, is unseen.”

“O land of the mystic!
O land of my dream!
Fond treasure I've placed on thy Shore;
That land, realistic,
Just over the stream,
I've seen and is mystic no more.”

“I'm ready and waiting
Thy presence to share;
That treasure, in youth, that I lost;
But Hope e'er belating,
No pains will she spare
To keep us on serving with cost.”

She said in silence of the wood
While musing in her silent mood.
For happiness, Earth's transient flow'r,
Had faded at Youth's early hour,
Except for Duty's blossom, sweet,
With her, had been no joy to greet.
For happiness in duty, lies
As well as gifts from out the skies;
And if our duty well is done
Victory crowns, our triumph won;

So if our happiness quick fade,
Let our duty be sweeter made
And court the conflict, speed it come,
The sooner is our triumph home,
For victory must ever crown
All those who battle for their own.
For, Justice, smiling on her seat,
Is watching where the conflict rage
And crowning those who justly beat,
Is written on her golden page.
And now Columbia's western shore
Is reached. Bids stop her onward course;
Of all fair lands this is the more
By Nature blessed. The least perverse
To Nature's wants and happy ways,
With nights serenest to the sense,
With days that make fair recompense,
Save death, it were a paradise,
As e'er could be beneath the skies.

"Were it not for thee
I would go and lie down in the valley
Where the dark hours reign;
Where no more, faint hopes, they dally,
Where no more are felt their pain."

She said while gazing in the past
Where youth and friendship true, were cast.

"Love, thy beauty will decay
But thy soul that's ever loving,
Love, will never pass away."

"Hoping still, expecting never,
Though yet I try my best endeavor,
It will profit, no, never, never!
Thy folly still, in such, must live."

Was heard to wake the stilly night
From one so lost, so lone, so fair!
With neither home or friend in sight,
But loneliness and darkness there.

“No one a nobler love could tell
But all in vain, all in vain;
I plead my love and plead it well,
But all in vain, all in vain,”

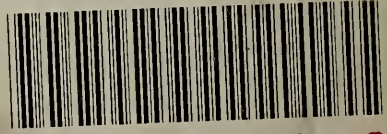
Were musings in this lonely vale,

“Blow on blow, my love was dealt,
Blow on blow, my heart has felt;
And the years do swiftly roll
Piling wreckage 'round my soul.”

“Where I am you cannot come,
And where you are, I cannot go;
The thought e'en strikes my spirit dumb
To think that Fate decreed it so.”

“Have I not journeyed far and wide,
With sterner Fate, Pain by my side?
Is such, on earth, the life we lead?
Is such the fate we all must heed?
Then go, fair steed, thy freedom won,
No more I strive to journey on;
Where'er I go, Pain follows fast;
Where'er I go, I mourn the last,
So in this vale, that blooms so fair,
Shall be the grave of Lady Clare.”

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